

Love in
Letters



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MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

LOVE IN LETTERS;

ILLUSTRATED IN THE

CORRESPONDENCE OF EMINENT PERSONS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE WRITERS.

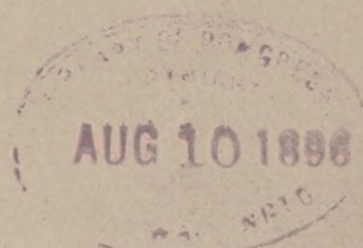
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BY JAMES GRANT WILSON, D. C. L.

AUTHOR OF

"BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS," "LIFE OF GEN'L U. S. GRANT,"
ETC., ETC.

Illustrated with Eight Portraits.

"Do you like letter-reading? If you do
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones."



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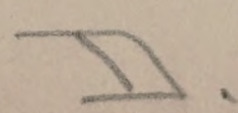
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PREFACE.

It may safely be asserted that of all the varieties into which epistolary correspondence may be divided, the greatest interest attaches to what are known as Love-letters. No other form of epistle possesses the same charm. To read them is to the old like a resurrection of their youth, reviving memories of Arcadian days: while to those in life's green spring, they offer an opportunity of acquiring from the experience of others, some knowledge of the pleasant pursuit of love-making. Of the many celebrated men and women whose letters are introduced in this collection, none are now living; most of them have been long dead. Did we permit ourselves to introduce the epistles of those still among us, in which is told the story of their passion, or include in our volume the imaginary love-letters that grace the pages of novelists and essayists, we should groan under *l'embarras des richesses*. A few of the letters contained in the collection are not, strictly speaking, love epistles, but are introduced as descriptive of wooings and marriages in by-gone days. In the selections from the correspondence of the earliest of English letter-writers, worthy old Howell, is told the story of the courtship of Charles the First, when Prince of Wales; the accomplished Madame de Sevigné, authoress of those admirable and fascinating letters, so simple and so faithful, and upon which her fame is raised, describes a love affair of two hundred years ago; the quaint and garrulous Pepys, prince of diarists, relates the story of a curious wedding between a Blue-coat boy, and a Blue-

coat girl in Christ's Hospital, London; Hannah More, of whom Horace Smith says, that on a certain occasion,

Sydney Morgan was playing the organ,
While behind the vestry door,
Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
From the lips of Hannah More!

(Oh! monstrous calumny! to charge the grave old lady with being kissed 'on the sly,' and in church time!) describes a royal marriage at the Court of St. James: dear Charles Lamb tells us in his inimitable manner of the effect produced on his friend Emma Isola, by the receipt of a watch from her lover; the stately Webster, in a note to a young lady, unbends sufficiently to give an amusing account of an interview he held with her bonnet; and poor Keats, in a letter to a friend, when on his death-bed writes, of "Charmian, with her rich Eastern look,"—the object of his hopeless passion. Many of the undying memorials of affection contained in this volume, have never before been published in this country, nor are we aware of any similar collection ever having appeared on this side of the Atlantic. In the best of the many books of letters which have been issued by the American press, we fail to find a single love epistle. The Editor therefore trusts that these gems, gleaned from so many different sources, and placed in a casket by themselves, will be welcomed alike by those who have made love, and those who expect to make it, as well as by such persons as do not come within either classification, but yet can find pleasure in reading of the loves of others—loves rivalling that of Petrarch in purity, and that of Tasso in interest.

JAS GRANT WILSON.

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HELOISE.

LOVE IN LETTERS.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name forever sad! forever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!

ALEXANDER POPE.

AMONG the thousands of pilgrims from every land who yearly visit the justly celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, or "City of the Dead," there is probably no spot so often sought out as the tomb of Abelard and Heloïse. Their beautiful monument is a small Gothic chapel built from the ruins of the Paraclete, the abbey founded by Abelard, and of which Heloïse was the first abbess. On the marble couch within are two figures carved in the antique garb of the middle ages—"counterfeit presentments" of the unfortunate lovers, whose story after the lapse of seven centuries has lost none of its interest. Here on the *jour des morts* hundreds of wreaths of *immortelles* are thrown over the railing, which protects the tomb, and prevents the too ardent admirers of the models of constancy and undying devotion from chipping off pieces of the Paraclete as mementoes. Pierre Abelard, one of the most illustrious of the mediæval school-men, was born in 1079, of a noble family at Palais, near Nantes, in Brittany. The stirring events of his chequered life, and especially his world-renowned attachment to Heloïse

and its melancholy fruits, have thrown a peculiar and romantic charm round the name of the pious Peter. From his youth he devoted himself to study, and throughout his whole career, he was at no pains to conceal his conscious possession of great ability. Soon after his appearance in Paris, at the age of twenty, he rivalled and eclipsed his tutor, and ere long became a successful teacher of philosophy. He afterwards studied theology, under Anselm, at Laon, and returning to Paris he opened a School of Divinity, which immediately enjoyed an unrivalled popularity. Thousands of pupils from every part of Europe assembled around the eloquent and handsome teacher ; and as he passed through the streets, crowds flocked after him, and women from their windows gazed at him. In his school was educated one pope, nineteen cardinals, and above fifty bishops. He was also a poet and an accomplished musician, whose love-songs were heard in bowers and courtly halls, in cloister and village *cabaret*. Such was Abelard when he first met Heloïse, “who loved like St. Theresa, wrote like Seneca, and whose grace was so irresistible that it charmed even St. Bernard himself.” She was an orphan, and a niece of Canon Fulbert, one of the Parisian ecclesiastics, with whom she resided. At this time she was a lovely girl of eighteen, and had been highly educated at the convent of Argenteuil. She possessed an ardent imagination, great strength of character, a knowledge of language, and a talent for writing. Fulbert was anxious that his niece should profit by the teaching of Abelard, by whom her studies were directed, chiefly by correspondence, and in an evil hour it was proposed that Abelard should reside in Fulbert’s house ; the result was that a mutual attachment sprung up between the master and his pupil. He composed songs in which the name of Heloïse figured ; their beautiful harmony made them popular with the

humblest ; her name was wafted everywhere, and became as celebrated as her lover's. Heloïse conceived of no higher honor than that of being preferred by Abelard, and forgot her own glory in that of her lover. Abelard neglected everything in his love for Heloïse ; all love of study, all desire for glory were extinguished in his soul. He discharged his duties with the greatest repugnance ; he repeated his old lectures even without revision. His pupils saw this change in their master with the utmost consternation ; the world of philosophy was in despair. Fulbert was the last to believe in what was going on ; but when he recognized the true state of things, his grief and indignation knew no bounds. A separation of the lovers took place, but this only increased their love. Heloïse communicated to Abelard the intelligence that she would soon become a mother ; upon which he conveyed her to Brittany, and placed her in the care of his sister, where she gave birth to a son. To appease the uncle's wrath, Abelard proposed to marry Heloïse, provided the knowledge of the marriage was kept secret ; otherwise it would prove a bar to his preferment in the church. Heloïse, more anxious for his welfare than for her own honor, strongly resisted this proposed marriage, and only consented with the greatest reluctance. The marriage took place, but the lovers had to live apart. The secret was, however, soon divulged by Fulbert. Yet Heloïse always denied that she was married ; and this so irritated her uncle that Abelard was under the necessity of sheltering her from his resentment in the nunnery of Argenteuil. Fulbert suspected that Abelard wished to compel Heloïse to take the veil, in order to get her out of the way ; thereupon he formed a plot against him, and employed two *bravos* to perpetrate a disgraceful mutilation on his person. After this cruel injury, Abelard saw no asylum but the cloister, but he could not endure the idea

of Heloïse being free, and therefore required her to take the veil. Her friends and relations endeavored to dissuade her from this sacrifice, but this generous woman, thinking only of her husband, his wishes and peace of mind, wept and sobbed only *for him*, not for herself; and hastening to the altar, took the veil: thus the jealous feeling of Abelard that no one else should ever possess her was appeased. The dark walls of the cloister closed around the devoted Heloïse, and the Abbey of St. Denis received as a monk the unfortunate Abelard. Dissension and strife arising in the monastery, Abelard quitted it, and retired to a solitary spot on the small river Ardisson, in the territory of Troyes, where he built an oratory of wickerwork and thatch. When this became known to his scholars, they flocked to him from all quarters, living in huts which they built for themselves on the banks of the river. They afterwards enlarged the oratory with more solid materials, timber and stone. Here Abelard was at length consoled and comforted. He changed the title of the oratory to Paraclete, or Comforter. Subsequently he became Abbot of St. Gildas, of Ruys, near Vannes, in Brittany. Meanwhile, neglected and apparently forgotten by Abelard, Heloïse had not sunk under the bitterness of her grief, but gradually rose in estimation by her conduct and attainments till she became prioress of Argenteuil. But a rapacious abbot setting up a claim to the convent, she and her nuns had to leave it. It was then that Abelard recollected his wife. He offered to her as an asylum the now deserted Paraclete, to which Heloïse and her nuns removed, and she became abbess. Here, also, she gained universal good opinion. The bishops loved her as their daughter, the abbots as their sister, the laymen as their mother; and all revered her devotion, her patience, and sweetness of behavior. About this time Abelard addressed his famous letter to

a friend, giving a narrative of his eventful and unhappy life. A copy fell into the hands of the fair Heloïse, and was the exciting cause of the celebrated letters which passed between the unfortunate lovers. Worn out by care, persecution and infirmities, Abelard at length took refuge in the priory of St. Marcel, where he died, in the sixty-third year of his age. His body was interred at Cluni ; was afterwards removed to the Paraclete ; and twenty-one years later, Heloïse was, by her own request, buried by his side.

In Pope's exquisite poem he gives a touching picture of the rapture, despair and penitence of the poor distracted nun. Beautiful is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself—no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolations to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her ; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says—

“It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me.”

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated ; the anticipation, namely,

“That ages hence, when all her woes were o'er,
And that rebellious heart should beat no more,”

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

“To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,”

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Heloïse ; that the eyes of many

that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace ; and should seek it with interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannahs from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and “ the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,” sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Heloïse, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives : and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

“ to heaven,
One *human* tear should drop and be forgiven.”

The tradition of Quincey, the parish near Nogent sur Seine, in which the Paraclete is situated, was, that the moment the corpse of Heloïse touched the body of Abelard, the arm of the latter was encircled around the waist of his deceased bride. There is only one objection to this pleasant legend, but that is fatal to its truth. The body of Heloïse was placed in a separate coffin, and could not, by any possibility, have come in contact with the person of Abelard. Their ashes lay undisturbed for three hundred years ; but in 1497 they were transferred to the church of the abbey, then in 1800 removed to the garden of the Musée Français, in Paris, and finally in 1817 were deposited in Père la Chaise. On their tomb is a Latin inscription, singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, which may be translated thus :—“ Here, under the same marble, lie Peter Abelard, the founder of this **m**onastery, and the Abbess Heloïse, formerly united in **s**tudy, talent, love, disastrous marriage, and repentance ; now, as we hope, in everlasting happiness. Peter Abe-

lard died April 21, 1142 ; Heloïse May 17, 1163. Erected by Charlotte de Roncey, Abbess of the Paraclete, 1779."

I

HELOÏSE TO ABELARD.

A LETTER of consolation you had written to a friend, my dearest Abelard, was lately, as by chance, placed in my hands. The superscription told me at once from whom it came; and the sentiments I felt for the writer compelled me to read it most eagerly. I had lost the reality; I hoped, therefore, from your words, a faint image of yourself, to derive some comfort. But alas! I remember only too well almost every line was marked with gall and wormwood. It related only the lamentable story of our intercourse, and the long list of your own unabating sufferings.

Indeed, you amply fulfill the promise you there made to your friend, that, in comparison with your own, his misfortunes should appear as nothing, or as light as air. . . . Who, think you, could read or hear these things, and not be moved to tears? What, then, must be my situation? The rare precision with which each event is related could but more strongly renew my grief. I was doubly agitated, because I perceived the tide of danger was still rising against you. Are we, then, to despair of your life? And must our hearts, trembling at every sound, be constantly alarmed by terrible rumors?

For Christ's sake, my Abelard, who, I trust, still protects you, do inform us, and that continually, of each circumstance of your present dangers. I and my sisters alone, of all your friends, remain true to you. Let us, at least, partake of your joys and sorrows. Our condolence may bring some relief to your sufferings; a load borne on many shoulders is more easily supported. But should the storm subside ever so little, then be even more solicitous to inform us, for your letters will be messengers

of joy. In short, whatever be their contents, to us they must always bring comfort ; because this, at least, they will tell us, that we are remembered by you.

How pleasing are the letters of absent friends. Seneca, I remember, teaches us by his own example. "I thank you," he says to his friend Lucilius, "for your frequent letters. By this you do all you can to be in my company. The moment I open your letters I see Lucilius before me." And, indeed, if the portraits of our friends can give us pleasure, and ease the pain of absence, by the weak impressions they make, what may not be said of letters which utter the genuine feelings of a dear absent friend ? God be thanked ! no invidious passion can forbid, and no obstacle can hinder this manner of your being present with us. Let no indifference on your part, I pray, retard it.

My Abelard, you well know how much I lost in losing you ; and that infamous act of treachery, which, by a cruelty before unheard of, deprived me of you, even tore me from myself. The loss was indeed great, but the manner of it was doubly excruciating. When the cause of grief is most pungent, then should Consolation apply her strongest remedies. But it is you only who can administer relief : by you I was wounded, and by you I must be healed. It is in your power alone to give me pain, to give me joy, and to give me comfort. And it is you only that are obliged to do it. I have strictly obeyed all your commands ; and so far was I unable to oppose them, that to comply with your wish I could bear to sacrifice myself. One thing remains, which is still greater, and will hardly be credited ; my love for you had risen to such a degree of frenzy, that to please you it even deprived itself of what alone in the universe it valued, and that for ever. No sooner did I receive your commands than I quitted at once the habit of the world, and with it all the reluctance of my nature. I meant that you should be the sole possessor of whatever I had once a right to call my own.

Heaven knows ! in all my love it was you, and you only, I sought for. I looked for no dowry, no splendid alliances—I was even indifferent to my own pleasures ; nor had I a will to gratify. Everything was absorbed in you. * * * The more I humbled myself before you, the greater right, I thought, I should have to your favor ;

and thus, also, I hoped the less to injure the splendid reputation you had acquired.

The woman who prefers a rich to a poor man shows she has a venal soul. In a husband, it is his wealth, and not himself she admires; and to her who marries with this view some reward may be due, but no gratitude. It is clear that I do not misconstrue her intentions; for propose but a richer match, and, if not too late, she will embrace it with ardor. The truth of my opinion the learned Aspasia has confirmed in a conversation with Xenophon and his wife, as related by Eschines, the disciple of Socrates. When to effect a reconciliation between them she had proposed this reasoning, Aspasia thus concludes: "When you have got so far as mutually to be convinced that there lives not a better man and a more fortunate woman, all your thoughts will be directed to produce the greatest good; Xenophon will be happy in the reflection that he is married to the best of **women**, and she, on her side, that her husband is the best of **men**."

These sentiments are beautiful; they seem the production rather of Wisdom herself than of Philosophy. But in the married state, should this favorable opinion be even grounded on error, how charming is it to be thus deceived! It produces love, and on this rests the surest pledge of mutual fidelity; while purity of mind co-operates far more efficaciously than her sister virtue.

But that happiness which in others is sometimes the effect of fancy, in me was the child of evidence. They might think their husbands perfect, and were happy in the idea; but I knew you were such, and the universe knew the same. Thus the more my affection was secured from all possible error, the more steady became its flame. Where was found the king or the philosopher that had emulated your reputation? Was there a village, a city, a kingdom, that did not ardently wish to see you? When you appeared in public, who did not run to behold you? And when you withdrew, every neck was stretched, every eye sprang forward to follow you. The women, married, and unmarried, when Abelard was away, longed for his return: and when he was present, every bosom was on fire. No lady of distinction, no princess, even, that did not envy Heloïse the possession of her Abelard.

You possessed, indeed, two qualifications—a tone of voice, and a grace in singing—which gave you the control over every female heart. These powers were peculiarly yours ; for I do not know that they ever fell to the share of any other philosopher. To soften, by playful amusements the stern labors of philosophy, you composed several sonnets on Love, and on similar subjects. These you were often heard to sing, when the harmony of your voice gave new charms to the expression. In all circles nothing was talked of but Abelard : even the most ignorant, who could not judge of harmony, were enchanted by the melody of your voice. Female hearts were unable to resist the impression. Thus was my name soon carried to distant nations, for the loves of Heloïse and Abelard were the constant theme of all your songs. What wonder, then, that I became the subject of general envy ! You possessed, besides, every endowment of mind and body. But alas ; if my happiness then raised the envy of others, will they not now be constrained to pity me ? And surely, even she, who was then my enemy, will now drop a tear at my sad reverse of fortune.

You know, Abelard, I was the sole cause of your misfortunes ; but yet I was not guilty. It is the motive with which we act, and not the event of things, that makes us criminal. Equity weighs the intention, and not the mere actions we have done. What, at all times, were my dispositions in your regard, you only, who knew them, can judge. To you I refer all my actions, and on your decision I rest my cause. I call no other witness.

But how has it happened, let me ask, that after my retirement from the world, which was your own work, I have been so forgotten or so neglected, that you never came either personally to recreate my solitude, or ever wrote to console me ? Account for this conduct, if you can ; or must I tell you my suspicions, which are also the general suspicions of the world. It was passion, Abelard, and not friendship, that drew you to me ; it was not love, but a baser propensity. The incitements to pleasure removed, every other more gentle sentiment, to which they might seem to give life, has vanished with them.

This, my friend, is not so much mine, as the general conjecture. It is the common suspicion of all who know

us. Would to God it were only I who thought it ; and that your own love could devise some excuse which might ease my pain ! Were it in my power, even I would willingly invent some pretext, which by seeming to lessen the pretensions I have to your notice, might extenuate your fault.

Pray attend to my request ; you will find it, I think, both moderate and easy to comply with. I am not to have the happiness of your company, give me therefore what else you can. I ask but a few lines, and can you, who are so rich in words, refuse me that faint image of yourself ? What reason have I to expect you will be more liberal in things of consequence, if even you show yourself niggardly in a few words ? Having, as I said, complied with all your injunctions, I thought, indeed, I had great pretensions to your esteem. Even at this moment I am a victim to your will. It was not religion that called me to the austerities of the cloister ; I was then in the bloom of youth, but you commanded it, and I obeyed. For this sacrifice, if I have no merit in your eyes, vain indeed is all my labor ! From God I can look for no reward, for whose sake, it is plain, I have as yet done nothing. When you had resolved to quit the world, I followed you, or rather, I ran before you. It seems you had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes : and feared I might look back, and therefore before you would surrender your own liberty, I was to be sacrificed. In that one instance, I confess, your mistrust of me rent my heart. Abelard, I blushed for you. For my part, heaven knows ! had I seen you hastening to perdition, at a single nod, I should not have hesitated to have preceded, or to have followed you. My soul was no longer in my own possession. It was in yours. Even now, if it is not with you, it is nowhere. It cannot exist without you. But do receive it kindly. There it will be happy, if it find you indulgent ; if you only return kindness for kindness, trifles for things of moment, and a few words for all the deeds of my life. Were you less sure of my love, you would be more solicitous. But because my conduct has rendered you secure, you neglect me. Once more recollect what I have done for you, and how much you are indebted to me.

While together we enjoyed the happiness of loving

each other ; the motive of my attachment was to others uncertain. The event has proved on what principles I started. To obey you, I sacrificed all my pleasures. I reserved nothing, the hope only excepted, that so I should become more perfectly yours. How unjust then is Abelard, if, as my deserts increase, he makes the less return ! I ask but trifles, and trifles which require no labor to be complied with.

By that God, then, to whom your life is consecrated, I conjure you, give so much of yourself as is at your disposal ; that is, send me some lines of consolation. Do it with this design at least, that my mind being more at ease, I may serve God with more alacrity. When formerly the love of pleasure was your pursuit, how often did I hear from you ! In your songs, the name of Heloïse was made familiar to every tongue ; it was heard in every street ; the walls of every house echoed it. Weigh then your obligations ; think on my petition. I have written you a long letter, but the conclusion shall be short. My only friend, farewell.

II.

ABELARD TO HELOÏSE.

If since our conversion from the world to God, I have not written to console or to admonish you, it was not the result of indifference. Ascribe it to the high opinion I have ever entertained of your wisdom and prudence. How could I think, that she stood in need of my assistance, to whom heaven had so largely distributed its best gifts ? You were able, I know, by example as by word, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the weak, and to admonish the lukewarm.

When prioress of Argenteuil, these duties, I remember, you used long ago to practice ; and if now you give the same attention to your daughters, as you did then to your sisters, more is not requisite, and all that I could say would be of no value. But if in your humility you

think otherwise, and that my instructions can avail you anything, tell me only, on what subjects you would have me write, and as God shall direct me, I will endeavor to satisfy you.

I thank God that, exciting in your heart an anxious solicitude for the constant and imminent dangers to which I am exposed, he has taught you to sympathize with my sufferings. Thus may I hope for the divine protection by your prayers, and soon see Satan bruised under my feet. It is with this view that I hasten to send you the form of prayer you so earnestly requested, you, my sister, once dear to me in the world, but now most dear to me in Christ. By this means you will offer to God a constant sacrifice of prayers, urging him to pardon our great and manifold sins, and to avert the hourly dangers which threaten me.

Many examples attest how powerful before God and his saints are the prayers of the faithful ; but chiefly of women for their friends, and of wives for their husbands. In this view, the Apostle admonishes us to pray without intermission. . . . But I will not insist on the supplications of your sisterhood, day and night devoted to the service of their Maker, to you only I apply. I well know how powerful your intercession may be ; and in my present circumstances I trust it will be exerted. In your prayers, then, ever remember him who in an especial manner is yours. Urge your entreaties, for it is just that you should be heard. An equitable judge cannot refuse it.

When formerly I was with you, you recollect, my dear Heloise, how fervently you recommended me to the care of Providence. Often in the day a special prayer was offered up for me. Removed as I am now from the Paraclete, and involved in great danger, how much more pressing are my wants ! Now then convince me of the sincerity of your regard. I entreat, I implore you.

But if, by the will of heaven, my enemies should so far prevail as to take away my life ; or if by any chance I should be numbered with the dead, it is my prayer that my body be conveyed to the Paraclete. There my daughters, or rather my sisters in Christ, turning their eyes often to my tomb, will more strongly be excited to petition heaven for me. And indeed, to a mind pene-

trated with grief, and stricken by the dark view of its crimes, where can be found a resting-place, at once so safe, and so full of hope, as that which in a peculiar manner is dedicated to, and bears the name of Paraclete, which is, the Comforter? Besides I know not where a Christian could find a better grave than in the society of holy women, consecrated to God. They, as the Gospel tells us, attended the interment of their divine master; they embalmed his body with precious perfumes, they followed him to the sepulchre, and there they watched in anxious solicitude. In return they were consoled with the first angelic apparition, announcing his resurrection, and many subsequent favors were conferred upon them. To conclude, it is my most earnest request that the solicitude you now so strongly feel for the preservation of my life, you will then extend to the repose of my soul. Carry into my grave the same degree of love you showed me when alive, that is, never forget to petition heaven for me in your prayers. Heloise, live, and farewell! Farewell, my sisters; live, but let it be in Christ! Remember Abelard!

III.

HELOÏSE TO ABELARD.

I AM surprised, my dearest Abelard, that contrary to the usual style of epistolary correspondence, and even contrary to the obvious order of things, you would presume, in the very front of your salutations, to place my name before your own. It was giving woman a preference to a man, a wife to her husband, a nun to a monk and a priest, and a deaconess to an abbot. Decency and propriety require that, when we write to our superiors or our equals, the names of those to whom we write, should have the first place. But in writing to inferiors, those are first mentioned who are first in dignity.

It was also a subject to us of much astonishment that, at the moment we expected consolation from you, then was our sorrow to be augmented. You should have dried our tears; but you preferred to make them flow still

faster. For which of us could read with dry eyes, those concluding words of your letter :—" But if, by the will of heaven, my enemies should so far prevail as to take away my life," etc. Oh Abelard! how could your mind suggest such ideas: how could your hand write them? No, no; God cannot so far forsake his servants, as to perpetuate our lives, when you are gone. He will not give us that kind of existence, which is ten times worse than death. It belongs to you to celebrate our obsequies, and to commend our souls to God. It is you. It was you who gathered us here together in His name; you must first dispose of us, then no longer anxious on our own account, and more secure in our salvation, you may follow us with more alacrity.

Pray, in future, be more guarded in your expressions. Already, alas! we are wretched enough. Why should you make us more so?—why, before the hour, deprive us of that poor life we drag along with difficulty? Each day is sufficiently laden with its own misery; and that last fatal one, covered with a robe of bitterness, will bring to each of us an ample share of sorrow. "Why, then," says Seneca, "should we run in quest of evils, and die before our day?"

You request, should your death happen while absent from us, that your body be conveyed to the Paraclete; for thus you think, with your image ever before us, to derive greater benefit from our prayers. Do you then imagine we can ever forget you? Or will that be a season for prayer, when general consternation shall have banished every tranquil thought; when reason will have lost its sway, and the tongue its utterance; when the mind, in frantic rage, rebelling against its maker, will not seek to pacify him by supplications, but rather to provoke his anger by complaints? On that sad day our sole occupation will be to weep, but not to pray. We shall follow you; we shall step into the tomb with you. How then are we to perform the last melancholy rites? With you having lost the support of our lives, what will remain for us but death? God grant that day may be our last! If the mere mention of your death thus strikes us to the heart, what will not the reality do? It is our prayer to heaven that we may not survive you, that we may never have to perform that office which we expect from your hands.

Again let us entreat you to be more considerate for the sake of us all ; at least, on my account do refrain from all expressions which, like the shafts of death, penetrate my soul. The mind, worn down by grief, is a stranger to repose ; plunged in troubles, it is little able to think on God. To him you have devoted our lives ; and will you impede his service ? It were to **be** wished that every necessary event which brings sorrow with it, might take place when least expected ; for what cannot be avoided by human foresight, when permitted to torment us, only raises unavailing fears. But if I lose you, what have I to hope for ? You are my only comfort ; deprived of that, shall I still drag on my miserable pilgrimage ? But even in you, what comfort have I, save only the thought that you are still living ? All other joys are forbidden to me. I may not be allowed to see you, that my soul might sometimes, at least, return into its own bosom.

May I be permitted to say that heaven has never ceased to be my relentless persecutor ? If you call it clemency, where is cruelty to be found ? Fortune, that savage destiny, has spent against me every arrow of her rage. She has none left to throw at others. Her quiver was full, and she exhausted it on me. Mortals have no longer cause to dread her. Nor if there were a shaft left would it find in Heloïse a spot to light on. But though bleeding at every pore, my enemy does not stay her persecuting hand ; she suspends the last fatal stroke, and only fears lest my wounds prove mortal. Of all the wretched, I am the most forlorn and wretched ! Preferred by you to the rest of my sex, I rose to the most exalted dignity : thrown down from thence, my fate has been proportionately hard. He who falls from the greatest height falls with the greatest risk. Where was the woman of birth or power that fortune would have dared to compare with me ? In the possession of you my glory was unrivalled ; so is my disgrace in your privation. In prosperity and in adversity my life has known no measure. My happiness was unbounded, so is my affliction. Pondering over my melancholy state, I shed the more tears when I consider the magnitude of my losses ; but my tears redouble when I remember how dear those pleasures were which I have lost. To the greatest joys have succeeded the greatest sorrows.

And that my condition, it seems, might be absolutely, desperate, even the common rules of equity have been perverted with regard to us. For while we pursued forbidden pleasures, divine justice was indulgent to us. No sooner was this reformed, and the holy bond of marriage united us, than the hand of God came heavy on us.

Having lowered yourself to raise me, and thus given dignity to me and all my family, what more could be required? All guilt was cancelled before God and man. Why was I born to be the occasion of so black a perfidy? But such has ever been the baneful influence of women on the greatest men. Hence the caution of the wise man against us.

Eve, our first mother, drove her husband from Paradise. Heaven gave her to be his helpmate, but soon she became his destruction. Delilah was alone strong enough to vanquish that brave Nazarite, whose birth an angel had foretold. She delivered him to his enemies. When deprived of sight, he was no longer able to support his load of misery; involved in one common ruin he expired with his enemies. Solomon, the wisest of men, was so infatuated by a woman, the daughter of a king of Egypt, as even, in the decline of life, to become an idolater. In preference to his father, who was a just man, he had been chosen to build a temple to the Lord; that Lord he had publicly announced by word and in writing, and he had taught his worship; but that worship he deserted. Job, that man of piety, had to endure the severest of all his conflicts from his wife. She instigated him to curse God. The arch-tempter well knew, what experience had often taught him, that the most convenient way to destroy the husband was to employ the artifices of his wife.

His usual malice he tried also upon us. He had failed in his attempt while our union was unlawful, therefore he had recourse to matrimony. He was not permitted, from our evil conduct, to work our ruin, but he drew it from a source which was holy.

One consolation I have, however—and I thank heaven for it—that, unlike the women I have mentioned, I had no share in the crime that was committed. An occasion of it, indeed, I was; but my mind did not co-operate. Yet, alas! though in this sense unconscious of any guilt, do I know that my many antecedent sins were not the

cause? Here I may be criminal. Long had I lived in the indulgence of my passions; and thereby I justly merited what I suffer. To such evil beginnings must be ascribed so disastrous an event. God grant me strength to do ample penance for the sins that have been committed! May my sorrow, lengthened out to many days, bear some proportion to what you have suffered! It is but just, and to it I consign my life. Thus, should not heaven be pacified, to Abelard at least I shall have made some atonement.

I will disclose to you all the secret weaknesses of my unhappy heart. Tell me, then, can I hope to appease the Divine anger—I who, at every moment, am charging heaven with cruelty? My murmurs may draw on me greater vengeance; the sorrow, at least, of such a penitent will not avert it. But why do I talk of penitence? While the mind retains all its former attachments to sin, what avails the external language of grief? It is indeed easy to confess one's faults; it is easy to put on the imposing garb of penitence; but, oh God! how hard it is to tear the mind from those affections which were once so dear! For this reason, when the holy Job had said, "I will loosen my tongue to speak against myself;" that is, I will accuse myself of my faults, I will confess my sins, he immediately adds, "I will speak in the bitterness of my soul." These words the blessed Gregory has expounded. "There are many," says he, "who readily acknowledge their faults, but they know not what it is to grieve; what should be a subject of tears they relate with a face of joy." He therefore, who, in real detestation, declares his sins, must do it in the bitterness of his heart; his compunctions must at once punish what his tongue is made to utter.

How rare this penitential sorrow is Saint Ambrose has also told us: "I have found more who have preserved their innocence, than who have recovered it by penitence." So fascinating were the pleasures we once enjoyed, the thought of them cannot give me pain, nor can I efface their impression. Wherever I turn my eyes there are they present to me. Even in my dreams, the dear phantoms hover round me. During the celebration of the sacred mysteries, when the soul, on the wings of prayer, should rise more pure to heaven, the same im-

portunate ideas haunt my wretched soul; they seize every avenue to my heart. When I should grieve for what is past, I only sigh that the same pleasures return no more. My mind has been too faithful to its impressions; it holds up to the imagination every pleasing incident, and all the scenes of past joys play wantonly before me.

I know the strong workings of my mind sometimes even betray themselves on my countenance. I am heard to utter words, which escape unthinkingly from me. How wretched is my condition! To me, surely, may be applied those plaintive expressions of the Apostle—"Miserable mortal that I am, who will free me from this body of death?" Could I but add with truth—"the grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This grace, my dearest Abelard, you are possessed of; it has been peculiarly indulgent to you. Even the very circumstance which we consider as an instance of great severity, does but announce the paternal goodness of God. Like a skillful physician, who, to cure his patient, does not spare the knife, I have to combat the fervor of youth, and that burning flame which the indulgence of pleasure has raised within me. My arms are but that poor defence which weak female nature can supply.

They who cannot look into my soul think me virtuous; they think me chaste because my external actions are such, when surely this amiable virtue only dwells within the mind. The world may praise me, but before God I am worthless. He is the searcher of hearts, and his eye penetrates into the inmost thoughts. I am deemed virtuous in an age when religion too generally wears the cloak of hypocrisy; when he is most loudly praised whose actions do not meet the public eye.

Through the whole course of my life, heaven knows what have been my dispositions! It was you, and not God, whom I feared most to offend; you, and not God, I was most anxious to please. My mind is still unaltered. It was not love of Him, but solely your command, that drew me to the cloister. How miserable then my condition, if, understanding so much, I have no prospect of a reward hereafter! By external show, you, like others, have been deceived; you ascribed to the pleasures of religion what sprang from another source. Thus you recommend yourself to my prayers, in hopes of finding that succor which I look for from you.

Do not, I pray, place that false confidence in me which will make me lose the assistance I want. If you think me in health, you will prescribe no medicines; if in affluence, your hand will not be open to relieve me; and if strong, alas! I shall fall before you can hasten to support me. Unmerited praise has been the ruin of many. It puts us off our guard at the moment caution is most necessary.

If you be an enemy to flattery, and a friend to truth, let me then entreat you to cease from praising me. If you think I possess anything commendable, do not you, at least, rouse the wind of vanity, which may dissipate it at a blast. Would he be thought an able physician who, from external symptoms, should pretend to determine the nature of an internal disorder? Things which are common to the saint and the sinner have no merit in the sight of God. Such are all outward practices, to which the hypocrite more sedulously adheres than the greatest saint.

The heart of man is depraved. It is impenetrable to human sight; who yet has fathomed it? And there are ways which to us seem straight, the ends of which lead to death. Where God has reserved judgment to himself, it is rash in man to pronounce. For which reason the wise man says, "praise no one while he lives." Give not commendation at a time when the very act of doing it may make him undeserving of it.

To me your praises bring the greatest delight; but therefore is their influence the more dangerous. The anxious desire I have to please you gives them a thousand charms; yet I would rather you should tremble for me than show too much confidence. Fear will make you solicitous to assist me; and in my present state, heaven knows what cause I have to tremble!

Do not tell me, in your exhortations to a virtuous life, that "virtue is perfected in weakness," and that "he only shall be crowned who has bravely contended." I look for no laurels, no crown of victory. It is enough for me to keep out of the way of danger. I like not the perils of war. If God will but give me the lowest place in heaven, I shall be amply satisfied. There, indeed, jealousy is not known, where each one is pleased with his allotment of happiness.

If these sentiments be not yours, I will confirm them by the authority of Saint Jerome. "I fairly confess my weakness: I do not wish to fight in hopes of victory, lest I be defeated. How foolish is it to abandon what is certain, and run after an uncertainty, which we may never find." Farewell!

IV.

ABELARD TO HELOÏSE.

THE complaints you urge against me in your last letter may be reduced to four heads:—That in the salutation of my letter I put your name before my own. That instead of administering comfort, I had added to your grief by my expressions. That my praises are dangerous to you; while to oppose them you accuse yourself, and entreat me not to repeat them. And lastly, you subjoined your tiresome and never-ending murmurs against Providence.

To these I will reply, not so much in my own defence, as for your instruction and advice. When you know that my requests are reasonable, you will be more disposed to comply with them; and when you find that I am not reprehensible in what regards myself, you will think me more just in your own concerns, and not again undervalue my admonitions.

First, with regard to what you style the preposterous order of my address, a little attention will show you, that in so doing I conformed to your own idea. You say that when we write to our superiors, their names should have the first place. You yourself are my superior since you became the spouse of Christ.

Second, and in reply to your second charge, that I afflicted you by mentioning the danger I am exposed to, and the death which I apprehend, recollect **that** I did that also in compliance with your most earnest request. I refer you to the words of your first letter—"For Christ's sake do inform us, and that continually, of each circumstance of your present dangers." I acquainted you of my anxious cares, to which you had conjured me, and for that I am blamed. While my life is in danger, would it become you rather to rejoice? Or you

would partake of my joys but not of my sorrows. Nothing so well distinguishes our true from our false friends, as that the former stand by us in adversity, and the latter are our companions only in prosperity.

Cease, therefore, I pray you, from such expressions, and still those useless murmurs, which, indeed, have no affinity with the feelings of friendship. Or if this must not be, I at least may be permitted, surrounded as I am by perils, to be anxious for my own soul, and to provide, as far as may be, for its welfare. And how, if you really love me, can you object to this provident circumspection? Even had you any confidence in the divine mercy towards me, in proportion as my sufferings appear heavy to you, it would be your wish to see me delivered from them. For you are well convinced that he would be my benefactor who should put a period to my unhappy life. What then might be my fate is uncertain; but I know my present evils.

The termination of misery is itself a happiness; and they who really feel for others, whatever their own loss may be in the event, cannot but desire to see an end to their labors. The fond mother who beholds her son languishing in pain, looks eagerly to its conclusion; she cannot support the sight, and she rather prefers his dissolution than to witness his misery. The company of a friend is, indeed, pleasing, but I would prefer to see him away and happy, than to have him with me, and miserable. His sufferings which I cannot remedy, are to me intolerable.

But you, Heloïse, may not even enjoy my wretched company. Why, then, would you rather see me live in sorrow, than die and be happy? I do not understand your motives. If, from a continuance of my sufferings, you expect any advantage to yourself, you act the part rather of an enemy than a friend. The idea, I know, shocks you; let me then hear no more of such complaints.

Third, your rejection of praise I certainly applaud; therefore you show that you deserve it. It is written, "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Your heart and hand, I trust, have gone together. If so, your humility is sincere, and my words will not injure it. But take care, I beg, lest in seeming to avoid praise, you seek it more, and your mind give the lie to your tongue. You

know the sentiment of Jerome on this subject ; and let me remind you of the artful Galatea of Virgil. She ran from her lover, that he might pursue her, and before she hid herself, she contrived to be seen.

So we also strive to excite the greater admiration, by seeming to withdraw from it. We decline the regard of the world, and we draw it after us. It is an unbecoming artifice.

I speak of common characters. Of you I have no suspicion, nor do I doubt your sincerity. Still, let me advise you to be more guarded in your language. They who know you less may perhaps think you are but asking for greater praise. My commendations, believe me, will never make you vain ; but they may stimulate you to better exertions, and the more you desire to please me the more ardently will you strive to execute my injunctions. If I praise the excellency of your religious deportment, it is not that you should glory in it. And observe that, as the censure of an enemy is not to have much weight, so should not the praise from a friend be too confidently relied on.

Fourth, it remains that I examine more minutely what has long been the subject of your incessant complaints. I mean the circumstance which drew us from the world. Here you accuse the ways of Providence, when it would be more equitable to extol them. I had thought, indeed, that long ago, by the peculiar grace of heaven, this bitterness had been erased from your mind. The more dangerous it is, at once threatening the ruin of your soul and body, the more it calls for pity, and the more it gives me pain. You declare that your only wish is to please me ; quit, then, these baneful thoughts, that you may torment me no longer ; that you may make me happy. With them I cannot be pleased, nor with them can you expect to go along with me to happiness hereafter. You have professed a willingness to follow me even to the gates of misery, and will you let me go without you to those of eternal happiness ? Let this, at least, be a motive which may urge you to a religious life. Reflect on the happiness which awaits you there, and on my society, which will no more be taken from you, for you do not hesitate to declare that I am in the right way. Recollect what you once said ; call to mind the words of your last

letter, that in the manner of our conversion, and in the mode of God's chastisement, heaven had been rather favorable to me. Yes, Heloïse, it was kind to us both ; but the excess of your grief does not admit the language of reason. Lament not that you were the cause of this event ; rather be persuaded you were born to be it. I suffered ; but it was advantageous to me ; do the sufferings of the martyrs also give you pain ? Had I justly suffered, could you have borne it more patiently ? If so, ignominy would have fallen upon me, and my enemies might have gloried ; they would have been just, and I contemptible. Their conduct would have found no accusers, and who would have pitied me ?

To assuage the bitterness of your grief I could show that all has happened for the best, and with a view to our greater good. The ways of Providence are inscrutable but just. Revolve in your thoughts the intemperance of our behavior, even after marriage, when you were at Argenteuil, and I sometimes came to visit you. Need I mention our many antecedent caresses ? and how basely I had deceived your uncle, when I lived with him in habits of unlimited confidence ? Surely his vengeance was not unmerited. It was in punishment of these crimes that I have suffered ; and to the same cause I ascribe the many evils which, at this hour, surround me. It will be well if divine justice may thus be satisfied. Call to your recollection another circumstance. When I took you from Paris into Brittany, to avoid shame and the fury of your uncle, you disguised yourself in the habit of a nun, and thus irreverently profaned the holy institute you now profess. With what propriety, then, has the divine justice, or rather, the divine goodness, compelled you to embrace a state which you could wantonly ridicule, willing that in the very habit of a nun you should expiate the crime committed against it. The truth of reality supplies itself a cure, and corrects your dissimulation.

If we view the advantages also which this justice has produced, you will rather be disposed to bless the kindness of heaven towards us. My dearest Heloïse, do consider, from what perils we were drawn, even when we resisted most the calls of mercy. We were exposed to the most dangerous tempests, and God delivered us

Ever repeat, and with a grateful mind, the wonders of His mercy. The worst sinners may take a lesson from our example ; for what may not suppliants expect, when they hear of the favors which were done to us ? Compare together the magnitude of our dangers, and the ease of our deliverance ; our inveterate disorders, and the gentle remedy : our unworthy conduct, and the benevolence of heaven. I will then proclaim what the Lord has done for me.

And do you also be my inseparable associate in this grateful thanksgiving : you were my partner in guilt, and you shared the favor of heaven. Heaven has been particularly mindful of you ; even by the happy presage of your name it marked you for its own ; for Heloise is derived from the sacred name Heloim.

In the admirable order of Providence, by the very means the devil aimed to destroy us, was our salvation effected. We were then just united by the indissoluble bond of marriage. It was my wish never to be separated from you ; and, at that moment, God projected to draw us both to himself. Had you been tied by no engagement, when I left the world, the persuasion of friends, or the love of pleasure, might easily have detained you in it. It seemed, by this care of heaven, as if we had been designed for some important purpose ; as if it were unbecoming that the literary talents we both possessed should be employed in other business than in celebrating the praises of our Maker. Perhaps it was feared that the allurements of a woman might pervert my heart. Such was the fate of Solomon.

To the events which have mercifully befallen us both, learn then to submit with patience. It was the hand of a father which struck, not to destroy, but to correct us. His severest blow gave life to my soul. He might justly have overwhelmed me, when, to save me from eternal punishment, he inflicted transitory pain. You and I had both been guilty ; and he was satisfied that one should suffer. It is true, you had deserved less, for by nature you were more infirm, and your virtue was more constant. In equity did God weigh these circumstances, and I thank him from my heart that he laid no punishment on you, and yet reserved for you the palm of victory. Me, indeed, he chastised, and stilled the tempest of my pas-

sions; but you he destined to nobler conflicts, and to the rewards of those who conquer. This I know you do not hear with pleasure, and you forbade me to repeat it; but it is not therefore less the language of truth. He who has an enemy to oppose, has ever victory to look for: as the Apostle says, "he only shall be crowned who has contended stoutly."

V.

HELOÏSE TO ABELARD.

THAT you may not have cause to charge me with disobedience, as you ordered so have I checked the language of immoderate grief. When I write to you, my expressions shall be more temperate: but on other occasions I cannot promise to restrain my tongue. Nothing is less in our power than our own minds; and we are oftener forced to obey, than we can command, their operations. The sudden impulse of strong affections cannot be at once repressed; their effects are visible, and they more easily announce themselves in words, which are their readiest vehicle. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But I will keep my pen in subjection, even when my tongue shall be ungovernable. It would be well, indeed, if my mind were as subservient.

To restore me to serenity is not, I fear, in your power, but you can moderate my sorrow. One thought is banished by another. The chain of gloomy meditation is broken when new objects engage the attention; and the more honorable, or expedient, or interesting these may appear, the more intense will be their impression, and the more will the mind turn aside from trouble.



ANNA BOLEYN.

HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

THE originals of the first five of the following letters, which were surreptitiously conveyed to Italy soon after they were written, are preserved in the Vatican Library at Rome. Of the last one, in which the unfortunate young Queen prays for a fair trial, Hume says: "This letter contains so much nature, and even elegance, as to deserve to be transmitted to posterity without any alteration in the expression." The original manuscript was partly destroyed by fire in 1731. It is among the manuscript collections in the British Museum. "It is not wonderful," says Mackintosh, "that the excitement of such a moment, if it left Anne calmness enough to write, should raise her language to an energy unknown in her other writings. If this explanation from Lord Herbert should be deemed inadequately to account for the singular exactness and elegance of the composition, why may we not suppose, consistently with its substantial authenticity, that a compassionate confessor, or one lingering friend, may have secretly lent his hand to refine and elevate the diction? Sir Thomas Wyatt, one of the fathers of English poetry (to take an instance,) could not have forgotten that his heart had once been touched by her youthful loveliness, and if he had been moved by a generous remembrance of affection to lend his help 'at her utmost need,' he would assuredly not have disturbed

No more, for fear of tiring you. Written by the hand
of him who would willingly remain
Yours, H. REX.

III.

MINE OWN SWEETHEART :

This shall be to advertise you of the great loneliness that I find since your departing, for I assure you me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible that for so little a while it should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you, me thinketh my pains be half relieved, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch as my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day upon it, which has caused me to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head

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IV.

MY MISTRESS AND MY FRIEND :

My heart and I surrender themselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us; for that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more scorching is the heat. Thus is it with our love; absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless fervor in-

creases—at least on my part. I hope the same from you, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great that it would be intolerable were it not for the firm hope I have of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible, that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is from the hand of

Your servant and friend,

H. R.

V.

ANNE BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

SIRE:

It belongs only to the august mind of a great King, to whom Nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favors so extraordinary an artless and short conversation with a girl. Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your Majesty's bounties, I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity: for if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those who are ready to consecrate their entire obedience to your desires? How great soever may be the bounties I have received, the joy that I feel in being loved by a king whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart, if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him, will ever be infinitely greater.

The warrant of Maid of Honor to the Queen induces me to think that your Majesty has some regard for me, since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you by my own lips (which I shall do on the first opportunity,) that I am,

Your Majesty's very obliged and very obedient servant,
without any reserve,

ANNE BOLEYN.

VI

SIR: Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I know was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honor, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart toward your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatso-

ever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account of your unprincipely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH, daughter of Henry the Eighth, by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, was born at Greenwich, September 7th, 1533. When two years old a negotiation was entered into for her marriage to the third son of Francis I., of France, but it was broken off before any agreement was come to. In 1546 it was proposed that she should marry the son of the Emperor Charles V., of Germany, afterwards Philip II., but this alliance was also broken off. Her next suitor, though he does not appear to have formally declared his pretensions, was the protector Somerset's unfortunate brother, the Lord Thomas Seymour, of Sudley. He is said to have made some advances to her even before his marriage with Queen Catherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry the Eighth, although Elizabeth was only in her fourteenth year. Catherine, who died a few months after her marriage (poisoned, it is supposed, by the admiral), appears to have been made somewhat uncomfortable while she lived, by the freedoms the princess continued to allow Seymour to take with her, which went beyond ordinary flirtation; the gossip of the day indeed was, that "Lady Elizabeth did bear some affection to the admiral." After his wife's death he was accused of having renewed his design upon her hand; and it was a part of the charge on which he was attainted, that he had plotted to seize the king's (Edward VI.) per-

son, and to force the princess to marry him. His execution on the 20th of March, 1549, stopped this and all the admiral's other ambitious schemes. He was one of the handsomest men of the court of Henry the Eighth, and his successor—was gay, magnificent, and brave, excelling in all the manly exercises of that age, and much distinguished by the richness of his dress. It is probable that Seymour was the first and only man that Queen Elizabeth ever loved. She died March 24th, 1603. Bacon and Beaumont, Fletcher and Raleigh, Spencer and Shakespeare, and many other eminently distinguished names, gained their earliest celebrity in the Elizabethan age.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO LORD SEYMOUR.

27th Feb., 1547.

MY LORD ADMIRAL :

The letter you have written to me is the most obliging, and, at the same time, the most eloquent in the world. And as I do not feel myself competent to reply to so many courteous expressions, I shall content myself with unfolding to you, in few words, my real sentiments. I confess to you that your letter, all eloquent as it is, has very much surprised me; for, besides that neither my age nor my inclination allows me to think of marriage, I never could have believed that any one would have spoken to me of nuptials at a time when I ought to think of nothing but sorrow for the death of my father. And to him I owe so much, that I must have two years at least to mourn for his loss. And how can I make up my mind to become a wife before I shall have enjoyed for some years my virgin state, and arrived at years of discretion?

Permit me, then, my Lord Admiral, to tell you frankly, that as there is no one in the world who more esteems your merit than myself, or who sees you with more pleasure as a disinterested person, so would I preserve to myself the privilege of recognizing you as such, without

entering into that strict bond of matrimony, which often causes one to forget the possession of true merit. Let your highness be well persuaded that though I decline the happiness of becoming your wife, I shall never cease to interest myself in all that can crown your merit with glory, and shall ever feel the greatest pleasure in being your servant and good friend.

ELIZABETH.

JAMES HOWELL.

OUR earliest collection of Familiar Letters is that of James Howell, who was born in 1596, and died in the year 1666. He was the son of a Welsh clergyman. Howell, with Joseph Mead, who, before he became distinguished as a divine, “was much alive to the transactions of his time,” furnish in their letters an account, which has the interest of a romance, of the “Love Passages” of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, which after his accession to the throne terminated in his marriage with Henrietta Marie, Princess of France. In a letter to his father, of the 22d of March, 1623, Howell writes that the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondamar, is strongly negotiating a match betwixt the Prince and the Infanta of Spain. He also reports that the Marquis of Buckingham continues still in fullness of grace and favor. The Spanish Ambassador is described as a man of address and wit, ingratiating himself with “divers persons of quality,” ladies especially. “Dispatching a post lately for Spain, and the post having received his packet, and kissed his hands, he called him back and told him he had forgot one thing, which was, that when he came to Spain he should commend him to the sun, for he had not seen him a great while, and in Spain he should be sure to find him.” By the end of the year the desire of Howell for Court employment is gratified by his ap-

pointment as an agent in Spain, "upon a business which I hope will make me good returns." By the end of December he has arrived at Madrid, and thus writes to a friend in London :

I am safely come to the Court of Spain ; and although by reason of that misfortune which befell Mr. Altham and me, of wounding the sergeants in Lombard street, we stayed three weeks behind my Lord Ambassador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court as his first audience.

The English nation is better looked on now in Spain than ordinary, because of the hopes there are of a match, which the merchants and commonalty much desire, though the nobility and gentry be not so forward for it ; so that in this point the pulse of Spain beats quite contrary to that of England, where the people are averse to this match, and the nobility, with most part of the gentry, inclinable.

Howell, with the pliability of a courtier, is disposed to look upon the Princess of Spain with a favorable eye :—

The treaty of the match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady Infanta is now strongly a-foot. She is a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish ; fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face ; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race. She goes upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years.

Thus affairs were quietly advancing from the 5th of January to the 27th of March, when Howell communicates to Sir Thomas Savage a piece of intelligence which is not calculated to excite much astonishment in England :

"The great business of the match was tending to a period, the articles reflecting both upon Church and

State being capitulated and interchangeably accorded on both sides, and there wanted nothing to consummate all things, when, to the wonderment of the world, the Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this Court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening.

They lighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the Marquis came in first with a portmantle under his arm, then the Prince was sent for, who stayed awhile the other side of the street in the dark ; my Lord of Bristol in a kind of astonishment brought him up to his bed-chamber, where he presently called for pen and ink, and dispatched a post that night to England to acquaint his Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the Court of Spain ; that post went lightly laden, for he carried but three letters. The next day came Sir Francis Cotington and Mr. Porter, and dark rumors ran in every corner how some great man was come from England, and some would not stick to say amongst the vulgar, it was the king ; but towards the evening on Saturday the Marquis went in a close coach to Court, where he had private audience of this king, who sent Olivares to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneeled and kissed his hands, and hugged his thighs, and delivered how immeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was of his coming, and other high compliments, which Mr. Porter did interpret. About ten o'clock that night, the king himself came in a close coach with intent to visit the Prince, who, hearing of it, met him half-way, and after salutations and divers embraces which passed in the first interview, they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count Gondamar being sworn Counsellor of State that morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great haste to visit the Prince, saying he had strange news to tell him, which was that an Englishman was sworn Privy Counsellor of Spain, meaning himself, who he said was an Englishman in his heart. On the Sunday following, the king in the afternoon came abroad to take the air with the queen, his two brothers, and the Infanta, who were all in one coach ; but the Infanta sat in the boot with a blue riband about her arm, on purpose that the Prince might distinguish her. There were above twenty coaches besides of Grands, Noblemen, and Ladies that attended

them. And now it was publicly known amongst the vulgar that it was the Prince of Wales who was come, and the confluence of people before my Lord of Bristol's house was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that to clear the way Sir Lewis Dives went out and took coach, and all the crowd of people went after him, so the Prince himself a little after took coach, wherein there were the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Ashton, and Count Gondamar, and so went to the Prado, a place hard by, of purpose to take the air, where they stayed till the King passed by. As soon as the Infanta saw the Prince, her color rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart.

For several months the communicative James Howell imparts no tidings to his friends at home of the progress of the nuptial negotiations at Madrid. The Spanish public, however, from the first, accepted the treaty as one which no adverse circumstances could set aside. Their opinions were embodied in a curious volume, described by Mr. Mead in a letter to Sir Martin Stuteville, which is published in the Ellis collection. Of the book herein described there is a copy in the British Museum :

I saw a book this week of the marriage of our Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta Maria, which I took at the first to have been an Epithalamium. The frontispiece was cut in a large quarto, with many devices, and at the bottom the Prince and Lady, in their robes, and Christ like a parson joining their hands and marrying them. The dedication was to Don Gondamar, and a whole leaf and a half spent in his titles. The author wrote himself Michael de Val. It contained verses, and those, some of them, in Spanish, with many discourses both of the commendation of Spain and Spaniards, especially for fidelity above any nation ; the praise of our king ; an historical catalogue of all the marriages between us and Spain heretofore, and their happiness ; all objections against the match answered, the enmity of the

nations, the difference of religion, and such like ; the great advantages we on our part may expect thereby, and among others that we shall be in possibility of the kingdoms of Spain and the Indies, etc., if this king should die without issue, because the elder sister publicly renounced her right to succession when she was married to France, in regard that Spain could not succeed there by the Salick law. I know not what it means. They say it is prohibited to be sold openly, and that the King was offended at it. It was translated into English, but they say the printing was stayed.

At the beginning of July, we find the ‘*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*’ again full of interest, with liveliness unabated by the solemn ceremonies by which he is surrounded. It was a provident arrangement of the Marquis to have the famous English jester at hand, to divert his highness amidst the tedious delays which impeded the smooth course of his true love. The scene in the garden is worthy of *Le Sage* :

There are comedians once a week come to the palace, where under a great canopy the Queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our Prince and Don Carlos on the Queen’s right hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the Infanta’s left hand. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immovably fixed on the Infanta half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it : it was no handsome comparison of Olivares’s that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since, the Prince understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the *Casa de campo*, a summer-house the King hath the other side of the river, to gather May-dew, he did rise betimes and went thither, taking your brother with him. They were let into the house, and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall, and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her, but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and

ran back ; the old Marquis that was then her guardian came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring his highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company ; so the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street to see her as she went abroad. I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publicly often, my Lord of Bristol being interpreter, but the King always sat hard by to overhear all. Our cousin Archy hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her Meninas and ladies of honor, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them, and flirts out what he list.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than 15,000 men, after a long toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army, consisting of above 25,000, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after. Whereunto Archy answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: "Was it not a strange thing," quoth he, "that in the year '88 there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty sails from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest?"

In the middle of August Howell exhibits symptoms of distrust of the successful issue of the great negotiation: "The Court of Spain affords now little news, for there is a *remora* sticks to the business of the match, till the Junta of Divines give up their opinion." The troublesome priests make a sort of compromise, and then the matrimonial articles were sworn to by the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales. But a new difficulty arose. Pope Gregory was dead, and the dispensation must be ratified by the new Pope, Urban. The Prince urged that he must go home ; there was a general murmuring at his long stay ; the King, his father, was old and sickly. So it was agreed that he should leave a proxy behind him to conclude the marriage :

So they parted for that time without the least umbrage of discontent, nor do I hear of any engendered since. The last month, it is true, the Junta of Divines dwelt so long upon the business, that there were whisperings that the Prince intended to go away disguised as he came; and the question being asked by a person of quality, there was a brave answer made, that if love brought him thither, it is not fear shall drive him away.

Howell remained at Madrid after the departure of the Prince and his suite. He had a commission to execute, which he accomplished to his own satisfaction, and not less to the joy of the "dear dad and gossip" of "the sweet boys." He thus writes from London to his father:

I am newly-returned from Spain; I came over in convoy of the Prince's jewels, for which one of the Ships Royal, with the Catch, were sent under the command of Captain Love. We landed at Plymouth, whence I came by post to Theobald's in less than two nights and a day, to bring his Majesty news of their safe arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a horse, and kept his chamber. The jewels were valued at above a hundred thousand pounds; some of them a little before the Prince's departure had been presented to the Infanta, but she waiving to receive them, yet with a civil compliment they were left in the hands of one of the Secretaries of State for her use upon the wedding-day, and it was no unworthy thing in the Spaniard to deliver them back, notwithstanding that the treaties both of match and palatinate had been dissolved a pretty while before, by Act of Parliament, that a war was threatened, and ambassadors revoked. There were jewels also amongst them to be presented to the King and Queen of Spain, to most of the Ladies of Honor, and the Grandees. There was a great table diamond for Olivares of eighteen carats' weight; but the richest of all was to the Infanta herself, which was a chain of great Orient pearl, to the number of 276, weighing nine ounces. The Spaniards, notwithstanding they are the masters of the staple of jewels, stood astonished at the beauty of these, and confessed themselves to be put down.

It was at the special importunity of Buckingham, following up a request of Prince Charles, that the old King consented to part with some of the choice treasures upon which his eyes were accustomed to gloat. The saucy Steenie writes to his "dear Dad, Gossip, and Steward," that he himself had been forced to lend the Prince jewels to eke out "the poor equipage he came in." Boldly does he make his demand :

These reasons, I hope, since you have ventured already your chiefest jewel, your son, will serve to persuade you to let loose these more after him ; first, your best hat-band ; the Portinggall diamond ; the rest of the pendant diamonds to make up a necklace to give his mistress ; and the best rope of pearl with a rich chain or two for himself to wear, or else your dog must want a collar.

Lucky was it for the successors to the English crown that the pride of the Spaniard prevented him keeping these politic offerings, for Mr. Ellis says, in a note to Buckingham's letters, that the jewels of James's Queen, as well as some of Queen Elizabeth's, must, it is probable, "have found their way at this time to Spain." James I. is dead. King Charles being off with the old love, loses little time in tedious wooings of the new one. Says Howell :

The match betwixt his Majesty and the Lady Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to Henry the Great (the eldest being married to the King of Spain, and the second to the Duke of Savoy), goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded, whereat the Count of Soissons is much discontented, who gave himself hopes to have her, but the hand of heaven hath predestined her for a far higher condition.

The French Ambassadors who were sent hither to conclude the business, having private audience of his late Majesty a little before his death, he told them pleasantly, that he would make war against the Lady Henrietta, be-

cause she would not receive the two letters which were sent her, one from himself, and the other from his son, but sent them to her mother ; yet he thought he should easily make peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter letter in her bosom, and the first in her coshionet, whereby he gathered that she intended to reserve his son for her affection, and him for counsel.

The Bishop of Luçon, now Cardinal de Richelieu, is grown to be the sole favorite of the King of France, being brought in by the Queen-mother, he hath been very active in advancing the match.

King Charles is married to Henrietta Maria. The worthy Howell is in raptures—as inconstant, it would seem, as his royal master. He thus writes to his brother:

I thank you for your last letter, and the several good tidings sent me from Wales. In the requital I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta, for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the great Henry, her father, was put out of the world), is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

PROMINENT among the famous women of France, who flourished during the seventeenth century, was the fair Anne, or Ninon de L'Enclos. She was born in Paris in 1615, of a noble, though not very rich family of Touraine, was remarkable for her personal charms, and still more so for her influence over the *savants* of the day, by whom she was often consulted in literary matters. Men of genius, and noblemen of the highest rank thronged her *salons* ; all were captivated by her charms of mind and person. Such was the tone of morality in France in that age, that modest women courted her society, which was considered a model of excellence and fashion ; among others, Madame de La Fayette, Madame de Nelly, Madame Scarron (afterwards Madame de Maintenon), Madame Grignon (sister of the Marquis, to whom the following letters were addressed,) often visited her. Queen Christiana, of Sweden, during her residence in France, was much pleased with her, and wished to attach her to her court, but Mademoiselle preferred her independence. Although Ninon lived to the age of ninety, she is said to have retained her attractions almost to the last, and to have been the object of a violent passion at seventy. Among the many singular incidents of this extraordinary person's career, were the circumstances attending the



NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

death of one of her sons. Having been educated without knowing his mother, he conceived a passion for her, and when she revealed to him the secret of his birth, he stabbed himself to the heart in her presence. The following score of letters form part of a correspondence which took place between the great wit and beauty, and Charles, son of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, author of that admirable collection of letters upon which her fame is raised. Some of her epistles are introduced elsewhere in our collection. The young Marquis was paying his addresses to a beautiful countess, a widow; and, as the lover was but a novice in gallantry, the witty Ninon undertook to be his guide, counsellor, and friend in the intricacies of the difficult art of courtship, and with complete success. Although they are not strictly love-letters, that is, letters passing between persons entertaining an affection for each other, yet they very properly come within the scope of such a collection as the present, since they so cleverly describe the condition of lovers during the period they are most intent upon penning amorous epistles. We are not unaware that these letters are, together with some other writings attributed to Ninon, deemed apocryphal, but be that as it may, whether genuine or *supercheries*, they are fully entitled, from the wit, humor, and sound sense pervading them, to a place in our gallery of love epistles. Some writers even assert that Ninon's letters to the gallant St. Evremont, the companion in arms of Condé, which are found in the works of that author, and have been published in the "*Lettres de Femmes Célèbres*," are the only authentic memorials of her. Ninon died in Paris, October 17, 1705.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS TO MARQUIS DE SÉVIGNÉ.

I.

How! Marquis! Entrust me with the care of your education! To guide you in the course you are about to take! This is really expecting too much from my friendship for you. You know that when a woman who has passed her prime is observed to pay any particular attention to a young man, they immediately cry maliciously, "She means to let him into the secrets of love." I will not, therefore, expose myself to the hazard of such ridicule. All that I can do for your service is to become your confidant; you shall communicate to me every condition of your mind, on each occasion I will freely give you my sentiments, and will endeavor to assist you in becoming acquainted with your own heart, as well as that of woman. Notwithstanding the amusement which I promise myself in this correspondence, I shall not dissemble the difficulties I apprehend in my enterprise. This same heart, which is to be the subject of my lectures, is such a compound of contrasts, that whoever attempts to treat of it must unavoidably appear to fall into contradictions. We think to grasp it, but *embrace a cloud*. A very cameleon; viewed in different lights, it exhibits opposite colors; which, nevertheless, exist together in the same subject. You must, then, prepare yourself to hear many singularities, upon which I shall offer you my own conclusions; and if they should happen to appear to you rather new than just, you are at liberty to estimate them accordingly.

I have, besides, a delicate scruple about this undertaking; for I foresee that I can hardly be sincere without detracting a little from the romance of my sex. But you would know what are my opinions about love, and all that relates to it; and I shall muster up resolution enough to deliver you my thoughts ingenuously upon this subject.

I am to spend this evening at Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's, with La Fontaine and Madame de la Sablière. If you will be of our party, Fontaine shall entertain you with two new fables, which they say do by no means fall

off in spirit from his former compositions in that way. Prithee meet us, Marquis. But hold—have I nothing to apprehend from the engagement we are entering upon? Cupid is so sly an urchin! Let me examine my heart—All safe. It is otherwise engaged: and the sentiments it is affected with towards you are more akin to friendship than to love. But at the worst, if any such caprice should hereafter happen to seize me, we must endeavor to retrieve ourselves from so unlucky an adventure, with the best address we can.

We are going then, Marquis, to enter upon a course of morality. Yes, Marquis, of morality. But that this expression may not too much alarm you, we shall engage in no other branch of it but love alone; and this is known to have too great an influence on the manners of mankind not to deserve a particular study.

II.

YES, Marquis, I will keep my word with you; and upon all occasions shall speak the truth, though I must sometimes tell it at my own expense. I have more firmness of mind, perhaps, than you may imagine; and it is very probable that, in the course of this correspondence, you will think I push this quality too far. But then please to remember that I have only the outside of a woman, and that my heart and mind are wholly masculine.

Let us proceed, then, to the latter part of your letter. You say that, since you have entered into life, you have been continually disappointed; your enjoyments fall short of expectations; disgust and weariness pursue you everywhere. You fly to solitude, but grow tired when you arrive at it; you know not, in short, to what can be attributed the restlessness that afflicts you.

I am going, then, to put you out of pain on that point, for I have taken upon myself to give you my thoughts with regard to every affection of your mind; though perhaps you may often start questions which will embarrass me as much as they do you.

That inquietude, that restlessness, you complain of in yourself, proceeds entirely from the vacancy in your heart. It is void of love, and it was formed to receive it. You are absolutely, as one may say, under a necessity of loving. Yes, Marquis, nature has given us all a certain *quota* of affection, which we must exercise upon some particular object. Your time of life is adapted to the emotions of love; and until your heart has experienced these fond sensations, you will ever feel there a painful void; there will be no end to that lassitude you complain of. In a word, love is the aliment of the heart, as food is of the body. To love is to fulfill the scope of nature. It is the submitting to a fate.

But if possible, endeavor to avoid that kind of love which rises to a passion: to prevent this *misfortune*, I am almost tempted to second the advice that has already been given you, to prefer the society of those women who set up for nothing more than being entertaining triflers, rather than those dangerous charmers who are capable of inspiring as much esteem as love. At your age, one need not think of entering into a serious engagement; you have no occasion, then, to seek for friendship in a woman; you have nothing to look for but an agreeable person.

The society of ladies of refined sentiment, of those whom the ravages of time have deprived of everything they could pride themselves upon, except their intellectual qualities, does well enough for men who, like them, are on their decline.

But for you, such women would be really *too good company*, if I may so express myself. We have no occasion for riches but in proportion to our wants. All you have to do at present, is to attach yourself to one, who, joined to an amiable person, has a politeness in her manners, a lively disposition, a taste for social pleasures, and whom a little sympathy of affection would not much alarm.

III.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I have said, you seem to adhere to your first prejudices. You would have a lady that you could respect and esteem, and who might at the same time become your friend. Such sentiments are certainly very commendable, if upon trial they could produce that happiness which one might reasonably expect from them. But experience will soon convince you that these fine expressions are but empty sounds.

To merely amuse the mind, must it be necessary to hunt after important qualities? The reading of novels has almost impaired your understanding! The poor Marquis! he has allowed himself to be dazzled with the sublime theorems which are often the subjects of conversation. But, my dear friend, to what account will all these rational chimeras turn? I shall freely give you my opinion of them. They are really most beautiful counters; and oh, the pity they are not current!

When you intend to settle in life, look out for a woman of good sense, true virtue, and high principles; all these are perfectly consistent with the dignity—I had almost said the *gravity*—of a married state. But while gallantry is your object, beware of growing serious, and give credit to what I tell you. I know what will agree with you better than you do yourself.

In general, men pretend that they covet essential qualities in love. Ignorant as they are, how much disappointed would they be if they were to meet with them! What would they gain by being edified, when it was amusement only they had occasion for? Such a rational lady as you contend for, would be—a wife; for whom I acknowledge you might conceive an infinite deal of *respect*. But prithee what has become of the fondness? Gone! A woman estimable in all particulars, would subject, would humble you too much, to admit of your loving her long. Compelled to esteem, to admire her sometimes, you could not avoid ceasing to love her soon. So much excellence would be a reproach direct, a critic too severe upon your own failings, not to make your pride revolt in time, and when once that is mortified, farewell love.

Analyze your sentiments strictly, examine closely into your own heart, and you will find this maxim true. I have but a moment to bid you adieu.

IV.

UPON my word, Marquis, you will soon drive me out of all patience. Dear! how stupid you are sometimes! I have your letter before me. You do not comprehend me. Attend a little better to what I say. I did not tell you to choose a fool to love; nothing could be further from my intention. But I said, that for the present, you had in reality no manner of occasion for anything more than an amusing occupation of heart and mind; and that to render such an engagement agreeable, one need not insist upon very superior qualities.

I repeat it again. In love, men should look for nothing further than mere amusement, and I believe upon such a subject as this, that my opinion may obtain some credit. A little peculiarity of temper, a passing caprice, or a childish quarrel, have frequently great effect on men, and attach them more strongly than the most rational or solid characters.

A person, whom you highly esteem for the strength and justice of his sentiments, once said to me, that "caprice was allied to beauty to be its antidote." I fought him out upon his maxim, as I am fully of opinion that caprice was joined to beauty to animate its charms, and to enhance their value by adding spirit and pungency.

There is no feeling more cold, or of shorter duration, than admiration. We grow insensibly indifferent to the same *set* of features, though ever so beautiful, and if there be not a little quickening spirit to give them life and action, their very uniformity will soon destroy the feelings they at first excited. A little change of temper is absolutely necessary to give to a fine woman that happy variety which prevents our growing weary of finding her always the same. In truth, it is unlucky enough for a

woman to have too even a disposition ; the equality of her temper permits indifference to arise—perhaps disgust. It is always the same statue ; and a man continues his own master—perfectly at ease before her ; and that liberty is sometimes so great a pleasure !

Place in her stead a woman, lively, uncertain, froward, but these only to a certain degree. The scene is changed ; the lover meets in the same person with all the charms of variety—caprice is the salt of gallantry, that preserves it from corrupting. Disquietudes, jealousies, quarrels, piques, and reconciliations, are, if not the *diet*, at least the exercise of love. Enchanting variety ! that fills and occupies the sensible heart more charmingly, than all the regularity of deportment and tedious sameness of what are deemed the *better characters*.

I know how to deal with you men. A little change of temper throws you into a state of uncertainty, and gives you as much trouble and uneasiness to dissipate, as if it were a new victory to be gained over a new love. A little flurry now and then keeps you in wind ; you will struggle and conquer and be overcome, by turns. In vain poor reason sighs ! You cannot conceive how such a *meteor* should lead you so implicitly about : every one tells you that the idol of your affections is a compound of vanity and caprice. But it is a spoiled child, and you cannot rid yourself of a childish fondness for it ! Even those efforts that reflection may force you to make in order to set you free, will often serve to bind your chain the faster. For love is never so strong as when we imagine it ready to break from the resentment of a quarrel : its throne is tempest, and its empire convulsion ! Reduce it to the government of reason—it languishes ! it expires !

Upon the whole, I would not advise you to choose a lady whose sense and merit are predominant qualities, but one whose temper sometimes bears the sway, and silences proud reason. Otherwise, be assured that it will not long continue a frolic of gallantry ; and you may as well marry and settle in the country. These are my last words. Adieu.

V.

YES, Marquis, I agree with you, that a woman who is only a compound of whim and caprice, would make but a disagreeable companion, and must disgust in the end. I acknowledge also, that a constant irregularity of temper would turn your answer, your metaphorical warfare, into a literal one. But then, indeed, it was not to a person of this sort that I advised you to address yourself. You always overshoot the mark.

In my last letter I described an agreeable woman, who might be rendered still more engaging by a little inequality of temper, with a spice of coquetry, etc. And you seem to speak to me of an arrant shrew, who is continually untoward and perverse. What different characters are here! When I mentioned *temper*, I meant only that kind which arises from an earnestness of spirit. A certain impatience of manner, with perhaps a little disposition to jealousy. In a word, such a one as is born of love itself, and not the offspring of a natural perverseness that is frequently styled *humor*.

When it is love that renders a woman unreasonable, when it is that alone which excites her impatience, what man can be so void of delicacy or feeling as to complain? Do not such extravagances prove the strength of her passion? For my part, I shall never be persuaded, that whoever can contain themselves within very reasonable bounds, were ever much in love. Can we be really so without suffering ourselves to be hurried away by the transports of a heartfelt affection? without being sensible of all those agitations which it necessarily creates? No, surely; and who can perceive all these emotions in the beloved object without a flattering pleasure? While they are rendered uneasy by her suspicions and resentments, they feel with a secret delight that they are beloved—that they are passionately loved. And such capricious behavior is so much further a convincing proof, as it is involuntary.

This, my dear Marquis, is the secret charm that pays the lover's pains and dries his tears. But if you could imagine I should tell you that an ill-tempered, absurd

virago could supply the pleasures of love, I beg you to undeceive yourself forthwith.

I said, indeed, and shall ever persist in my opinion, that there must be a little peculiarity of temper, some caprice, and a sensible emotion in an affair of gallantry, to prevent it growing languid, and to render it lasting. But it is very certain that these seasonings will not naturally answer the end, except where they proceed from love alone.

If a peculiar temper arises solely from an untoward nature, from a contrary, uneasy, or froward disposition, I should be in haste to pronounce it, that such a perverse nature must soon render a woman hateful, and occasion the most disgusting quarrels. Such a union must become a heavy chain, from which one should endeavor to free themselves as quickly as possible. Adieu.

VI.

AND who doubts, Marquis, but it is real merit that renders you agreeable to women? All I desire to know is, what idea you attach to that expression. By *real merit*, do you intend a sound understanding, nice discernment, great erudition, with prudence and discretion—in short, a heap of remarkable qualities that more frequently encumber than render you happy or successful? If these be your ideas about merit, we certainly can never understand each other.

Reserve such supreme virtues for your intercourse with men. They are agreed upon the value of these commodities. But in gallantry, exchange these rare and superior excellences for more common and familiar qualifications. These are the only coin that circulate in such a commerce. And let their intrinsic value be ever so low, they cease to be tokens when they have obtained currency: for true merit consists less, perhaps, in real perfection, than in what the world has agreed to receive as such.

It is much more convenient to be master of qualities agreeable to those we wish to please, than to possess others which even those very persons themselves may acknowledge more estimable. In a word, we must copy the manners and imitate the foibles of those we associate with if we would live with ease or satisfaction among them.

What is the proper destination of women? What is the *rôle* you allow them in your drama? Is it not to soothe, to please, to charm? The advantages of person, the graces of carriage, a liveliness in conversation, with a politeness of manners, are the surest qualifications for compassing these ends ; women possess these accomplishments in the supreme degree ; and it is in these they would have you likewise to excel. Call them triflers, if you dare. They perform the highest part who are formed and destined to render you happy.

Is it not truly to the charms of our converse, and complacency of our manners, that you are indebted for your sincerest pleasures, for all the social virtues : in a word, for your whole well-being? Answer me ingenuously : learning, ambition, riches, valor, even friendship itself—of which, and with reason, you so much boast, are any, or all of these together, capable of rendering you perfectly happy? Or, at least, the pleasures you receive from them, are they lively enough even to make you tolerably so? Doubtless no. All these taken together would not be able to rid you of that stupid sameness of life which is so apt to oppress you ; and ye must have, in truth, remained the most pitiable creatures alive !

But it is the peculiar province of women to dissipate this mortal languor by the lively seasoning of their converse, and the charms they are capable of diffusing over gallantry. A fond folly, a flattering hope, or an ardent wish, are the only things that can awaken your attention, and give you a true sense of happiness. For surely, Marquis, there is a vast difference between merely possessing our good fortune, and relishing the pleasures of that enjoyment.

The bare necessities of life can only make a man *easy* ; it is superfluity that renders him rich, or makes him sensible that he is so. It is not superior qualities alone that

make us amiable ; it is perhaps a fault to be master of none but what are of real value. To be well received in the world, one must be agreeable, entertaining, serviceable to the pleasures of others. I assure you that there is no succeeding in general, but particularly with women, except by these means.

Pray tell me, what business have we with your overgrown knowledge, the depth of your judgment, or the extent of your learning? If you possess only such advantages, if some slighter and more familiar talents do not soften and polish their uncouthness, so far from pleasing, you will appear a most formidable *censor* to them ; and the restraint you will then labor under must banish from their converse all that freedom, gaiety, and ease in which they would naturally indulge themselves before persons of less account ; nay, the very despair of succeeding would hinder them from even attempting to render themselves agreeable to men of a certain coldness in their manners, who are apt to examine everything with the calmness of philosophy, and will not permit themselves a careless freedom in conversation. The ease and cheerful delights of social intercourse are only to be enjoyed among those who are as heedless and unguarded as ourselves, affording us the same reciprocal advantages over them.

In fine, too much circumspection has the same effect upon our minds that a cold air has upon our bodies. Reserve shuts up the doors of their hearts with whom we converse, and makes them cautious how they unfold them. You must then beware, Marquis, of striking a damp upon gallantry, by affecting to exhibit yourself only in your most imposing aspect. You may have read that people more often please by agreeable failings than by the most essential qualities. Great merits are like large gold pieces, which we make less use of than of smaller coin.

This thought makes me recollect certain nations, who, instead of sterling metals, carry on their traffic entirely with shells. Now, prithee, do you not think these people are as rich as we, with all the bullion of the New World? One might at first be apt to mistake their riches for poverty, till we reflect that gold and silver receive their value from our opinion only; and that our coin, among these people, would serve but for tokens.

The qualities that you deem essential are to be rated after the same manner in gallantry: we have occasion there only for shells, and what signifies the medium of traffic while the commerce is carried on?

My conclusion, then, is fairly this. If it be true, which you cannot doubt, that your chief happiness must arise from the society of women, be assured that you can never render yourself agreeable to them but by such qualities as are analogous to their own.

I return again. You men affect to value yourselves upon your sciences, learning, judgment, etc. But tell me candidly, how irksome would your lives become if you were condemned to be always rational, solid, and to spend your time entirely among philosophers! I know you perfectly well; you would grow very soon tired of admiring one another; and, formed of such stuff as you are, you would more readily resign your excellences than your pleasures.

Therefore, prithee, don't deceive yourself by endeavoring to pass for a person of importance, in the sense you mistake it. True merit is that only which is so esteemed by those we would desire to please. Gallantry has its peculiar laws, Marquis.

Agreeable fellows are the only *sages* of that province. Adieu.

VII.

I PERCEIVE, Marquis, that you have not very far to travel. Your hour is arrived at last. The account you give of yourself sufficiently proves you to be at length in love; and the young widow you mention is, indeed, very capable of inspiring that passion. The Chevalier de —— has given me a very favorable description of her. But the moment you begin to be sensible of the least uneasiness, you reproach me for the advice I have given you. The disquietude that arises in our breasts, with the other

evils occasioned by love, appear, you say, more to be dreaded than all its pleasures are to be desired. There are, it is true, a sober kind of people who think the pains at least equal to the joys; but not to enter into a tedious disquisition on this subject, let me offer you my own opinion about the matter. Love, then, is a passion, or emotion of the soul, neither good nor evil in its own nature; it rests entirely upon the experience of its votaries, who, according as they have been differently affected, resolve it, some into an evil, and others into a good.

All that I need say in its favor is, that it is attended with one circumstance, which all the evils imputed to it are unable to counterpoise. It relieves our supineness, it excites us, and is, so far, of immediate advantage. I believe I told you before that our hearts are formed for emotion: and whatever rouses or actuates them, may be said to answer the design of nature. Oh! what is life, without the relief of love? A tedious malady. It is not existence—vegetation only!

Love is to our minds what winds are to the sea. They often raise storms there, indeed, and sometimes occasion shipwrecks, but then it is they which render it navigable; and the very agitation they produce is necessary to preserve its virtues; and if they render the voyage dangerous, it is the pilot's business to provide against the hazard.

I return to my subject; and though your delicacy may be offended at my frankness, I shall add, that besides the necessity we labor under of something to keep us awake, we have within us a physical necessity for love. . . . I do not inquire whether it is right or wrong to admit the passion of love; we might as well enter into a disquisition about thirst, and caution all the world against drinking, because some people are apt to get drunk. Since, then, it is not a matter within your own election, whether you shall have an appetite conformable to your physical natures or no, away with romantic notions, and never perplex yourself with computations upon the greater or lesser advantages of loving. Make use of this passion in the manner I have recommended to you. Let it be your *amusement*, but never your *occupation*.

Now, dear Marquis, do not alarm yourself with pro-

phetic conjectures upon the event of your attachment to the charming Countess, and you will perceive in the end that love in reality, such as can render us happy, instead of being considered as a very solemn affair, should be treated as no serious matter at all; and particularly, ought always to be conducted with gaiety. Nothing will prove the truth of this maxim better than the event of your adventure; for I fancy that the Countess is a woman by no means susceptible of serious impressions, and your sublime sentiments will make her yawn. Remember, I tell you so.

I have read my letter over, Marquis, and it puts me out of humor with you. I find gravity is infectious; and you may judge how much your lady must have been affected with it, when you have communicated it to me, even while I was endeavoring to cure you of the disorder. There is something singular in this, that to prove love ought to be treated with cheerfulness, I should be obliged to assume a serious air. Adieu.

VIII.

I AM pleased with your letter, Marquis; would you know why? Because it affords me a speaking proof of the truths I have been instructing you in for some time past. I find you have at length relinquished your metaphysics, and speak of the charms of the Countess with a certain warmth that betrays your sentiments to be not quite so refined as you would have me believe, nor as perhaps you really imagined them yourself.

Tell me honestly, if love was not an effect of the senses, would you with so much pleasure contemplate that mien, those eyes, those teeth, those lips, you describe in so enraptured a strain? If the qualities of her mind and understanding only had made the conquest of your heart, a woman fifty years of age, perhaps, would have served better for this purpose than the Countess. You see such a one every day; it is her mother. Pray

why don't you fall in love with her? Why do you neglect a hundred women of her age, of her homeliness, and her *merit*, who make advances to you, and would play the same formal part with you, that you perform before the Countess?

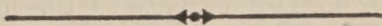
Besides, why do you desire so earnestly to be distinguished by her from any other man? Why so uneasy whenever she shows the least civility to any one else? Her esteem for others, would it diminish that which she may have conceived for you? Are there jealousies and rivalries in metaphysics? None that ever I heard of. I have friends myself, and I am not in the least uneasy when they pay their addresses to any other woman.

Friendship is a sentiment that has no dependence on the senses; the soul alone receives the impression, and the mind loses nothing of its value, by yielding itself to several at the same time. Make a comparison between this and love, and you will quickly perceive the difference between a lover and a friend. You will then acknowledge that I am not, after all, so absurd as you thought me at first, and that you cannot yourself boast a heart less vulgar than the generality of plain, honest sort of people, whom you have been pleased to censure for their want of delicacy in this point.

I would not, however, bring the charge against men only. I am frank, and am very certain that if women would be ingenuous they might likewise confess that they are not themselves in any respect more *seraphic* in this particular. If they imagined nothing more in love than the pleasures of intellect, and hoped to please by sense and character alone, why endeavor, with such assiduous pains, to charm by the beauty and ornament of their face and persons? What have a fine complexion and elegant form, a graceful fall in the shoulders, to do with the soul? What a contradiction here between the real sentiments and those they affect to make parade of! *See them*, and you will be convinced that their whole design is to be admired for their outward attractions, making very little account of anything further. *Hear them*, and they would impose on your belief that their form and features are things which they hold in the slightest esteem.

But I am, perhaps, too officious in endeavoring to dis-

sipate your error in this matter. Might I not leave it to their own industry to clear up this point to you? They would very shortly give you sufficient reason for changing your present sentiments with regard to this particular.



IX.

THIS is taking things most grievously to heart, Marquis! Two whole nights without closing your eyes: this is love with a vengeance! One can no longer have the least doubt upon that point. You have made your lips and eyes declare your passion in the most explicit manner; and yet she has not condescended to yield the least attention to your unhappy state. Such injustice cries aloud for vengeance! Is it possible that after eight entire days of sighs and assiduities, she could be so hard-hearted as to refuse you even a glimpse of hope? It is really what we cannot have the least notion of. So long a resistance can never pass for an historical fact. The Countess is a heroine of romance. But if you begin to lose patience already, consider what you might have still to suffer, if you had continued your former refined sentiments. You have gained more ground already, in those same eight days you complain of, than the *late swain* would have done in as many months.

But to speak seriously to you: is there any manner of justice now in your complaints? You call the Countess ungrateful, insensible, scornful, etc. But prithee, tell me, what right have you to charge her so severely? Will you pay no sort of attention to what I have so often repeated to you? Love is a very caprice, involuntary in the person whose heart is affected by it. Now answer me, why should you think one is obliged to any kind of gratitude, for a blind sentiment that has happened to seize you, without your own choice, or their concurrence? There is something singular in you men! you resent it as an offence, if women do not return immediately the fond re-

gard you *condescend* to bestow upon them; your revolted pride accuses them at once of injustice, as if it were their fault that your heads were turned; and that they were under a sort of obligation of being seized at a certain given time with the same disorder that you yourselves happened to be afflicted with.

Is the Countess, I pray you, answerable for it, if her brain does not feel itself affected, at the same instant you begin to rave? Cease, then, either to accuse her, or lament yourself. Endeavor to communicate your own malady to her. I know you very well: you are engaging enough; perhaps she may too soon for her repose conceive such sentiments towards you as you could wish. Finally, I think that she has every quality necessary to make a complete conquest of your heart, and to inspire you with such a taste as may be requisite to render you happy.

I do not imagine her capable of a serious attachment. Lively, careless, imperious, and capricious, she will probably afford you a good deal of work on your hands. A woman of an attentive, fond disposition, would suffer you to fall asleep. You must be treated with military discipline, to rouse and preserve you in a proper state of existence. Let a lady once play the part of a lover, and she will soon find herself neglected,—perhaps worse. The subject becomes a tyrant—treats her with a sort of carelessness or contempt, which leads finally to inconstancy and disgust.

You have then, luckily, met with everything you wanted in the charming fair who causes your present most dolorous martyrdom. Poor Marquis! What a siege of troubles lie before you. How many squabbles do I foresee! What piques, what determinations to leave her! But remember well, that all these difficulties will become a real torment, while you continue to treat love like a hero of romance, and that they will be rather the *seasonings* of your pleasure, if you conduct yourself like a rational creature.

Ought I not to cease from writing to you? The moments that you lose in reading my letters, are they not so many petty larcenies in love? What an entertainment it would afford me to be a witness of your situation! In

reality, for an unconcerned spectator, can there be a more amusing object in the world than the antics of a man in love? Adieu.

X.

* * * You are the more surprised, you say, at the coldness and reserve of the Countess, as you do not believe them sincere: if I understand you this conjecture is framed from the indiscretion of her friends. The favorable things you hear she has said of you, even gave rise to the first regard you entertained for her. This is very like you men. The least favorable word that escapes a woman, immediately inclines them to believe she has some design or other upon them. They attribute this conquest at once to their own merit: vanity turns the simplest food to nutriment. Examined closely, you would be found to frequently love out of gratitude, and women in their turn are not much wiser in this particular. So that courtship is a kind of commerce, where we would, each of us, have the other party make advances; and like to think ourselves in each other's debt; and you know that true spirit is more ready to pay than to borrow.

However, are we not apt sometimes to impose upon ourselves? How often does it appear that persons who imagine they are but discharging an obligation, are, in reality, making the first advances? If two lovers would sincerely explain themselves upon the rise and progress of their passion, what curious kinds of confessions we should have. . . . I conclude from this, that in a strict sense, love is less the effect of that invincible sympathy so often pleaded, than of our own vanity. Observe the rise of all such attachments, and you will find them proceed from the mutual praises we bestow upon each other. It has been said, that folly is the source of love, but give me leave to assure you, it is flattery; and that there is no inspiring the heart of a fine woman with this passion, till you have first paid your tribute to her vanity. To all this you may add, that the strong inclination we

naturally have for loving, is the reason also of some illusion in this case. As *enthusiasts*, by the sole force of imagination, fancy they see in reality those objects towards which their superstition is attracted: so, also, we persuade our minds frequently into a belief of those sentiments in others which we would wish to inspire them with ourselves.

Be careful then, Marquis, not to impose upon yourself by wrong conceptions; the Countess might have spoken favorably of you, solely with the innocent design of rendering justice to your merit, without any farther view; and you may, perhaps, be returning her an act of injustice, by suspecting her of insincerity with regard to her present behavior to you.

But after all, why should you not permit her to dissemble her inclinations in your favor if you have really inspired her with any? Have not women a *prescriptive* right for concealing their sentiments from men? And does not the ungenerous advantage they are too apt to take of their fondness for them, sufficiently justify such conduct?—Adieu.

XI.

WELL, Marquis, after a world of pains and assiduities, you think at last you have been able to soften that heart of adamant. I am really delighted at your success. But I cannot help smiling to find you interpret the sentiments of the Countess in the way you do. You share, with all your sex, an error from which it may be necessary to undeceive you, however flattering it may be to contemplate.

You conclude, one and all of you, that it is your peculiar merits alone inspire this passion in our hearts, and that your superior qualities of mind and understanding are the sole causes of the love we conceive for you. What a mistake is here! But vanity is answerable for it all. Examine, if possible, without prepossession, what is the real motive that determines yourselves in such en-

gements, and you will be soon convinced that you deceive yourself, that we impose upon you also, that, all things properly considered, you are the dupes of your own self-sufficiency, as well as of ours; and that the merits of the beloved object are nothing more than the *occasion* or pretence of love, and not its efficient cause. In short, that all this sublime theory, generally pleaded on the part of either, must ultimately be referred to the natural instinct which I formerly proposed, as the *prime mover* in this passion. I have told you a harsh and mortifying truth, but its severity renders it none the less certain. Women enter into life with this inclination undetermined; and if they choose one man in preference to another, let them honestly confess that they yield less to a knowledge of his merit than to a certain blind and mechanical impulse.

Can there be a stronger proof of this matter than those indiscreet passions we are sometimes bewitched with for persons absolutely unknown to us, or, at least, for men whom we are not sufficiently acquainted with to be proper judges of their merits; and where, if we hit aright, must be the sole effect of hazard? We generally attach our affections without any sort of precaution; and it was a true parallel to compare love to an appetite which one is frequently sensible of for one sort of food rather than another, without being able to account for the preference.

It is, I know, very cruel in me to dispel the illusions of your vanity; but the truth will out. You are flattered with being loved, because you imagine it supposes some considerable merit in the object beloved. But you compliment this passion too much, I assure you; or rather, you have too good an opinion of yourselves. Believe me, it is not for your sakes we are fond of you; to be sincere in love, we desire only our own pleasure. Caprice, interest, vanity, temperament, or the getting rid of that *weariness* which oppresses us while the heart remains void of attachment—some one or more of these mean principles are the source of all those elevated sentiments we are so apt to deify.

In truth, it is not your noblest qualities which engage our affections; if they happen to enter into account among the reasons that determine us in your favor, it is

not the heart which receives the impression, but our pride; and the greatest part of those things that render you agreeable to us, properly rated, would render you despicable or ridiculous perhaps in another place.

Thus it is. We are partial to an admirer who will entertain us with the idea of our own excellence; we need some submissive slave to exercise dominion over; or, to speak more plainly, our minds may have acquired a taste for flirtation. Chance presents us with one lover instead of another; we accept, rather choose him. You fancy yourselves the object of disinterested affection; you imagine that women love for your own sakes alone. Silly dupes! you are but the minister of their pleasures, or the slave of their caprices.

But, to do them justice, they are themselves fully as ignorant in this matter. The truths I here reveal have no more enlightened their understanding than they have yours. On the contrary, with all possible ingenuousness they really imagine themselves determined and governed entirely by those sublime notions that both your vanity and their own have equally inspired you with; and it would be, therefore, the height of injustice to tax them with any matter of insincerity in this particular; for, without the least consciousness of the matter, they first deceive themselves, and then impose on you.

You see, Marquis, that I here betray to you the secrets of the *Bona Dea*; judge then of my friendship when I endeavor to instruct you at the expense of my own sex. The more you comprehend the nature of women, the fewer follies you will be led into on their account. Adieu!

XII.

CAN it be possible, Marquis? Does the Countess really continue inflexible still? The careless air with which she receives your addresses proclaims an indifference that drives you to despair!

Perhaps I may be able to solve this enigma for you. I

know you well ; you are gay, lively, and capable of appearing to advantage before women you have no manner of attachment for; but where your affections happen to be in the least engaged—I have remarked it—you immediately grow timid. Such behavior may, by chance, captivate a country girl; but with women of fashion you must adopt quite a different style.

The Countess knows the world. Take my advice—re-sign your sublime notions and lofty sentiments to the *Celadons* of the day; leave them to spin out such subtle systems. I can assure you, on the part of women, that there are few among us who would not prefer to be rather briskly than too gently wooed. Men, by their timidity, lose more women than virtue saves.

The more awe a lover betrays, the more he interests our pride to inspire him with it; the more apprehension he seems to have about our resistance, the more respect we exact from him. If we were to speak our minds, we should say, “For pity’s sake do not suppose us so inexorable! You lay us under the necessity of appearing so. Do not set our conquest at so high a rate; forbear to consider our defeat as an insuperable difficulty; accustom us by degrees to see you doubt our indifference : very often the surest means to be beloved is to appear persuaded that one is already so.”

An unreserved, careless manner of behavior sets our mind at ease. When we perceive a lover, though appearing satisfied with our regard, still continue to treat us with the respect our vanity requires, we are apt to draw a hasty conclusion that he will behave in the same manner after we have given him more evident proofs of our affection.

What confidence does not this inspire us with? What progress may he not flatter himself to make? But should he afford us the least hint to keep on our guard, it is not then our hearts we have to defend, it is not our reluctance you have then to combat—it is our pride; and this, believe me, is the greatest enemy you have to conquer in women.

In short, we endeavor to conceal it even from ourselves that we have permitted you to address us. Leave it in a woman’s power to equivocate with herself, suffer her to

pretend that she has yielded to a sort of violence or surprise, let her perceive your esteem keep equal pace with your love, and I will answer to you for her heart.

Treat the Countess according to her own character. She is full of gaiety and mirth, and one must in some sort play the fool to win her. Let her not even perceive that she distinguishes you from other men; be always cheerful as she is lovely and you will fix your empire in her heart before you warn her of your design. She will love you for some time without perceiving it herself, and will at once be surprised to find how far her passion has advanced without her being sensible even of its first movement. Adieu!

XIII.

You will probably think me more inhuman even than the Countess. She is the author, indeed, of all your misery; but I carry my cruelty farther, by sporting with your distress. Oh, how I sympathize in your griefs! No person can be more interested in them, and your situation appears most distressing to me! For how can one make an explicit declaration of love to a woman who seems to take a malicious pleasure in evading every opportunity of the kind? Sometimes she appears moved with compassion; and at others quite inattentive to everything you do to please her. She listens readily, and replies with cheerfulness to the compliments and gay address of a certain Count, who is but a *petit-maitre* in gallantry. While to you she answers seriously, or with an absent air. If you speak to her in a tender and affectionate tone, she puts you off indifferently, or immediately changes the discourse, all of which disquiets, intimidates, and drives you to despair.

Poor Marquis! But I do most assuredly promise you that all this betokens a true and real passion. The absent manner she affects before you, and the heedless air with which she distinguishes her sentiments, ought to convince you that in reality she is very far from being indifferent.

But your want of courage, the consequences she apprehends from such a passion as yours, the sympathy she already feels with your situation, all these alarm her; and it is you, in reality, that fetter and constrain her behavior. A little more resolution on your part would soon set you both at liberty. Remember what Rochefoucault says :—"A man of sense may be in love like a madman, but ought never, nor can be so like a fool."

In fine, when you draw a comparison between your respect, your esteem, and the free, but rather too familiar manners of the Count—when you frame a conclusion that you ought to have the preference on this account, you are not aware with how little justness you reason in this particular. The Count is merely gallant. All he says is of no manner of consequence, and passes but as words of course. Vanity alone, and a habit of paying compliments to every woman he meets, make up the whole of his character. Love goes for nothing, or but for a mere trifle in all his attachments. Like the butterfly, he rests upon each flower but for an instant. A passing amusement is all his object. So light a character is not capable of alarming a woman. The Countess perceives with pleasure how little danger there can be in receiving the addresses of such an admirer as this; she knows perfectly well how to estimate the attentions of the Count; and to say all in one word, she considers him as a person whose heart is entirely exhausted. There is no woman, let her metaphysical notions be ever so pure, but knows very well how to make a distinction between a lover of this sort and such a one as you are. Therefore you will appear more formidable, and will be really more to be feared, from the manner in which you conduct yourself. You boast of your respect and esteem. But I answer, you have neither one nor the other; and the Countess is very sensible of this herself. Nothing has a purpose less respectful than such a passion as yours—very different from the Count, you exact acknowledgments, preferences, returns, nay, sacrifices, all which the Countess perceives at one view. Or at least, if under the cloud that envelopes you at present, she cannot distinguish these pretensions so clearly, nature has given her certain presentiments of what it may cost her, should she indulge

you in the least opportunity of instructing her in a passion which perhaps she partakes with you already.

Women seldom examine closely the reasons which determine them either to resist or yield. They do not trouble themselves with investigating or defining. But they have a sort of sensibility about the matter, and their sentiment is just. It serves them in the place of knowledge and reflection. It is a kind of instinct, which directs them often upon difficult occasions, and conducts them, perhaps, as safely as the most enlightened reason could do.

Your charming Adelaide would then play the *incognito* upon you as long as she could. This scheme is very conformable to her real interest; and I am persuaded that it is not the result of any reflection; nor does she perceive, on the other hand, that a passion untowardly restrained, makes but the stronger impression and greater progress within. Supply it then with fuel, and give that fire she endeavors to smother, time to inflame the heart in which she strives to conceal it.

Upon the whole, Marquis, you must be of opinion with me, that you have been mistaken in two material points relative to this business. You imagined that you had more respect for the Countess than the Count had. But you will find that his addresses have no material design, while yours aim directly at her heart. Again, you apprehended that the absent, indifferent, and inattentive air with which she received your devoirs, were proofs or presages of your misfortune. Undeceive yourself, for there cannot be a more certain sign of a passion than the efforts made to disguise it. In a word, whenever the Countess begins to treat you with the least indulgence, while you continue to give tokens of your attachment to her—when she perceives you, without resentment, ready to make an explicit declaration of your fond sentiments towards her—I promise you her heart then is yours, and you may rejoice in a reciprocal passion.

XIV.

I HAVE some new reflections, Marquis, upon the situation you are in, and the embarrassment you seem to labor under at present. But after all, prithee, what necessity for making a formal declaration of love? Is it because you have read in romances that they proceeded as methodically in gallantry as in a court of justice? This is too formal a process, believe me. Suffer, as I said before, the flame to light up itself, and acquire new force, and you will find, without having in terms expressed your passion, you will be advanced farther than if you had made one of those express declarations at which our grandmothers say women should be so much alarmed.

A confession, absolutely unnecessary in itself, and which generally casts a cloud over an amour for some time—it suspends its progress. Take my word for it, Marquis, a woman persuades herself she is beloved much better by what she herself observes than by anything the lover can say to her.

Behave yourself as if you had already made the declaration you are in so much pain about: attend to the Count, imitate his careless manner. Her behavior towards him, methinks, seems to prescribe a rule of conduct to you. With your overstrained respect and circumspect air you appear a person who has some deep design in contemplation, one who is going to attempt some desperate thing. Your whole deportment must necessarily alarm a woman who knows the consequences of such a passion as yours. Be assured that while you suffer her to perceive your preparations for an attack, you will always find her *under arms*.

Have you ever known an experienced general, when he had formed the design of surprising a town, make known to the enemy by his motions upon which side he meant the assault? In love, as in war, is the conqueror ever to account whether he owes his success to force or tact? He has vanquished—he receives the laurel—his hopes are accomplished—he is happy. Follow his example, and you may obtain the same fortune. Conceal your march, disguise your designs, till opposition is vain, till the bat-

tle is fought and victory secured, before you have denounced war. In a word, imitate those heroes whose enterprises are only known by the happy event that attends them

XV.

At length, Marquis, she has heard you without resentment declare your passion to her, and vow by all that lovers hold most sacred, that you will worship eternally. Will you believe my prophecy another time? However, she would treat you with less reserve, she pretends, if you would be a reasonable person, and limit your sentiments within the bounds of simple friendship, the very name of lover shocks the Countess. Prithee do not differ with her about titles, provided, in the main, that the matter is the same; and follow the advice that Monsieur de la Sablière gives you in the following stanza :

“Belinda will not yield to love,
But wishes for a friend sincere,
Whose tender conduct still should **prove**
His fond regard and anxious care :
And also should esteem her fair,
Lovers, with caution urge your claim,
She only hates of Love—the *Name*.

But she distracts you with injurious suspicions about your sincerity and constancy : she refuses to believe you, because most men are false and perjured : she refrains from loving you, because they are generally inconstant. How happy are you, and how little does the Countess know her own heart, if she thinks this is the way to show you her indifference ! Shall I give you the import of her conversation with you ? She is touched with the passion you express towards her ; but the complaints and misfortunes of her friends have made her apprehend that the protestations of lovers are generally false.

I think, however, that there is some injustice in this censure ; for I, who am not apt to flatter your sex, am

really persuaded that they are almost all sincere upon such occasions as these. They become enamored of a lady, that is, they feel a strong desire to possess her charms. The fond idea which their imagination forms of this enjoyment, deceives them into a warm opinion that the pleasures they have attached to it will end only with life. They never once dream that the flame in their hearts will sooner or later abate its fervor, languish, and finally become extinct.

This, though so certain an event, appears to them, at that time, beyond all possibility; therefore, they really swear eternal constancy to us, with all the ingenuousness imaginable; and to suspect them would be a mortal injury to their veracity. But the *poor ignorants* promise more than they are capable of performing, not being aware that their hearts are formed of a substance solid enough to retain always the same impression.

They cease to love without knowing why—they even feel a kind of scruple when they first begin to cool—they go on protesting yet, after their passion is extinct—they still *hold the course* till after having jaded themselves in vain, they submit to indifference or disgust, and become inconstant with the same sincerity as when they made eternal vows to the contrary.

Nothing can be more natural than all this. The emotion that a growing passion had excited in their breasts conjured up the spell that deceived them. The charm dissolves, the passion subsides. What crime can be imputed to the lover upon this account? He actually imagined he could forever preserve his constancy at the time of making his protestations. And perhaps women may as frequently rejoice at this infidelity, because it eases them of a restraint over the fickleness of their own dispositions.

But to return. The Countess charges you with the inconstancy of your sex; she fears you may become faithless, like the generality of lovers; ready to yield upon plausible assurances, she ever solicits you for arguments to strengthen her opinion of your sincerity. The passion, then, you profess towards her does not in the least offend her. Offend her! it delights her. It flatters her so charmingly, that her sole uneasiness is, lest it should not

be sincere. Dissipate her fears, make her believe the happiness you proffer, and which she already knows how to prize, is not ideal, but a real bliss. Proceed farther, and try to persuade her that it will not end till life itself shall cease. Her resistance grows faint, her doubts resolved, and with what willing assent does she yield to the slightest arguments tending to remove her suspicion and disquiet.

Women are much mistaken if by their doubts with regard to the sincerity and constancy of men, they mean to declare their indifference or avoidance of the pleasures of loving. When they express their fears lest the happiness itself may fall short of expectation, or that your inconstancy may render it so, do they not already betray a fond presentiment, and may not all their fears be reduced to one only—that of being too soon deprived of their imagined Elysium? Hesitating between this fear, and a strong passion for pleasure, they become apprehensive, even from the imperfect view they then have of it, that they may perhaps be too sensibly affected at its loss.

In fine, Marquis, you may suppose that every woman who speaks to you in the style of the Countess, addresses you after this manner: “I have a very high notion of the pleasures of love: the idea I have framed of them is the most bewitching thing in the world: you may rest assured, then, that I am as little indifferent to the enjoyment of them as you yourself can be. But, the more my mind is transported with this idea, the greater my dread is lest it should all prove a fond *chimera*; and I only decline this happiness from an apprehension of seeing it terminate too soon. Could I have any tolerable security that it would be permanent, how feeble my resistance would be! But will you not abuse my credulity? May I not be one day punished for my too great confidence in you? Alas, how soon may that day arrive! O! if I could hope to enjoy, even for any reasonable time, the social pleasures of a mutual passion, all farther dispute upon this subject should be immediately at an end.”

XVI.

THE rival they have given you appears to me vastly formidable, from his being just such a person as I advised you to be. I know the Count. There is no one more capable of that address which draws in the inexperienced. I dare wager that his heart has not yet received the slightest wound. He attacks the Countess in cold blood. You are a lost man. A lover as much enamored as you appear to be, commits a thousand indiscretions: the best concerted schemes miscarry in his hands: every moment he gives advantage against himself: such is his misfortune, that precipitation and timidity ruin him by turns; he loses a thousand of those little opportunities which always gain some ground. On the contrary—a man who makes love for an amusement only, profits himself of the slightest occasions; nothing escapes him; he observes the progress he makes, he watches every opportunity, and turns them to his own advantage; everything conspires to further his hopes: his very indiscretions are often the effect of deliberation, and favor his success, till at length he acquires such a superiority, that he almost ventures to name the day of his triumph.

Beware, Marquis, of pressing on too fast; do not betray passion enough to make the Countess depend too much on the excess of your fondness: let her feel disquieted in her turn; oblige her to take some pains on her part to secure her conquest, from the fear you should purposely give her of losing it. Women never treat you so cavalierly as when they think you are too deeply engaged to quit them. Their virtue, less than their pride, renders them intractable. Like merchants before whom you betray too great a liking for their goods, they rise upon you with as little conscience. Moderate, then, your imprudent earnestness. Show less of love, and you will excite the more. We never set so high a value upon any good as at the moment we fear to lose it. A little policy in love is absolutely necessary to the happiness of both. I might proceed farther, and advise you even to employ a little artifice. Upon all other occasions 'tis certainly better rather to be the dupe than the knave. But in gal-

lantry fools only are the dupes, and the knaves have always the laughers on their side.

I was about to conclude, but cannot find it in my heart to do so, without affording you one word of consolation. I would not discourage you. However formidable the Count appears to be, you ought not to despair. I suspect that the finessing Countess has brought him into play merely to excite your jealousy. I do not mean to compliment you, but have the pleasure to assure you that you have infinitely more merit than he. You are young, just entering into life, and have not yet loved. The Count *has loved*. Where is the woman insensible to this difference? Adieu.

XVII.

You would use integrity in love, Marquis! You are far gone, truly. I shall not show your letter. You would be made a jest of. You cannot, you say, employ the artifice I advised you to do. Your candor and refined sentiments might have raised your character in by-gone days. Love was then considered as an affair of honor and punctilio. But now-a-days, since the corruption of the times has quite changed our notions, it is treated merely as a sport of vanity or caprice. Your inexperience has left a stiffness in your morals that will certainly demolish you if your good sense does not make you bend to the manners of the age.

We must not, now-a-days, keep a window in our breast. All is grimace ; we must put on complaisance, professions, and outward show : it is a universal comedy, and the world is very much in the right to perform it. Society would soon be at an end were we mutually to declare our true sentiments to each other, the bad along with the good. The necessary intercourse of mankind obliged them to lay aside this uncouth sincerity, and to assume a certain polished phrase and flattering address in the place of it.

This habit obtains by degrees in courtship ; and, not-

withstanding your nice scruples, you must agree that, when the manners of politeness are not employed to ridicule or deceive, they are to be reckoned among the social virtues—and the commerce in which it is most necessary to disguise our sentiments is courtship. Upon many occasions a lover gains as much by concealing the greatness of his passion as he does upon others by feigning it.

I know the Countess, her character. She has more address than you. I dare say that she dissembles her affections for you with as much pains as you take to multiply the proofs of yours. I must repeat it again. Be less assiduous, and you will be better received. Make her jealous in her turn. Give her fears of losing you. I will warrant then you soon will find her more complaisant. It is at least the surest way of knowing the rank you hold in her affections. Adieu.

XVIII.

A TEN days' silence, Marquis! I really began to feel uneasy. The application of my advice, then, has proved successful. I wish you joy of it. But I am angry with you for being chagrined because she would not make you a formal confession. The *I love you*, it seems, is a precious expression with you. During this fortnight you have been endeavoring to penetrate the sentiments of the Countess, and have at length ascertained them. You have discovered her regard for you. What more can you desire? Would a simple confession give you greater power over her heart? There is something impolitic in this conduct; for do you know that nothing is more apt to disgust a woman of any refinement than the insisting upon that very expression she has withheld from you? You are much mistaken. To a lover of true delicacy, this refusal would be infinitely preferable to an explicit declaration.

Would you understand your true interest? Instead of pressing your lady upon this point, you should endeavor

rather, as I told you before, to conceal from herself the progress of her attachment towards you. Contrive to win her affections before she perceives your design; and conceal it as much as possible even from her own observation.

Can one imagine a situation more charming than that of perceiving a heart interested in our behalf, without the least consciousness in itself; growing warm by degrees, and melting away to the most perfect tenderness? What transport to rejoice in secret over all its emotions, to guide, to augment, to precipitate them, and to congratulate one's self on the victory, before the yielding fair one has surmised even a suspicion of the siege. These are what I style pleasures indeed!

Attend to me, Marquis; behave yourself towards the Countess as if the confession had already escaped her. Perhaps you may never be able to prevail on her to pronounce the words, *I love you*; but it is because she really loves you that she will not say so; while, at the same time, she is doing everything necessary to convince you of it. Women labor under great difficulties: they are at least as willing as you to acknowledge the passion you have inspired them with. But what would you have them do, Marquis? Men, most ingenious to forge shackles for themselves, have affixed a certain shame to the confession of our passion; and, whatever notions you may have framed of our manner of thinking, believe me that this same declaration is always a mortifying circumstance to us. Those who have the least knowledge of the world must be very sensible of the consequences. The *I love you*, in itself, is certainly a very innocent expression; but the effects attending it must necessarily alarm us. It rests upon you, then, to conceal them from us, and to shut our eyes upon the precipices to which you are leading us.

Besides, Marquis, attend to this nice point. Your obstinacy in persisting in this confession is less the effect of love than of vanity; and you will find it a difficult matter to deceive us about the real motives of your instances. Nature has endowed us with an admirable instinct; and has taught us to distinguish with great precision what arises from the passion itself, and what is different from it.

Ever indulgent to the effects produced by the love we have ourselves inspired, we freely pardon you the indiscretions, the extravagances—the whole catalogue of follies you lovers are liable to. But you will always find us intractable whenever your pride attempts to combat ours. It is hardly to be credited, but you often disgust us by things which are by no means necessary to your own happiness. Your vanity grasps at *shadows*, while substances escape you.

If you would govern yourself by my judgment, turn aside from this vain pursuit, begin to enjoy a surer earnest of your triumph, taste the dear pleasure of hiding this secret from her own heart, and suffer her for awhile to rejoice in her *insolvent* security. Suppose that your importunities should at length wrest this so envied phrase from her lips, what more certain advantage would you gain by it? Your doubts, would they then cease? Could you rest satisfied whether you owed this expression to complaisance or to love?

I know women perfectly well. They may deceive by premeditated action or deliberate speech; but the involuntary tokens of a passion they are striving to conceal bear sure and certain testimony. In short, the confessions truly flattering are never those we make, but those that escape us.

XIX.

WILL you pardon me, Marquis? I laugh at your afflictions! You take things extremely to heart! Some indiscretions of yours have raised the resentment of the Countess, and your disquietude is inexpressible. You kissed her hand with an emphasis that was taken notice of by the company; she showed public marks of her displeasure; and the constant preferences you observe toward her, ever mortifying to other women, have exposed you to the piqued raileries of the Marchioness, her sister-in-law.

These are, in sad truth, most unfortunate events! But are you really so simple as to betake yourself to despair, upon the outward appearance of such a quarrel, without conceiving the least hope of an inward forgiveness? It is left for me, then, to reassure your courage; and to this end I shall be forced to reveal some more of our female mysteries to you. I cannot upon every occasion make apologies for our sex—I owe you frankness, I have promised it—and I acquit myself.

Women are generally actuated by two incompatible passions—the desire of pleasing and the fear of shame. Judge then our embarrassment! On the one hand, we are ardent to have witnesses of the effects of our charms. Forever occupied in endeavoring to make ourselves noticed, and delighted at every opportunity of humbling other women, we would render them spectators of every homage paid to us, and of all the preferences we obtain. Would you know wherein the pleasure lies here? In mortifying the pride of our rivals merely. Those indiscretions which betray the sentiments we have inspired, delight us in proportion to their despair. In short, such imprudences convince us better of your passion than the timidity and caution which are incapable of celebrating our charms.

But, on the other hand, what bitterness alloys our sweetest pleasures! Blended with these advantages are the malice of our rivals, and perhaps the contempt of our lovers. Besides, another hard case is, that the world knows no difference between those who receive addresses and those who reward them. Alone, or in sober thought, every rational woman would prefer the character of chastity to the fame of beauty. But place the best of us in competition with a rival, and no consideration is of equal weight with the triumphant pleasure of seeing herself preferred.

You will receive your preferences in turn; she will imagine at first that she pays them to gratitude alone; but you will find them earnest of her affection. Avoiding to appear ungrateful, we exceed to fondness. Your indiscretions, then, never offend us. When we seem to resent, it is because we would save appearances, and that you would be yourselves the first to censure a too remiss indulgence.

XX.

THE Countess, it seems, is at present on the defensive. You think she has now no other design but to prove your attachment. Whatever preferences you mark toward her, however indiscreetly you testify your passion, she receives them all without resentment—the least apology silences her reproofs, and her piques have something so engaging in them, that you even lay traps to provoke them.

I rejoice heartily with you in the pleasure that such a success must afford you. But, however these proceedings may flatter you, if you have any esteem for her, you should endeavor to put an end to them. Women, who have any sense, or the least regard for their reputations, but little understand their true interests, in multiplying thus, by an affected incredulity, the occasions of censure. Must they not know that it is not their weakest points that most affect their characters? The doubts they pretend about the passion they have inspired, do them often more injury even than their defeat itself.

While they remain incredulous, a thousand imprudences expose them. They break bulk, and vend their reputations by retail. While a lover finds them still dubious of his attachment, he throws aside all reserve, whenever he meets with any opportunity of showing the sincerity of his professions. The most indiscreet earnestness, the most distinguished preferences, and the most unguarded solicitude, appear to him the surest method of conviction. And can he make ostentation of all these cares and assiduities, without having them taken notice of by the world—without piquing the pride of other women—without provoking their most censorious reflection?

As soon as preliminaries are settled, that is, as soon as we begin to believe ourselves really beloved, nothing appears outwardly, nothing transpires. And if our engagement happens to be suspected, if our disguise is discovered, it must be from the recollection of what had passed before our affections were determined. I wish, then, for the sake of both parties, that whenever a woman perceives herself indifferent about a lover, instead of suf-

fering him to be amused by vain hopes, she would immediately give him his *audience of leave*. But at the same time, I would advise, that the moment she is persuaded she is truly beloved by a man she likes, she will acknowledge this conviction. Saving and reserving to herself, however, the *dear right* of obliging him to hope, fear, pray, and beseech as long as she thinks fit, before she confesses her reciprocal affection. For one cannot seem to doubt, without laying the lover under the necessity of proving his sincerity; and he cannot demonstrate it with success, without making the public his confidant by the too great earnestness of his *devoirs*.

This advice would have been by no means necessary in former times, when the want of address in men suffered women to remain intractable. But now-a-days, that the resolution of the assailants leaves us so little power of defence—at present, when it is affirmed, that since the invention of gunpowder no fortress is impregnable—why should we expose ourselves to the tediousness of a siege in form, when it is certain, that after a great deal of loss and trouble, we must capitulate at last?

Then teach your charming Countess this prudent lesson—show her the inconveniences of any further diffidence; you will convince her of your passion. You will force her to believe you, by the management she should have of her reputation, which will supply her with one reason more for according you a credit which she has perhaps been for some time in pain to refuse you. Farewell.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL, Marchioness de Sévigné, celebrated for her fine understanding and epistolary talents, was born at the Château de Bourdilly, in Burgundy, 1627. After the death of the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel, she lived in widowhood for twenty-five years, devoted to the education of her two children. Her marriage was not a happy one, and having escaped the yoke of a connexion which proved unfortunate, Madame de Sévigné was never tempted to contract a second, nor in that gallant age, was her conduct tainted by the prevailing laxity of morals. Most of her famous letters were addressed to her daughter, Madame de Grignon, and it was to her son that the beautiful Ninon de L'Enclos sent the letters which appear in another portion of our volume. Madame de Sévigné's death occurred in 1696. Macintosh said of her: "She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style;" and Lady Montagu enviously described her as one "who only gives us, in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, only as prejudices, and endless repetitions. Some-

times the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse; always tittle-tattle; yet so well gilt over by airy expressions and a flowing style, she will always please."

I

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ TO MADAME DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable; in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one either; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris—how then will it gain credit at Lyons? a thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord have mercy upon us!" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will not be finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell you; guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well, then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de Lauzun* is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to —, pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, "It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière." Indeed,

* Antonius Nompar de Caumont, Marquis de Puiquilhem, afterwards Duke of Lauzun.

madame, it is not. "It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then." No, nor she neither; you are extremely provincial. "Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while." Nay, now you are still further from the mark. "Why then it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy." You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the King's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —, Mademoiselle—guess, pray guess her name; he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur;* Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu; Mademoiselle de Dombes; Mademoiselle de Monpensier: Mademoiselle d'Orléans; Mademoiselle, the King's cousin-german; Mademoiselle, destined to the throne; Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is, without wit or invention; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post, whether we tell you the truth or not.

II.

PARIS, Friday, Dec. 19, 1670.

WHAT is called "falling from the clouds," happened last night at the Tuileries; but I must go further back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies of the Princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you, the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a deed of

* Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII.

gift to Monsieur de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities, necessary to be inserted in the marriage-contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies; the first was that of Count d'Eu, which entitles him to rank as first peer of France; the Dukedom of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the Dukedom de Saint Fargeau, and the Dukedom de Châtellerault, the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the King's signing the contract, as he had said that he would do; but, about seven o'clock in the evening, the Queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him, had so persuaded his majesty that his reputation would suffer in this affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lauzun, he announced to them, before the Prince, that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. Monsieur de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time, despair, that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave a loose to her feelings, and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long, and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end, and without intermission; we hope you do the same, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani*: "and with this I kiss your hand."

III.

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of Monsieur de Lauzun. It is

a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theatre ; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time ; never was there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably ; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless great, but then the King's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great ; so that, upon the whole, his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle, too, has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly ; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of every one there ; so the affair is all over. Adieu.

IV.

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1670.

I HAVE received your answers to my letters. I can easily conceive the astonishment you were in at what passed between the 15th and 20th of this month ; the subject called for it all. I admire likewise your penetration and judgment, in imagining so great a machine could never support itself from Monday to Sunday. Modesty prevents my launching out in your praise on this head, because I said and thought exactly as you did. I told my daughter on Monday, " This will never go on as it should do till Sunday ; I will wager, notwithstanding this wedding seems to be sure, that it will never come to a conclusion." In effect the sky was overcast on Thursday morning, and about ten o'clock, as I told you, the cloud burst. That very day I went about nine in the morning to pay my respects to Mademoiselle,

having been informed that she was to go out of town to be married, and that the coadjutor of Rheims* was to perform the ceremony. These were the resolves on Wednesday night, but matters had been determined otherwise at the Louvre ever since Tuesday. Mademoiselle was writing; she made me place myself on my knees at her bedside; she told me to whom she was writing, and upon what subject, and also of the fine presents she had made the night before, and the titles she had conferred; and as there was no match in any of the Courts of Europe for her, she was resolved, she said, to provide for herself. She related to me, word for word, a conversation she had had with the King, and appeared overcome with joy to think how happy she should make a man of merit. She mentioned, with a great deal of tenderness, the worth and gratitude of M. de Lauzun. To all which I made her this answer: "Upon my word, Mademoiselle, your highness seems quite happy; but why was not this affair finished at once last Monday? Do not you perceive that the delay will give time and opportunity to the whole kingdom to talk, and that it is absolutely tempting God, and the King, to protract an affair of so extraordinary a nature as this is to so distant a period?" She allowed me to be in the right, but was so sure of success, that what I said made little or no impression on her at the time. She repeated the many amiable qualities of Monsieur de Lauzun, and the noble house he was descended from. To which I replied in these lines of Corneille's Polyuctus:

Du moins on ne la peut blâmer d'un mauvais choix,
Polyeucte a du nom, et sort du sang des rois.†

Upon which she embraced me tenderly. Our conversation lasted above an hour. It is impossible to repeat all that passed between us, but I may without vanity say that my company was agreeable to her, for her heart was so full that she was glad of any one to unburden it

* Charles Maurice le Tellier.

† Her choice of him no one can surely blame,
Who springs from kings, and boasts a noble name.

to. At ten o'clock she devoted her time to the nobility, who crowded to pay their compliments to her. She waited all the morning for news from Court, but none came. All the afternoon she amused herself with putting M. de Montpensier's apartment in order, which she did with her own hands. You know what happened at night. The next morning, which was Friday, I waited upon her, and found her in bed ; her grief redoubled at seeing me ; she called me to her, embraced me, and overwhelmed me with tears.

"Ah!" said she, "you remember what you said to me yesterday? What foresight! what cruel foresight!" In short, she made me weep to see her weep so violently. I have seen her twice since ; she still continues in great affliction, but behaves to me as to a person that sympathizes with her in her distress ; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank. This, however, between us two and Madame de Coulanges ; for you are sensible that this chit-chat would appear ridiculous to others.

KING CHARLES II.

THE author of the subjoined letter addressed to his queen was the Merry Monarch, Charles Stuart, born in the year 1630. He was the third king of the Stuart dynasty, who reigned over Great Britain. Charles II. was restored to the throne in 1660, after the poor, weak, good Richard Cromwell had broken down under the weight of his father's truncheon. The most noteworthy events of his reign were the wars with Holland, Denmark, and France; and the execution of Lords Russell and Sidney in 1684. For a fair picture of the habits and customs of that interesting period of English history, readers may consult with great advantage the inimitable Diary of the quaint and garrulous Samuel Pepys, or a little *brochure* recently published, entitled, "Mr. Secretary Pepys, with Extracts from his Diary." Charles, poor, vicious soul, whose name it is best to speak lightly and forget, and who once said to his brother and successor, the Duke of York, "No one will kill me to make you king," died in 1685. The queen survived her merry husband twenty years. It was of Charles the Second that the following epigram was written by the Earl of Rochester :

"Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never *said* a *foolish* thing,
Nor ever *did* a *wise* one."

CHARLES II. TO CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA.

MY LADY AND WIFE :

ALREADY, at my request, the good Count da Ponte has set off for Lisbon; for me, the signing of the marriage has been great happiness; and there is about to be dispatched at this time after him one of my servants, charged with what would appear necessary: whereby may be declared, on my part, the inexpressible joy of this felicitous conclusion, which, when received, will hasten the coming of your Majesty.

I am going to make a short progress into some of my provinces; in the meantime, whilst I go from my most sovereign good, yet I do not complain as to whither I go, seeking in vain tranquillity in my restlessness, hoping to see the beloved person of your Majesty in these kingdoms, already your own, and that with the same anxiety with which, after my long banishment, I desired to see myself within them, and my subjects, desiring also to behold me amongst them, having manifested their most ardent wishes for my return, well known to the world. The presence of your Serenity, only wanting to unite us, under the protection of God, in health and content, I desire.

I have recommended to the Queen, our lady and mother, the business of the Count da Ponte, who, I must here avow, has served me in what I regard as the greatest good in this world, which cannot be mine less than it is that of your Majesty; likewise, not forgetting the good Richard Russell, who labored on his part to the same end.

The very faithful husband of your Majesty, whose hand he kisses.

CHARLES REX.

London, 2nd of July, 1661.

To the Queen of Great Britain, my wife and
lady, whom God preserve.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

THE immortal Diarist, Samuel Pepys, son of a London tailor, was born at Brompton, England, in 1632, and died in the year 1703. The comic love affair between Mr. Carteret, and Miss Montagu, daughter of Pepys, patron, described in the following extracts, occurred at the period in which London was devastated by the plague. The line of courtship adopted by the timid wooer has a striking resemblance to that pursued by that model of bashful lovers—Master Slender. “All other things well,” says Samuel, “especially a new interest I am making by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret and Lady Jemimah Montagu.” Our readers will be amused with the story of the courtship, which was in accordance with the old saw,

“Happy is the wooing that is not long a doing.”

July 14th. I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem.'s wedding: and my Lady Jem. is, beyond expectation, come to Dagenhams, where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted; and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my Lady and me out of our

wits almost to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady.

15th. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there staid an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so toward Dagenhams. But, Lord! what a silly discourse we had as to love matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we come, and by that time it began to be dark, and were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travel, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I staid a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night, and down to prayers with my Lord Crewe's family; and, after prayers, my Lord, and Lady Wright, and I, to consult what to do; and it was agreed, at last, to have them go to church together, as the family used to do, though his lameness was a great objection against it. But, at last, my Lady Jem. sent me word by my Lady Wright, that it would be better to do just as they used to do before his coming; and therefore she desired to go to church, which was yielded to them.

16th. (Lord's Day.) I up, having lain with Mr. Moore in the chaplain's chamber. And, having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him,

my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off; where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the church's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when he come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design, and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration; which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church-time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church, where several handsome ladies. But it was most extraordinary hot that ever I knew it. So home again, and to walk in the gardens, where we left the young couple a second time; and my Lady Wright and I to walk together, who tells me that some new clothes must of necessity be made for Lady Jemimah, which and other things I took care of. Anon to supper, and excellent discourse and dispute between my Lord Crewe and the chaplain, who is a good scholar, but a nonconformist. Here this evening I spoke with Mrs. Carter, my old acquaintance, that hath lived with my Lady these twelve or thirteen years, the sum of all whose discourse and others for her is, that I would get her a good husband; which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform. After Mr. Carteret was carried to his chamber, we to prayers, and then to bed.

17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and everybody. By and by, the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them, which he did, by leaving it to the chief man-servant, Mr. Medows, to do for him. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was

under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered, that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect. But Lord! to see among other things, how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of anything that comes from thence, or that hath lately been there, that I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. So anon took leave, and for London. In our way, Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pains for him, and is mightily pleased, though the truth is, my Lady Jem. hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers to him, as by what he says and I observed, I collect. To Deptford, where mighty welcome, and brought the good news of all being pleased. Mighty mirth of my giving them an account of all; but the young man could not be got to say one word before me or my Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards related to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. Here Sir G. Carteret would have me lie all night, which I did most nobly, better than ever I did in my life; Sir G. Carteret being mighty kind to me, leading me to my chamber; and all their care now is, to have the business ended; and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are."

The day of the marriage—the 31st of July, soon comes round. The doughty Diarist is in his glory, "being," he says, "in my new colored silk vest and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine." But we must give Pepys's own complete narrative of the proceedings on this happy occasion.

"Up, and very betimes by six o'clock, at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady ready to go: I being in my new-colored silk suit, and coat

trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. By water to the Ferry, where, when we come, no coach there ; and tide of ebb so far spent as the horse-boat could not get off on the other side of the river to bring away the coach. So we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Doggs, in a chilly place, the morning cool, and wind fresh, above two if not three hours, to our great discontent. Yet, being upon a pleasant errand, and seeing that it could not be helped, we did bear it very patiently ; and it was worth my observing to see how, upon these two scores, Sir G. Carteret, the most passionate man in the world, and that was in greatest haste to be gone, did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while, at least, not troubled so much as to fret and storm at it. Anon the coach comes : in the mean time, there coming a News thither with his horse to go over, and told us he did come from Islington this morning ; and that Proctor, the vintner, of the Miter, in Wood Street, and his son, are dead this morning there, of the plague : he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments. We, fearing the canonical hour would be past before we got thither, did, with a great deal of unwillingness, send away the license and wedding-ring. So that when we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home ; and, going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over ; hearing it was well done : they being both in their old clothes ; my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfuls of them. The young lady, mighty sad, which troubled me ; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were ; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families : but it was much better. After dinner, company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchingbroke ; but for my life I cannot. At

night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom, too : and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Whereas, I feared we must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds, and I lay in the same I did before, with Mr. Brisband, who is a good scholar and sober man; and we lay in bed, getting him to give me an account of Rome, which is the most delightful talk a man can have of any traveller: and so to sleep. Thus, I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honor, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides."

SAMUEL PEPYS TO MRS. STEWARD.

SEPTEMBER, 20, 1695.

MADAM :

You are very good, and pray continue so, by as many kind messages as you can, and notices of your health, such as the bearer brings you back my thanks for, and a thousand services. Here's a sad town, and God knows when it will be a better, our losses at sea making a very melancholy exchange at both ends of it ; the gentlewomen of this, to say nothing of the other, sitting with their arms across, without a yard of muslin in their shops to sell, while the ladies, they tell me, walk pensively by, without a shilling, I mean a good one, in their pockets to buy. One thing there is, indeed, that comes

in my way as a Governor, to hear of, which carries a little mirth with it, and indeed is very odd. Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue Coat boy, and the other to a Blue Coat girl, in Christ's Hospital. The extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding; he, in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, and she in blue, with an apron green, and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor. The wedding-dinner, it seems, was kept in the Hospital Hall, but the great day will be to-morrow, St. Matthews; when, so much I am sure of, my Lord Mayor will be there, and myself also have had a ticket of invitation thither, and, if I can, will be there too; but, for other particulars, I must refer you to my next, and so,

Dear madam, adieu,

S. P.

Bow bells are just now ringing, ding dong, but whether for this, I cannot presently tell; but it is likely enough; for I have known them to ring upon much foolisher occasions, and lately too.

MARIANNA D'ALCAFORADA.

Nor aught it mote the noble maid avail,
Nor slake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wail,
That through long languor, and heart-burning brame,
She shortly like a pined ghost became.

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN the year 1663 there was serving in Portugal, in the army of the stout old Maréchal de Schomberg, a young French officer named Noel Bouton de Chamilly, a member of a noble Burgundian family. He was twenty-seven years old, and held the rank of captain in the French army. During the campaign he was taken ill and was sent to the Convent de l'Alentejo. Here he met Marianna L'Alcaforada, a lovely dark-eyed daughter of Portugal, of about twenty summers, who was there ministering to the sick and wounded. For the stalwart young Frenchman the beautiful Marianna evinced an admiration which soon ripened to love, albeit he possessed neither the accomplishments of a Grammont, nor the graces of a Hamilton. In the "Mémoires de St. Simon," Chamilly is described as "a stout, fat man: to see and hear him, we should never imagine how he could have excited so exalted a passion as that which is the soul of the famous letters of Marianna, and he was so dull and heavy that no one could suppose he possessed any talents for the art of

war." He nevertheless did afterwards prove himself to be a soldier, and a ripe and good one, particularly distinguishing himself at the siege of Graave, which cost the Prince of Orange sixteen thousand men. Chamilly was made a Maréchal de France in 1703, and was knighted in 1705. To return to Marianna and her lover. He was soon convalescent, and the campaign over, returned to France. His departure increased the violence of her passion; her grief became uncontrollable: she retired to a convent, and at length found some relief in writing to Chamilly, who it is supposed was not animated with any real love for her. Her charming and passionate letters are the literary pride of her nation, and are not less beautiful than those of Abelard's love, with which they have often been compared. Both Heloïse and Marianna, from the peaceful solitude of a religious house, wrote with that exquisite and indescribable charm, that strain of passion and of love, which vibrates through every heart, and to which their sex, with solitude and devotion, gave additional effect; deriving their sentiments from the inexhaustible sources of tenderness and sensibility, while all ideas of self were completely absorbed in the fond contemplation of the object beloved. The fate of the unhappy Marianna has never been known: those who can feel for sensibility, and the tender devotion of love, will hope that time wore from her heart the image of her unworthy lover, and that in the solitude of the convent she regained her tranquillity; but, alas! this is scarcely to be hoped; it is more probable that the unhappy passion, in which her very existence seemed to be involved, soon broke a heart, too tender and impassioned to survive the apathy of despair. Chamilly was heartless enough to exhibit her letters in the *salons* of Paris, and also perpetrated the still greater infamy of causing the letters to be translated and published. They first appeared in 1669.

Other editions were issued from time to time, containing additional letters purporting to have been written by the Heloïse of her nation, together with epistles said to have been sent by Captain Chamilly to Marianna, but they are considered to be *supercheries*. The twelve letters given in our collection are all that are known to be genuine. They have been rendered into verse by a poet, who says: "These letters will excite not the agony of grief which oppresses the heart, but rather the delicious tears which relieve it; they breathe the most tender, the most impassioned, the most generous love; they paint the passion in all its gradations, and all its interesting details: you behold its storms, its agitations, its momentary resolutions, its fond relapses, the delicacy of its fears, and the heroism of its sacrifices. Racine himself, the painter of nature, has not represented love in colors more lovely, or more seductive, or under a form more impressive, or more beautiful. These letters display, with the greatest accuracy and truth, the heart of a woman deeply impressed with love; her soul now intoxicated with bliss, now overwhelmed with sorrow; they describe all her emotions with the *naïveté* of genuine feeling, and the glowing warmth of passion. Those of the tender sex who have loved, will find in them what they have thought and felt a thousand times when they have been writing to their lovers; and lovers, at least those who have been fortunate enough to inspire a delicate passion, will think, in reading them, that they are reperusing the letters of their fair ones." Chamilly married, on his return from Portugal, a French lady anything but attractive in person, but whose wit, brilliant conversation, and elegant manners, contributed in no small degree to his advancement. The old Maréchal died at Paris in 1715, at the age of seventy-nine. His memory, notwithstanding his record as an illustrious soldier, will ever be execrated by all

honorable men (for there is something so base in betraying a woman that he professed to have loved, that the greatest scoundrel might shrink from being suspected of committing such an act,) although the world by his infamous conduct gained that upon which, next to the "Lusiad" of Camoens, Portugal's literary renown chiefly depends.

I.

MARIANNA TO CHAMILLY.

It is possible, then, that you can for an instant have been angry with me, and that I, with a passion the most delicate that ever was felt, can have given you cause for a moment's vexation! Alas! what remorse must be mine had I been wanting in the fidelity that is due to you, since, while I can only be accused of an excess of tenderness, I yet condemn myself as the cause of your anger. But wherefore should it occasion this remorse? Have I not had reason to complain? And should I not alarm your affection, could I without murmuring endure your reserve? Oh my God! I am continually reproaching my own soul that it does not sufficiently discover to you the ardor of its emotions, and still you wish to conceal from me every secret of yours.

When my looks have too much softness they obey but the tenderness of my heart, and are unfaithful to its ardor. If they are too animated, my tenderness is equally dissatisfied. The most expressive actions seem to me inadequate to speak my fondness, yet you can be reserved with me, even about trifles. How does this conduct pain me! and how would you pity me could you know to what thoughts it has given rise! But why am I thus curious? Why do I wish to search into the recesses of your soul where I should find but indifference, and perhaps infidelity. It is kindness that renders you so reserved, and I am under an obligation to you for your

mysterious conduct. You wish to spare me the misery of knowing all your indifference, and you dissemble your sentiments only from pity to my weakness.

Alas! why did you not appear thus to me in the beginning of our acquaintance! My heart might then, perhaps, have regulated itself by yours. But it was not till you found that I loved with so much ardor that you resolved to love with so little. Moderation, however, is not the characteristic of your nature. You are impetuous. I experienced it no longer ago than yesterday. But, alas! your impetuosity owes its birth to rage alone, and you feel only when you suppose that an insult is offered. Ungrateful man! what has love done that it shares so small a portion of your heart? Why is not your warmth of soul manifested to answer mine? and why is not this precipitancy employed to hasten the moments of our bliss? Who that saw your readiness to quit my apartment when anger drove you thence, would believe you so slow to return when invited by love? But I deserve this treatment for venturing to command you. Is it for a heart so entirely your own to pretend to give you laws? You were in the right to punish it, and I ought to die with shame for having believed myself the mistress of my conduct. Too well you know how to punish this rebellion! Do you remember with what apparent tranquillity you yesterday evening offered to aid my design of seeing you no more? Did your heart really sanction this offer, or rather did you think me capable of accepting it? For, such is the delicacy of my love, that it would be more grievous to me to be suspected of a crime than to see it committed by you.

I am more jealous of what is due to my affection than to yours, and I could more easily pardon you for being unfaithful, than for suspecting me of infidelity. Yes, it is with myself I wish to be satisfied rather than with you. My tenderness is so exalted, and my esteem for you makes me so glory in it; that allowing you to doubt it appears to me the greatest of crimes. But how could you doubt it? Everything proves it to you; and in your heart, as in mine, there is not a single emotion that does not tell you that you are loved to adoration. Love has so well taught me that, even to the moderation of my caresses,

there is nothing that does not convince you of the excess of my passion. Have you never observed this effect of my compliance with your wishes? How many times have I restrained the transport of my joy on your arrival because your eyes seemed to say that you wished me to act with more circumspection. You have done me a great injustice if you did not observe my constraint on those occasions: for such sacrifices are the most painful that I ever made you; but I do not reproach you with them. Wherefore should I care to be perfectly happy, if what is wanting to my felicity serves to increase yours? Did you show more warmth I should have the pleasure of believing myself more beloved, but you would not have that of believing yourself so much. You would think that my fondness was owing to your attachment; but now I have the glory of thinking that you owe it to my inclination only. Yet abuse not this affectionate generosity, nor presume upon it so far as to withhold the little show of love that still remains; rather be generous in your turn. Come to me and protest that the disinterestedness of my tenderness increases your own, that when I believe all put to the hazard, I in reality hazard nothing, and that you are as tender and as faithful as I am tenderly and faithfully yours.

II.

It is certainly no violation of truth to say that the lady whom we saw yesterday evening is very ugly; she dances vulgarly, and the Count de Cugne was much mistaken when he described her as a fine woman. How could you remain so long beside her? From the expression of her countenance, it appeared to me what she said was by no means witty. Yet you conversed with her the greatest part of the evening, and had cruelty enough to tell me that you were not displeased with the conversation. What then did she say to you that was so charming? Did she tell you news of some French lady who is dear to you, or did she herself begin to grow dear; for love alone could make so long a conversation bearable?

I did not find your newly-arrived Frenchmen so agreeable; I was annoyed by them the whole evening; they said the wittiest things they could imagine to me, and I plainly saw that they studied to do so, but they afforded me no amusement, and I believe it was their conversation that gave me the dreadful headache which I have had all night. You would know nothing of this were I not to tell you. Your servants are no doubt occupied in inquiring how that happy Frenchwoman bears her evening's fatigue, for you really made her dance enough to occasion illness. But what is there so charming in her? Do you think her more affectionate or more faithful than any other? Did you find in her a disposition more favorable to you than that which I have shown? No! assuredly that cannot be! You well know that only once seeing you pass by, the repose of my life was lost, and that, without any consideration either of my sex or birth, I was the first to seek opportunities of seeing you again. If she has done more than this, she waits your getting up this morning, and little Durino will doubtless find her seated by your pillow. I wish for your felicity it may be so. So dear to me is your happiness, that till my last hour I would readily consent to increase it at the expense of my own; and if you wish to regale the charmer with the perusal of this letter, do it without hesitation. What I write to you may not be useless to the advancement of your wishes. I rank high in the kingdom; I have always been flattered as possessing some share of beauty; and I believed it till your contempt undeceived me. Propose me then as an example to your new conquest. Tell her that I love you even to madness; I am willing to acknowledge it, and would rather bring ruin upon me by the avowal, than deny a passion so dear to me. Yes, I love you a thousand times better than myself. At the moment I am writing to you I am jealous, I own it; your conduct yesterday has filled my heart with rage, and since I must tell you everything, I believe you are unfaithful. Yet in spite of all this I love you more than woman ever loved. I hate the Marchioness de Furtado for having afforded you the opportunity of seeing this new comer. I wish the Marchioness de Castro had never been born, since it was at her nuptials you were to inflict

upon me the pain which I feel. I hate the inventor of dancing ; I hate myself ; and I hate the Frenchwoman a thousand times more than all the rest ; but among so many feelings of hatred, not one has the audacity to glance at you. You are always amiable in my eyes. In whatever character I behold you, even at the feet of this cruel rival who comes to disturb all my felicity, I find a thousand charms which have never existed but in you. I was even so foolish that I could not but feel delight that others saw those charms in you which I did, and though I am persuaded that to your merit I may perhaps owe the loss of your heart, I would sooner see myself condemned to the depth of despair, than wish you one encomium less than you now receive.

How is it that in your favor love can reconcile feelings so opposite? Your merit makes me so jealous of all who approach you, that nobody can be more so; yet would I go to the end of the world to procure you new admirers. I hate this Frenchwoman with so bitter a hatred, that there is nothing, however cruel, of which I believe myself incapable, to destroy her—yet would I wish her the felicity of being beloved by you, did I think her love would render you more happy than you are. I feel myself so blest when you are satisfied, that were it necessary to sacrifice all the pleasure of my life to secure one instant of yours, I would do it without hesitation. Why are you not thus to me? Ah! did you love as I love, what happiness would be ours. Your felicity would constitute mine, and your own would by this be made more perfect. No earthly being has a heart filled with love like mine; none other than myself can so perfectly estimate your worth; and you make me pity you indeed if you are capable of attaching yourself to any other, after being accustomed to such love as mine. Believe me, my friend, it is only with me that you can be happy. I know other women by myself, and I feel that of all on earth love has destined me alone to be yours. What would become of all your delicacy, if it no longer found my heart to answer it? Those looks so eloquent and full of meaning, could other eyes reply to them like mine? No, it is impossible! We alone know how to love, and both had died of discontent had our two souls been bound to any but each other.

III.

How long is your absence to continue? Will you yet pass another day without returning to Lisbon? Do you not recollect that you have already been away two days? For my part, I think you must desire to find me dead at your return, and that your design in quitting the court was not so much to accompany the king in his visit to the fleet, as to free yourself from a mistress that wearies you: in fact I do so to the extreme; I must acknowledge it. I am satisfied neither with you nor with myself. An absence of twenty-four hours brings me to death's door. What might be excess of felicity to another is not always so to me. Sometimes I fancy your happiness not sufficiently great: at other times you seem to enjoy so much, I fear you cannot owe it all to me, and I am displeased with everything, even with the transports of my love, when I think you do not pay to them enough of attention. Your absence of mind terrifies me; I wish to see you quite composed when I know all that is passing within you; but when you pay no attention to my extravagances you drive me to despair. I am not rational; I own it: but who can be so with excess of love like mine. I well know that, at the moment I am writing, I ought to be at ease. You are but a step from town, your duty detains you, and the illness of my brother would have prevented my seeing you during the time you have been absent. Above all, there are no women where you are, and that removes one great disquiet from my heart. But, alas! how many yet remain, and how true it is that a fond woman, if she love as I do, finds in everything a torment for herself. All this parade of war may wean you from the peaceful delights of love. Even now, perhaps, you look upon the moment of our separation as a misfortune that must arrive, and you are reasoning to fortify your heart with resolution. Ah! if the sight of our cannon thus affect you, all the beauties of Europe would be less fatal to me.

Yet I wish not to oppose your duty. Your glory is dearer to me than myself, and well I know you were not born to pass all your days with me; but I would that the

necessity of absence gave you as much horror as it gives to me; that you could not think of it but with trembling; and that inevitable as our separation must appear, you could not believe yourself able to sustain it.

Accuse me not, however, of being gratified by your despair; you will shed no tear that I shall not desire to wipe away. I will be the first to entreat you to bear courageously what, through excess of grief, will bring me to the grave. Nothing should console me for having been born, did I think my absence left you without consolation. What is it, then, I wish? I know not. I wish to love you all my life, even to adoration. I wish, if possible, that you might so love me. But to wish all this, is, at the same time, to wish myself the most infatuated of women.

Be not disgusted with my weakness; I had never felt it but for you; and I would not exchange it for the most solid wisdom, if to be wise it were requisite to love you one degree the less. Your understanding is enchanting; you have said the same of mine; but I would forego seeing it in either of us, did it oppose the progress of our folly. Love must reign over every faculty of our souls. We must be entirely at his disposal; and if love be satisfied, I care not that reason is displeased.

Have you been of this way of thinking since I last saw you? I tremble with apprehension that you have not entirely possessed your senses. But would it be possible for you to possess them, when speaking of a war that will remove you far from me—no! you are incapable of such treachery. You cannot have looked upon a soldier who has not drawn from you a sigh; and when you return I shall have the pleasure of hearing it said that you are at times not in your right mind, and that such has been your situation during your journey: for my part I am sure no person will speak to you of me without accusing me of the same defect. I utter extravagances that astonish all who are about me; and if the illness of my brother did not account for my wanderings, it would be thought amongst my servants that I am become insane: little is wanting to make me so indeed. You may judge of the incoherency of my mind by that of my letter; but **this** assuredly cannot be displeasing to you. The ravages

also which your absence has committed upon my face, ought to be more agreeable to you than the bloom of the finest complexion; and I should think myself hateful, if being deprived of the sight of you for three days had not disfigured me.

What then shall I be if I lose you for six months? Alas! no change in my person will be perceived, for I shall die in parting from you. But I hear some noise in the street, and my heart tells me that it arises from your return. Ah, my God! I am quite overcome! If it be you who are coming, and I cannot see you on your arrival, I shall die with anxiety and impatience; and if you come not after the hopes I have just conceived, vexation, and the transition of emotion in my soul, will deprive me of my senses.

IV.

WILL you, then, be always cold and listless! Can nothing have power to interrupt your repose! What must be done to disturb it? Must I, in your presence, throw myself into the arms of a rival? For, except this last act of inconstancy, which my love will never allow me to commit, I have given you reason to apprehend every other.

I accepted the arm of the Duke d'Almeida on the promenade; I contrived to sit near him at supper, and even whispered in his ear some trifles, which you might have taken for subjects of importance; yet I could cause no change in your countenance. Ingrate! Have you really the inhumanity to feel so little love for her who so well loves you? Have not my cares, my favors, and my truth, been worth one moment of your jealousy? Does he, who is more dear to me than peace or fame, so little value me, that he regards my loss without dismay! Alas! I tremble at the bare idea of losing you! You cast not a look upon another woman that does not cause me a dreadful shuddering; you offer not a civility upon the most trifling occasion that does not cost me twenty-four hours

of despair! Yet can you see me converse under your eyes a whole evening with another, without betraying the least disquietude! Ah! you have never loved me; for too well I know what it is to love, to think that sentiments so different from mine should bear the name of love.

What would I not do to punish you for this coldness? There are some moments when I am so transported with vexation, that I could wish to love another. But how? Amidst all this displeasure I see nothing amiable in the world but yourself. Even yesterday, when your coldness seemed to rob you of a thousand charms, I could not help admiring all you did. In your disdain, there was I know not what of greatness that expressed the character of your soul, and it was of you I was speaking while whispering to the duke, so little am I mistress of occasions to offend you! I was dying with the desire of seeing you do something that might afford me a pretext of openly affronting you; but how should I have been able to do so? My very anger is but excess of love, and at the moment I am most incensed at your being so phlegmatic, I plainly feel I should find reasons to excuse it, did I not love you to distraction. In fact, my brother was observing us; the least attempt on your part to address me would have been my ruin. But could you not have felt jealousy without making it conspicuous? I understand the glances of your eyes; I could easily have read in your looks what others could not perceive as I did; but alas! I saw in them no appearance of what I wished to see. I own that love was there; but was it love that should have shown itself at such a time? Rage and displeasure should have darted forth; you ought to have contradicted everything I said; have thought me ugly; have flattered another woman before my eyes; in short, you ought to have been jealous, since you had every apparent cause to be so.

But instead of these natural evidences of real love, you bestowed on me a thousand praises. You took the same hand that I had given to the duke, as if it had given you no cause of displeasure, and I expected that you were going to congratulate me on the attachment of the most respectable man of our court. Insensible being! is it

thus that love is shown? Is it thus you are beloved by me? Ah! had I thought you so cold before I loved you as I do! What then? Though I had perceived all that I now perceive, and more, if possible, I could not have resisted the impulse of loving you. It is a bias of soul over which I had no power, and which but when I think of the moments of delight this passion has afforded me, I cannot repent of having conceived it.

What should I not do, then, if I were satisfied with you, since I am so transported with love at the time I have most cause to complain! But you know the difference; you have seen me satisfied, you have seen me displeased; I have uttered complaints to you, yet in anger or in joy, you have always seen me the most affectionate of women.

Will so noble a disposition inspire you with no emulation? Love, my dear Insensible! love as ardently as you are loved. The soul finds no true pleasure but in love. The excess of bliss springs from excess of passion; and indifference is a greater foe to those who cherish it, than to those whom it withstands. Ah! had you once really known the genuine transport of affection, how would you envy those who feel it. Even for the possession of your heart I would not be the owner of your cold tranquillity. I prize my raptures as the greatest blessings that were ever mine, and I would rather be condemned to see you no more, than to see you without feeling those emotions which your presence inspires.

V.

Is it to put my docility to the test that you write to me in the manner which you do? Or is it really possible that you can think all that you have said to me? Believe me capable of loving another!—grant me patience!—though my delicacy is deeply wounded by this opinion, yet I, who love you more than mortal ever was loved, have frequently entertained it of *you*. But to believe this infidelity consummated, to heap invectives upon me, and to

labor to persuade me that I shall never see you more, that is what I cannot endure. I have been jealous, for no perfect love is free from jealousy: but I have never been brutal. Your idea has always been present to me, and even amidst my greatest anger I have still recollected that it was *you* who were the object of my suspicions.

Alas! how many faults do I perceive in your passion; how little are you capable of loving; and how easy it is to discover that you have no love in your heart, since all that drops unpremeditatedly from you is so unworthy the name of love. Alas! that heart which I have purchased with the whole of my own! that heart which I have merited by so many transports, so much fidelity, and which you assured me was mine, is capable of offending me thus. Its first impulse is to pour forth injurious language; and when you allow it to act for itself, it expresses nothing but outrage. Go, ungrateful as you are! I will leave you your suspicions to punish you for having conceived them; the belief that I am tender and faithful ought to be sufficiently dear to you to make a doubt of my being so a torment. It would be easy for me to cure you of your suspicion, nor is the power of keeping your resentment alive consistent with my own repose. But I would have you abjure an error which only avenges me. If you think I resent the injury you have done me, then still believe the rest of your suspicions—I am the most faithless of women.

I have, nevertheless, not seen the man who causes your jealousy; the letter which is pretended to be mine is not so, and there is no proof to which I could not submit without fear, if I chose to give you that satisfaction. But why should I give it you? Is it by invectives that it is to be obtained? Would you not have cause to think me as despicable as you represent me, if you owed my justification to your menaces? You will, you say, never see me more; you leave Lisbon for fear of being unfortunate enough to meet me; and you would poignard the dearest of your friends if he committed against you the treason of bringing you into my presence. Cruel man! what has the sight of me done to you, that it should be so insupportable? It has never been to you the harbinger of

aught but pleasures; you have never read in my eyes anything but love, and their ardent desire to express it; and is this a cause to oblige you to quit Lisbon, that you may never see me more? If this be the only reason for going, do not go. I will spare you the trouble of avoiding me; and besides it is rather I who ought to fly than you. The sight of me has cost you only the indulgence of suffering yourself to love, while the sight of you has cost me all the glory and all the happiness of my life!

I confess that it has also been to me a source of bliss. Oh! when I picture to myself the secret emotions which I felt whenever I thought I saw you amidst the throng!—the soft languor which stole away my senses whenever I met your eyes!—the inexpressible transports of my soul whenever we had the opportunity of a moment's conversation! I know not how I was able to exist before I saw you, nor how I shall exist when I see you no more! But what I have felt you ought to have felt; you were beloved, and you told me that you loved; yet you are the first to propose seeing me no more! Ah! you shall be satisfied—never while I live will I see you again.

It would, however, give me extreme pleasure to reproach you personally with your ingratitude, and my revenge would, methinks, be more complete, if my eyes and all my actions confirmed to you my innocence. That innocence is so perfect! the falsehood which has been told you is so easy to refute, that you could not talk with me, even for a quarter of an hour, without being convinced of your injustice, and without dying of regret that you had committed it. This idea has already twice or thrice prompted me to fly to your habitation, and I do not know whether it will lead me thither, in spite of myself, before the day is at an end; for my anger is violent enough to deprive me of my reason. But no, I have so long been in the delightful habit of studying your disposition and wishes, that I am led to fear I should displease you by so bold a measure. I have always seen you act with unequalled discretion; you have been more careful than myself of my reputation; nay, you have even carried your precautions sometimes so far as to compel me to complain of them. What then would you say, if I were to do anything which could betray our amours, and

affect my honor amongst persons of character? You would despise me, and I should die if I thought you capable of it; for whatever happens I wish always to possess your esteem.

Complain! abuse me! betray me! hate me! since you can do it; but never despise me. From the moment that your love no longer constitutes your felicity I may live without it, but I cannot live without your esteem, and I believe this is the reason why I am so impatient to see you: for it is not possible that my impatience can arise from tenderness: I should be mad indeed to love a man who treats me as I am treated by you.

Nevertheless, if your anger be considered under a proper point of view, it appears to be caused solely by an excess of passion. You would not be so transported with anger if your love were less vehement. Ah! why cannot I persuade myself of this truth? How dear to me, then, would be the outrages which you have committed against me! But no, I will not flatter myself with this pleasing delusion. You are guilty. Even should you not be so, I will believe it, that I may punish you for having suffered me to think so. I shall not go to-day to any place where you can see me: I shall pass the afternoon with the Marchioness de Castro, who is indisposed, and whom you do not visit. To conclude, I am resolved to be angry, and this is perhaps the last letter that you will ever receive from me.

VI.

Is it indeed I who am now writing to you? Are you the same being that you formerly were? By what miracle does it happen that you have testified your love to me without its inspiring my joy? I have seen you manifest an ardor and impatient anxiety; I have read in your eyes the same desires to which you have always hitherto found my feelings in such perfect accordance. They were no less ardent than when they constituted my sole felicity. I am as tender, as faithful, as I ever was; and yet I find

myself cold and careless. It seems as if you had only cheated my senses by an illusion which wanted the power to reach my heart.

Ah! how dear do those reproaches cost me which you draw down upon yourself! Of how many transports am I not robbed by a single day of your negligence. I know not what secret demon incessantly whispers to me that it is to my anger I owe all your tender assiduities, and that there is more policy than sincerity in the sentiments which you have avowed. It must, in truth, be confessed, that delicacy is a gift of love which is not always so precious as we would persuade ourselves. I acknowledge that it gives a zest to our pleasures, but then what keenness it adds to our sorrows. I still imagine that I see you in that absence of mind which has caused me so many sighs. Do not, my love, deceive yourself on this point: your ardors are the source of all my felicity; but they would be the source of all my indignation if I thought I owed them to anything save the natural impulse of your heart. I fear studied actions much more than coldness of temperament. Shall I tell you the whole of my fancies on this subject? It was the excess of your transports yesterday which gave birth to my suspicions. You seemed out of yourself; and through all that you appeared to be I sought your real self. O heavens! what would have become of me had I found you guilty of dissimulation? I prefer your love to my fortune, to my glory, to my life; but I could more easily support the certainty of your hatred than the deceitful semblance of your love. It is not to the exterior that I look, but to the feelings of the soul. Be cold, be negligent, be even fickle, if you can be so, but never dissimulate. Deception is the greatest crime that can be committed against love; and I would much sooner pardon you for infidelity than for using art to conceal it from my knowledge. You said a number of fine things to me yesterday afternoon, and I wish you could have seen yourself at that moment as I saw you. You would have found yourself quite a different being from what you generally are. Your mien was yet more noble than it naturally is, your passion sparkled in your eyes, and rendered them more piercing and more tender. I saw that your heart was on your lips. Oh!

how happy am I, if it did not show itself there under false colors! In truth, I put you too much to the test, and it is not in my power to try you less than I do. The pleasure of loving with my whole soul is a bliss for which I am indebted to you, nor is it now possible for you to ravish it from me. I know full well that in spite of myself I shall always adore you, and I am equally certain that I shall still adore you, even in spite of yourself. These are dangerous assurances; yet why should they be? Yours is not a heart that must be retained by fear; I should never feel assured of the safety of my conquest if I preserved it by that tie alone. Politeness and gratitude count for much in friendship, but they go for nothing in love. We must obey the heart without consulting the reason. By the sight of a beloved object the soul is rapt away, however strong our reason may be—at least such I feel is my case with regard to you. It is neither the habit of seeing you, nor the fear of giving you pain by my absence, that compels me to seek your presence it is in irresistible eagerness which springs from the heart, without artifice, and without reflection. I frequently seek you even in places where I am sure that I shall not find you. If it be thus with you, the instinct of our hearts will doubtless make them everywhere meet each other. I am compelled to pass the greater part of the day in a place where, alas! you cannot be. But let us abandon ourselves to the passion which fills our hearts, let us allow our desires to guide us, and you will find that we shall not fail to pass agreeably even those hours which we cannot pass together.

VII.

LET us not keep our vows, my friend, I conjure you! It costs us too much to keep them. Let us see each other, and, if possible, let it be immediately. You have suspected me of infidelity; you have declared your suspicions in a manner the most insulting; yet I love you more dearly than myself, and cannot live without seeing you.

Wherefore impose on ourselves a voluntary absence—have we not enough to experience that is inevitable? Come, then, restore perfect joy to my soul by a moment of unrestrained conversation.

You tell me you wish to come only to entreat my pardon! Ah! come, though it be to reproach me; come, I conjure you. I would rather see your eyes darting anger than not see them at all; but I hazard nothing in leaving you the choice. I know I shall see them affectionate, and glowing with love; for so they have already appeared this morning at church. I read in them the shame of your credulity, and in mine you must have seen the assurance of your pardon. Let us speak no more of this quarrel; or if we do speak of it, let it be to guard ourselves from such another. How could either of us doubt that our love was reciprocal? It is but for love that we exist. Such a heart as I have would never have been given me, had it not been destined to be filled with your image; you would not have the soul you possess, had you not been formed to love; and it was only that you might be loved to the degree you merit, and that you might love as much as you are beloved, that heaven made us susceptible of the flame. But tell me, I pray you, have you felt what I have felt since we pretended to be at strife? For never have we been so in reality: we are incapable of being so, and our destinies prevail over every cause of displeasure. Great God! how painful have I found this dissimulation! How have my eyes done violence to themselves in disguising their expression; and what foes must we be to ourselves to check confidence for a moment where there is love such as ours.

My feet involuntarily led me where I was likely to meet you. My heart, so sweetly accustomed to overflow at your approach, sprung to my eyes to express its delight, and, as I forced myself to refuse it their aid, it smote me with such pangs as can be conceived only by those who have felt them.

I think, too, that one soul has animated us. I have met you in places where chance alone could not have brought you; and if I must confess all my little vanities, I have never seen so much love in your looks as since you have endeavored to conceal it. How silly it is to

torment ourselves thus! Why do we not unveil our whole souls to each other? I knew all the tenderness of yours, and I could have distinguished all the emotions of its love from those of any other: but I knew not your anger nor your pride. I knew you were capable of jealousy since you could love; but I knew not what character that passion would assume in your heart. It would have been treachery to leave me longer in doubt of it; and I cannot but feel grateful to your injustice, since it has led me to so important a discovery. I did wish you to be jealous, I have found you so; but now renounce your jealousy as I renounce my curiosity. Whatever look a lover wears, there is none that so becomes him as the happy lover's air. It is a great error to say that the lover is a dull and uninteresting being when he is blest. He who is not pleasing in such a character would be less so in any other. Where there is not refinement enough to wear it with advantage, it is the heart that must be blamed and not the happiness.

Come, quickly, my love, come quickly, and confirm this truth. I should be unwilling, indeed, to lose time upon so long a letter, did I not know that you cannot see me at the hour I am writing to you. Whatever pleasure I find in thus conversing with you, how infinitely more delightful would be a mutual conversation! This is solitary joy which I only taste, but in our interviews you partake the pleasure.

Yet, I cannot have the one but when decorum will permit; while the other depends on myself alone. At this moment, when every person in our house is at rest, and perhaps feels happy in being able to repose, I enjoy a happiness that the sweetest sleep could not yield me. I write to you; my heart speaks to you as if you could reply to it; it consecrates to you its waking hours and its impatience. Ah! how happy are we when we truly love! How I pity those who languish in the inactivity to which freedom gives birth. Good morning to you, my friend, the day begins to dawn. It had dawned much sooner than usual had it consulted my impatience; but it is not in love as we are. I must pardon, then, its slowness, and endeavor to beguile it by a few hours' slumber, that it may be the less insupportable.

VIII.

THINK, my love, to what an extreme you have been wanting in foresight! Ah! unfortunate that you are, you have been misled, and you have misled me by illusive hopes. The passion upon which you raised so many projects of delight, presents you nothing now but sad despair—despair only to be equalled by the cruelty of the separation that occasions it. Must then this separation, to which my grief, ingenious as it is, can give no name sufficiently expressive of its horror, must it forever take from me the sight of those dear eyes in which I was used to see so much love!—those eyes that were to me as everything, and gave me full content!

Alas! mine are deprived of the only beams that animated them! they have nothing left but tears, and I have only used them in incessant weeping since I heard you were resolved upon a separation; it will be insupportable to me, and must speedily bring me to the grave.

Nevertheless, I seem to have a love for the misery which you alone have brought upon me. My life was at your disposal from the first moment I beheld you, and I feel some pleasure in sacrificing it to you.

A thousand times a day I send my sighs to you, they seek you everywhere; yet all they bring me back in recompense for so many disquietudes is the too sure foreboding of my hapless fortune, which cruelly will not permit me to indulge a hope, but at every moment whispers, cease, unhappy Marianna!—cease to consume thyself in vain, nor longer seek a lover whom thou wilt never see again. He has passed the seas but to avoid thee; he is in France encircled with pleasures; he thinks not for a moment on thy grief; he absolves thee from thy tenderness, and thanks thee not for it. But no, I cannot bring myself to think of you so injuriously; I am but too much interested in justifying you. I will not believe that you have forgotten me.

Am I not sufficiently wretched, without tormenting myself with unjust suspicions? And wherefore should I endeavor to banish the remembrance of all the attentions which you lavished to convince me of your love? Those

sweet attentions so charmed me, that I should be indeed ungrateful, did I not love you with all the warmth my passion inspired, while I enjoyed the proofs of yours. How is it that the recollection of moments so delightful should become thus painful? Why must they, in contradiction to their nature, serve only to oppress my heart? Alas! your last letter reduced it to a strange condition; its agitation was so strong, that it seemed endeavoring to separate itself from me, and go in quest of you. I was so overcome with these violent emotions, that I remained more than three hours bereft of all sense—I wished not to return to a life which I must lose for you, since I am not to preserve it for your sake: however, in spite of myself, I again beheld the light. I did flatter myself with the idea that I was dying for love; and besides, I rejoiced to be no more exposed to feel my heart torn with anguish for your absence.

Since this attack I have been several times ill: but can I be ever free from sufferings while deprived of seeing you? I bear them, nevertheless, without a murmur, since they proceed from you. Is this, then, my recompense for loving you so tenderly? But it matters not; I am resolved to adore you all my life, and never to look upon another. You will do well, too, I assure you, to love no other person. Could you be satisfied with a passion less ardent than mine? You will, perhaps, meet with more beauty, (though you have told me I was sufficiently beautiful,) but you will never meet with so much love—and all the rest is nothing.

Do not fill up your letter with affairs of no importance, nor tell me again to remember you. I cannot forget you, neither do I forget that you have given me hope that you would come to pass some time with me—alas! why not your whole life? Were it possible for me to quit this miserable cloister, I would not wait in Portugal for the fulfilment of your promise. Regardless of appearances, I would fly to seek you, love you, and follow you through the world. I dare not flatter myself that this can ever be; I will not cherish a hope that would assuredly yield me some pleasure; henceforth I will be sensible to grief alone.

I own, however, that the opportunity my brother has

afforded me of writing to you, has excited some sensation of joy in me, and for a moment suspended my despair. I conjure you to tell me wherefore you sought, as you did, to captivate my soul, since you well knew you were to leave me! And wherefore have you been so eager to make me unhappy? Why did you not leave me in the repose of my cloister? Had I done you any wrong? Yet pardon me, I impute nothing to you; I have no right to think of blame; I accuse only the severity of my fate: in separating us, it has inflicted all the evil that it could. It cannot separate our hearts; love, stronger than fate, has united them forever; if my heart is still dear to you, write to me often. I surely merit that you should take some little pains to let me know the state of your heart and of your fortune. Above all, come to see me. Adieu! I know not how to quit this paper; it will fall into your hands. Would the same happiness were mine! Alas, senseless that I am! I well know that is not possible. Adieu—I can proceed no further. Adieu; love me always, and be the cause of my enduring still severer sorrow.

IX.

It is doing the greatest injustice in the world to the sentiments of my heart, to endeavor to make them known to you by what I write. How happy should I be could you truly judge of them by the warmth of your own! but this I must not expect from you, and I cannot refrain from saying, much less bitterly indeed than I feel it, that you ought not to wrong me, as you do, by a forgetfulness which drives me to despair, and which is even disgraceful to yourself.

It is but just, at least, that you should suffer me to complain of the evils I anticipated, when I saw you were resolved to quit me. I am now quite convinced I was mistaken in supposing that, because the excess of my love made me appear above suspicion, and merited more fidelity than is usually to be met with, you would act

more nobly than is the general practice upon such occasions.

The inclination you have to betray me prevails, in truth, over the justice that you owe me for all I have done.

I should certainly be very unhappy if you were to love me only because I love you, and I should lament not owing everything to your inclination alone; but even this is not the case—I have not received a letter from you these six months.

I attribute all these sufferings to the blindness with which I indulged my affection for you. Ought I not to have foreseen that my pleasures would terminate much sooner than my love? Could I hope that you would remain all your life in Portugal, and renounce your fortune and your country to think only of me? My sorrows admit of no relief, and the remembrance of my joys overwhelms me with despair.

Alas! and all my wishes then are unavailing! and I shall never again behold you in this room with all that ardor and rapturous emotion which you were accustomed to display. But alas! I mistake; I know but too well now that the transports which took entire possession of my head and heart were excited in you only by the transient feeling of pleasure, and that with that feeling they expired.

In those too happy moments I ought to have called reason to my aid to moderate the fatal excess of my delights, and warn me of all I suffer now: but I gave myself up entirely to you, and I was in no state to think of what would have poisoned my bliss, and prevented me from fully enjoying the ardent expressions of your passion. I was too happy in the consciousness of your presence, to reflect that you would be one day separated from me.

I recollect, however, having sometimes said you would render me unhappy; but those alarms were soon dissipated. I even found pleasure in sacrificing them to you, and in abandoning myself entirely to the enchantment and deceit of your protestations. I well know the remedy for all my sufferings, and I should soon be relieved from them could I cease to love you: but alas! what a remedy is this! No, I would endure yet more,

rather than forget you. Alas! is it in my power to forget you? I cannot reproach myself with having for one moment wished to divest myself of love for you: you are more to be pitied than I am, and it is better to suffer as I do, than enjoy the insipid pleasures that you find among your beauties of France.

I envy not your indifference. You excite my compassion. I defy you to forget me entirely. I flatter myself with having such power over your soul, that without me all your joys must be imperfect; and I am more fortunate than you, because I am more occupied.

I have been lately appointed to receive the visitors in the parlor of the convent. All who speak to me think I am insane; I know not what I reply to them: and certainly the nuns must be as insane as myself, to think me capable of any charge. Ah! I envy the happiness of Emmanuel and Francisco:* why am not I continually with you as they are? I was willing to follow you, and surely I should have served you with more zeal.

I wish for nothing in the world but to see you at least remember me. I content myself now with your remembrance, but I dare not assure myself of it. I did not confine my hopes to being remembered by you when I saw you every day: but you have made me feel that I must submit to all that you decree. Nevertheless I do not repent of having adored you; I rejoice that you subdued my soul. Your cruel, and perhaps eternal absence, diminishes in no degree the warmth of my affection. I make no secret of it; I would have it known to all the world; I have sacrificed decorum to you—I delight, I triumph in the sacrifice. As I have once loved you, my honor and religion shall henceforth consist in loving you through life.

I do not tell you all these things to induce you to write to me. Ah no! do not constrain yourself: I would have nothing from you that does not flow directly from your heart, and I refuse all testimonies of love which you have power to withhold. I shall have pleasure in excusing you, because perhaps you will have pleasure in not taking the trouble to write; for I feel entirely disposed to pardon all your faults.

* Captain Chamilly's pages.

A French officer this morning had the charity to speak of you to me for more than three hours. He told me peace was made with France. If that be the case, could you not come here and take me back with you? But I am not worthy of that; do what you please; my love no longer depends on your conduct to me.

Since your departure I have not enjoyed a single moment's health, and I have had no kind of pleasure but in repeating your name a thousand times a day. Some of the nuns who know the deplorable state into which you have plunged me, speak of you very frequently. I go as seldom as possible out of the room where you have been so many times, and I look incessantly at your portrait, which is a thousand times dearer to me than life. It affords me some pleasure; but it likewise causes me a great deal of anguish when I think that I shall, perhaps, never see you again. Yet wherefore should it be possible that I shall never see you again? Have you forever abandoned me? Alas! I despair. Your poor Marianna can support herself no longer she sinks as she concludes this letter. Adieu, adieu have pity on me.

X.

WHAT will become of me, and what would you have me do? I find my situation widely different from what I had conceived it would be. I did expect that you would write to me from every place you passed through, and that your letters would be very long; that you would sustain my passion by the hope of seeing you again; that an entire confidence in your fidelity would afford me some degree of repose, and that, in the meantime, I should remain in a state not quite intolerable; free from extreme anguish. I had even conceived some feeble projects of using every effort of which I should be capable to effect my cure, could I be once thoroughly assured that you had quite forgotten me. Your absence, some feelings of devotion, the fear of utterly ruining all that remains of

health by such incessant watchings and anxieties, the little probability of your return, the coldness of your love and of your last farewell, your departure, grounded upon very insufficient pretexts, and a thousand other reasons, which are but too good and yet too unavailing, all seemed to promise me, should it become necessary, an effectual aid: in short, having nothing to contend with but myself, I could never suspect all my weakness, nor apprehend all that I now suffer.

Alas! how much am I to be pitied that you do not share my grief, but that I alone am wretched. The thought is death to me. I die, too, with the fear that you were never really sensible of our pleasures. Yes, I see now the treachery of your whole conduct. You deceived me every time you said you were delighted to be alone with me. To my importunate fondness only I have owed your transports and your seeming warmth. You deliberately laid a plan to ensnare me; you considered my passion as a triumph for yourself, but never did it deeply touch your heart. Are you not sadly pitiable, and must you not possess indeed very little delicacy, if this be all the satisfaction you have found in my affection? How is it possible that with so much love I have not been able to render you completely blest? I regret, for your sake alone, the innumerable pleasures you have lost; must I feel too that you have not been willing to enjoy them? Ah! had you but known them, you would surely find that they are of infinitely greater value than the poor triumph of deceiving me; you would feel that there is a far greater happiness, a sweeter thrill, in passionately loving than in being loved. I know not what I am, nor what I wish for. I am racked by a thousand opposite tortures. Can so deplorable a condition be conceived? I love you to distraction, yet have such consideration for you that I would not dare, perhaps, to wish that you were agitated by the same feelings. I should kill myself, or I should die of grief, did I believe that you have never any rest, that your whole life is nothing but vexation and distress, that you weep incessantly, and that everything is hateful to you. My own sufferings are more than I can bear; how then should I support the anguish of yours, which would wound me a thousand times more deeply?

But yet I cannot bring myself to wish that you should never think of me, and, to speak seriously to you, I am madly jealous of everything that gives you pleasure, that gratifies your heart, or even your taste, while in France.

I know not why I write to you. I foresee that you will merely pity me, and it is not your pity that I want. I am irritated with myself when I reflect on all that I have sacrificed to you. I have lost my reputation, I have exposed myself to the fury of my relations, to the severity of our laws against offending nuns, and to your ingratitude, which, of all these misfortunes, appears to me the greatest.

Nevertheless, I plainly feel that my remorse is not sincere; that, with my heart's entire sanction, I would have run still greater dangers for you, and I find a horrible delight in having risked my life and honor. Ought not all I hold most dear to have been at your disposal? And shall I not rejoice in having so devoted them? I even think my sufferings and my love are not enough, though, alas! I have little reason to be satisfied with you. Faithless that I am, I live and endeavor to preserve existence rather than to lose it. Ah! I almost die with shame; my despair exists then in my letters only! Had I loved as much as I a thousand times declared I did, should I not, long since, have died? I have deceived you, and you have reason to complain of me. Alas! why do you not complain? I have seen your departure, I cannot hope ever to see you return, and yet I still exist. I have been insincere to you, I implore your pardon: but do not grant it to me. Treat me severely.

Think not that my feelings are sufficiently ardent. Be yet more difficult to be satisfied. Tell me you wish that I may die for love of you. Assist me thus, I pray you, to surmount the weakness of my sex, and put an end to all my irresolutions by complete despair.

The fatal termination of my woes would surely force you to think often of me; my memory would be dear to you, and you would, perhaps, be sensibly affected by my dying some extraordinary death. Would not this be better than the condition to which you have reduced me? Adieu! Would I had never seen you! Ah! how acutely

do I feel the fallacy of that suggestion! Well do I know, at the moment I am writing to you, that I would sooner far be miserable in loving you, than wish to have never seen you.

I yield without a murmur then to my sad fate, since you have not been willing to render it more happy. Adieu; promise that if I die of grief you will tenderly regret me, and that the violence of my passion shall at least give you a disrelish and aversion for everything on earth. This will console me; and if I must give you up forever, I shall be glad not to leave you to any other.

Would it not be very cruel in you to avail yourself of my despair, that you might interest the more, and show how warm a passion you had excited: once more adieu. My letters are too long; I pay too little regard to your feelings; but I entreat your pardon, and dare hope you will show some indulgence to a poor, insane being, who, as you know, was not so until she loved you. Adieu; I fear I say too much to you of my misery; yet I thank you from my heart for the desperation you have caused me, and loathe the tranquillity in which I lived before I knew you. Adieu, my love increases every moment. Ah! how many things I have yet to tell you.

XI.

YOUR lieutenant has just informed me that a tempest has obliged you to put back to a port of Algarve. I fear you must have suffered a great deal at sea, and that apprehension has so haunted me that I have not bestowed a thought upon my own sufferings. Do you really think that your lieutenant takes more concern in what befalls you than I do? If not, why is he better informed upon the subject than I am? In short, why did you not write to me?

I am unfortunate indeed if you have not been able to find an opportunity since your departure, and still more so, if you have found one, and not been willing to write.

Your injustice and your ingratitude are extreme: yet I should be driven to despair if they were to bring down upon you any misfortune, and I would much rather that they remained unpunished than see them avenged.

I refuse to yield credit to all those signs which might convince me that you no longer love; and I feel much more disposed blindly to abandon myself to my passion, than to dwell upon the cause which you give me to complain of your want of attention.

How much disquietude would you not have spared me, had you, when I first knew you, shown as little tenderness as it appears to me that you have for some time past displayed. But who would not, like me, have been deluded by so much ardor; and who would not have believed it sincere? How long and difficult is the task of learning to suspect the sincerity of those we love!

I see plainly that the least excuse is sufficient for you; and, even without your taking the pains to make any to me, my love serves you so faithfully that I can only consent to think you culpable that I may enjoy the delightful pleasure of justifying you myself.

You won me entirely over by your assiduities, you inflamed me by your transports, you charmed me by the sweetness of your manners, you dispelled all my fears by your oaths. My violent inclination seduced me; and the consequences of a passion which, at its commencement, was so pleasant, so blest, are only tears, sighs, and a miserable death; nor have I any remedy whatever in my power.

It is true that in loving you I have enjoyed transcendent pleasures, but I pay for them the price of unexampled anguish; every feeling that you excite within me runs to extremes. Had I inflexibly resisted your love; had I given you occasions of uneasiness or jealousy, merely to inflame you the more; had you discovered any artificial pruderies in my deportment; had I, in short, exerted my reason in opposition to the predilection I felt for you, then (although my efforts must doubtless have proved futile) you would have had a right to punish me severely, and to avail yourself of your power; but I thought you worthy to be loved before you talked of loving me. You declared an ardent passion for me; I was enraptured

by your avowal, and I yielded myself up to love you even to infatuation.

You were not blind as I was; why then have you permitted me to bring myself to this condition? What could you look for in my affections, which must only have been wearisome to you? You well knew you were not always to be in Portugal, and wherefore did you single me out to render me so wretched? You might certainly have found some more beautiful woman in this country, with whom you might have enjoyed as much pleasure, as it was only of gross pleasure you were in pursuit, who might have loved you tenderly as long as you were in her sight, whom time might have consoled for your absence, and whom you might have quitted without perfidy or cruelty. The conduct you have pursued displays the tyrant fond of persecuting, rather than the lover who should study only to give delight.

Alas! wherefore do you exercise so much severity upon the heart that is entirely yours? I plainly see that you are as much inclined to be prejudiced against me, as I have been to be prepossessed in your favor.

Without the aid of all my love, and without feeling that I had done anything extraordinary, I could have withstood reasons much more powerful than those that have prevailed on you to leave me. I should have thought them very weak; and there are none whatever that should have torn me from you; but you gladly availed yourself of any pretext that presented itself to you for returning to France A ship was on the point of sailing why did you not let it sail? Your family had written to you. Are you ignorant of all the persecutions which I have suffered from mine? Your honor called on you to abandon me. Have I taken any thought of my own? You were obliged to go and serve your sovereign. If all that is said of him be true, he has little need of your assistance, and would have excused you for not giving it.

I should have been too happy could we have passed our lives together. Since, however, a cruel absence must separate us, I must rejoice that I have not been faithless; not for all the world contains would I have been guilty of so black an action. You knew every thought of my heart, all the tenderness which I felt, yet you could re-

solve to leave me forever, and expose me to all the terrors which I must feel that you will never more think of me—except to sacrifice me to a new passion!

I am quite conscious that I love you like a woman who has lost her senses; yet I do not complain of all the violence of my heart. I accustom myself to its persecutions, and I even could not live without that pleasure, which I find and enjoy in loving you amidst a thousand sorrows.

But I am incessantly and extremely tormented by the hate and disgust which I feel for everything. My family, my friends, and this convent, are all insupportable to me. All that I am obliged to see, and all that I am compelled to do, is odious in my sight. I am so jealous of my passion, that it seems to me as if all my actions, all my duties, centered in you alone. Yes, I feel some scruples if I do not devote to you every moment of my life.

What, alas! should I do, were my heart not filled by so much hate and so much love? How, to lead a tranquil and languishing life, could I survive all the thoughts by which I am now unceasingly occupied? I could never bear this void, this insensibility of the soul.

Every one perceives the entire change in my temper, my manners, and my person. My mother spoke to me about it sharply, and afterwards with some degree of mildness. I know not what I said in reply to her. It seems to me as if I had confessed everything. The most rigid of the nuns take compassion upon the state to which I am reduced. It even inspires them with some regard and tenderness for me. Everybody is touched with my love, yet you remain in a profound indifference; you write me nothing but cold letters full of repetitions, half the paper is not filled, and they show plainly that while you write them, you are only anxious to get to the conclusion.

Donna Brites teased me lately to make me leave my room, and thinking to divert me, she led me to take the air on the balcony which looks towards Mertola. I followed her, and was immediately struck with a cruel remembrance, which made me weep for the remainder of the day. She led me back, and I threw myself on my bed, where I gave myself up to a thousand reflections on

the little probability there was that I should ever be freed from my woes.

What is done to solace me sharpens my grief, and I find even in the remedies which are offered to me particular reasons to increase my affliction. In that place I had frequently seen you pass by with an air that charmed me, and it was in that balcony that I stood on the fatal day when I began to feel the first effects of my unfortunate passion. I thought that you wished to please me, though you knew me not : I persuaded myself that you had particularly remarked me among all the others that were standing with me. I imagined that when you stopped you were glad I could see you better ; and that you wished me to admire your address when you put your horse into a gallop. I shuddered when you rode him into a dangerous spot : in short, I took a secret interest in all your actions. I felt plainly that you were not indifferent to me, and all that you did I considered as done for me.

You know but too well the consequences of this beginning ; yet, though I have no longer any reason to act cautiously, I ought not to speak of them to you, lest I should render you more guilty, if possible, than you now are, and have to reproach myself with making so many useless efforts to oblige you to be faithful. Faithful you will not be. Can I hope from my letters and my reproaches that which my love and my entire devotion to you have failed to secure from your ingratitude ?

I am too certain of my misfortune ; your unjust conduct leaves me not the least power to doubt of it, and, since you have abandoned me, I have everything to dread.

Is it for me alone that you will have charms, and will you not appear pleasing in other eyes ? I believe that I should not be sorry if the sentiments of others justified in some degree my own ; and I could wish that all the women in France might consider you as amiable, but that none might love, and that none might please you. This idea is ridiculous, is impossible : nevertheless, I have sufficiently proved that you are not capable of a strong attachment ; that you could easily forget me, without any assistance, and without being constrained to do so by a

new passion. . . . Perhaps I even wish that you had some treasonable pretext—I should, it is true, not be less unhappy, but you would not be so culpable.

I am convinced that though you find no great pleasure there, you continue in France of your own accord. The fatigue of a long voyage, some small remains of decency, and the fear of not making an adequate return to my transports, detain you. Ah! you have nothing to fear from me—I shall be contented to see you now and then, and to know only that we are near each other. But perhaps I am flattering myself; while you are more interested by the rigor and coldness of another than you ever were by my love. Is it possible that severity can attach to you?

But before you yield up your heart to the dominion of a violent passion, consider well the excess of my sorrows, the inconsistency of my conduct, the varied agitation of my feelings, the extravagance of my letters, my sanguine hopes, my despair, my wishes, and my jealousy. Ah! you will make yourself miserable: I conjure you to be warned by the state in which I am, and then if I have suffered for you, to you at least my sufferings will not be useless.

Five or six months ago, you reposed in me an unwelcome confidence: you confessed candidly to me that you had loved a lady of your own country. If she detains you from me, tell me so without hesitation:—I shall no longer languish for your return.

Some remains of hope support me still; but if I am only to hope, I would rather lose that support at once, and with it lose myself. Send me her picture, and some of her letters. Tell me all she says to you. In that I may find something to console me, or to end my sorrows.

In my present state I cannot long remain, and for me there can be no favorable change. I wish too for the picture of your brother and your lovely sister: all that relates to you is dear to me; to whatever you love I am entirely devoted. I am no longer of the same disposition that I have been. There are even moments when I fancy that I could submit to serve her you love; your ill-treatment and contempt have so humbled me that I dare not reflect, lest I should think that my own jealousy has been

the cause of your neglect, and that I have deeply injured you by my reproaches. I often feel that I ought not to expose to you, with the frenzy that I do, those sentiments which you disapprove.

The officer has waited long for this letter; I had resolved to write in a style that should not displease you: but what an extravagant letter have I written—I must conclude. Alas! I cannot resolve to do it. While I write, I seem to converse with you, and you almost appear present to me. The next shall not be so long nor so troublesome; under this assurance you may open and read it. It is true I ought not to speak to you of a passion which displeases you, and I will speak of it no more.

It is now nearly a year since I gave myself up to you without reserve. Your passion appeared to me so ardent, so sincere, and I could never have thought that my fondness would have disgusted you so much as to induce you to take a journey of five hundred leagues, and expose yourself to all the dangers of the sea, to escape from it. No one ever experienced such treatment as I have done. You can remember my shame, my confusion, my disorder; but you do not remember that you bound yourself by oaths to love me forever.

The officer who is to bring you this sends to me for the fourth time to tell me that he wishes to be gone. How very pressing he is! He too abandons, no doubt, some unhappy one of this country. Adieu! I suffer more in concluding this letter than you did in leaving me, though perhaps forever. Adieu! I dare not call you by those thousand endearing names I would; I dare not abandon myself to my feelings. I love you more, a thousand times more than I thought. How dear you are to me! Oh, how cruel you are to me! You never write to me—I cannot refrain from telling you that once more—I am beginning again, and the officer will be gone. No matter—let him go! I write more for myself than you, I only seek to console myself. The length of my letter will alarm you—you will not read it. What have I done, that I should be thus miserable, and why have you embittered the remainder of my life? Oh that I had been born in another country! Adieu! forgive me, I dare not

now ask you to love me. Behold to what my fate has reduced me! Adieu.

XII.

I WRITE to you for the last time; and I hope to convince you, by the difference of the style and manner of this letter, that you have at length persuaded me that you no longer love me, and that, therefore, I ought not to love you any longer.

I shall accordingly send you, by the first conveyance, all that I yet possess of yours. Fear not that I shall write to you; I will not even write your name on the packet. I have charged Donna Brites with the whole of the arrangement, her in whom I have been accustomed to place confidence of a very different kind; her care will be less suspected than mine; she will take every necessary precaution, in order to assure me that you have received the portraits and the bracelets that you gave me.

I, however, wish you to know that I have for some days felt strongly inclined to burn and destroy every relic that would remind me of you, those pledges of your love that were so dear to me; but I have already discovered so much weakness, that I am convinced I could never be capable of proceeding to these extremities. I am determined, therefore, to endure all the anguish of parting with them, and give you at least a little chagrin.

I will acknowledge, to my shame and yours, that I have found myself more attached to those trifles than I am willing to describe, and I felt that I stood in need of all the arguments reason could muster to enable me to part with any of them, even when I could no longer flatter myself with your attachment; but perseverance in any one design works wonders. I delivered them into the hands of Donna Brites.—How many tears this resolution cost me! After a thousand emotions, and a thousand incertitudes which you are a stranger to, and of which I shall assuredly render you no account. . . . I have conjured her never to mention them to me, nor re-

store them to me, though I should only ask to look upon them once more, and to send them to you without my knowing anything of it.

I never knew the excess of my love until I exerted every effort to cure myself of it. I believe I should never have undertaken such a task, could I have foreseen the difficulties and the obstacles to its success; for I am persuaded that I should have felt less disagreeable sensations in loving you, ingrate as you are, than in abandoning you forever. I have proved that you were less dear to me than my passion, and I have had strange emotions to struggle with, after your injurious conduct had rendered your person odious to me.

The natural pride of my sex has not assisted me in forming any resolutions against you. Alas! I have suffered your contempt, I could have supported your hatred, and all the jealousy which your attachment to another could have given me: I should have had at least some passion to struggle with; but your indifference is insupportable to me; your impertinent protestations of friendship, and the ridiculous civilities of your last letter, have shown me that you have received all mine, and that they have been incapable of inspiring the least emotion in your heart, and yet you have read them! Ingrate, I am yet weak enough to be distracted at the idea of not being able to flatter myself that you never received them.

I heartily detest you. Did I ever ask you to tell me sincerely the truth? Why could you not suffer me to enjoy my passion? You had only to desist from writing to me; I should not have sought the fatal truth. Am I not indeed unfortunate, in that I could not oblige you to take some pains to deceive me, and to be no longer able to excuse you? Know that I perceive you are unworthy of my sentiments, and that I have discovered all the dark shades of your character.

Therefore (if all I have done for you may entitle me to ask and favor at your hands), I conjure you to write to me no more, and to assist me to forget you entirely. If you were to evince, in even the slightest manner, that the perusal of this letter pained you, I should perhaps believe you, and perhaps also your confession would inflame me with sentiments of anger, and with other sensations.

Do not, then, interfere with my conduct; you might overturn all my designs and resolutions, whatever part you take. I do not wish to know the success of this letter. Trouble not the state for which I am preparing myself; you ought to be content with what you have already made me suffer. Whatever designs you might have formed for rendering me unhappy, deprive me not of my present state of incertitude. I hope I shall in time become a little more tranquil. I promise not to hate you; I feel too forcibly the violence of my sentiments to dare to undertake it. I am persuaded that I shall find in this country a more faithful lover. . . . But, alas! who can inspire me with love? Can the passion of another occupy my soul? Has mine had any influence over you? and have I not felt that a wounded heart can never forget the cause of those transports which were unknown to it; that all its emotions are attached to the idol who gave birth to them; that its first wound can neither be healed nor effaced; that all the passions which offer their assistance to fill it with other sensations, and soothe it into peace, promise in vain that delicious sensibility which it can no longer find; that all the pleasures it seeks, without being anxious to find them, only serve to prove that nothing is so dear as the remembrance of its woes. Why have you made me experience the imperfection and vexation of an attachment which ought not to have lasted forever, and the miseries which attend a violent passion that is not returned? Alas! why does blind affection and cruel destiny determine us to attach ourselves to those who are insensible, rather than to those who would feel an equal passion? When even I might hope for some solace in a new amour, and that I might find at length a faithful lover, I pity my own case so much, that I would not place the least deserving of mankind in the situation to which you have reduced me; and though I am under no obligation to show you any tenderness, I could not bring myself to exercise so cruel a vengeance even upon you, should it, from any unforeseen change, ever be in my power. I even now seek excuses for your conduct; for I feel too well that a nun cannot appear so interesting to you as another: yet, methinks, if the heart left reason a choice, your sex would rather be attached to them than

to other women; they have nothing to prevent them from surrendering their whole souls to the delicious impression of love; the numerous objects which attract female attention in the intercourse with the world has no power over them; they are secluded from all those scenes which please the fancy and vitiate the heart; they dwell only on the idea of their lover. I often fancy that it must be unpleasing to a lover to see her in whom his happiness is centred perpetually occupied with trifles. How can he suffer her, without being driven to despair, to be continually talking of balls, assemblies, operas, walks, dresses, etc., perpetually exposed to fresh causes of jealousy? Then they are obliged to interchange the reciprocities of politeness, of complaisance, and conversation; and what lover can feel assured that they do not enjoy amusement, I will not say pleasure, on those occasions? Oh! they ought to relinquish a lover who is not credulous and unsuspecting as a child, and who cannot, without hesitation, credit all they tell him, and who cannot see them, without emotion, flirt with every one who addresses them.

But I have no intention of proving to you, by a chain of reasoning, that you ought to love me—that would be a very poor method; and besides, I have employed much better ones which have failed. I know too well my destiny to endeavor to surmount it. I shall be unhappy to my latest hour; was I not so even when I saw you every day? I used to be dying with alarm lest you should prove unfaithful: I wished to see you every moment, though I knew it was impossible; I was terrified with the danger you ran in entering the convent; I was driven to despair when you were with the army; I was miserable in thinking that I was not more beautiful and more worthy of you; I was angry with fate for placing me in the middle ranks of life, and I often thought that the attachment you appeared to have for me might prove prejudicial to your fortune; I thought that I could not love you sufficiently; on your account I dreaded the anger of my friends, and I was indeed as miserable as I am now.

If you had given me any proofs of your passion after you left Portugal, I would have exerted every effort to leave it too; I would have disguised myself, and wandered until I had found you; but alas! what would have

become of me if you had deserted me in France. Laden with disgrace, myself and my family covered with shame, who, since you no longer love me, have become more dear to me than before.

You perceive that I can coolly reflect that I might have been in a more miserable situation than I even am now that I can speak to you at least rationally for once in my life. Whether this moderation may please you, and make you better satisfied with me, I wish not to know. I have already entreated you to write to me no more, and I earnestly repeat the entreaty.

Have you never reflected on your unworthy treatment of me? Do you never think that you owe more to me than all the world besides? I have loved you madly; for your sake, how have I contemned everything else! You have not acted like a man of honor. You must, from the first, have had a natural aversion for me, since my passion has failed to excite in you a love equally desperate. I have suffered myself to grow enamored of very common attractions. What sacrifices have you made for me? Have you not been constantly in search of a thousand amusements? Have you renounced the sports of the town or of the country? Were you not the first to join the army, and are you not the last to return? You wantonly exposed your person, although I conjured you for my sake to be careful of yourself. You have not endeavored to establish yourself in Portugal, where you are so beloved; one letter from your brother drew you from me, you hesitated not a moment; and do I not know that, during the whole voyage, your cheerfulness never forsook you.

It must be confessed that I have cause to hate you mortally. Ah! I have myself been the cause of my own misfortunes; my love was sincere as it was ardent; had I been less sincere, you would have loved me more: to excite an ardent passion required greater address, and love alone is not sufficient to create love. You wished that I should love you: and when you had formed the design, you left no means untried to accomplish it: you would have even resolved to love me yourself had that been necessary, but you found that, without feeling any love yourself, you could succeed in your enterprise.

What perfidy! Do you think this treachery shall pass unpunished? Should any chance bring you again into this country, I tell you that I would deliver you up to the vengeance of my family.

I have long abandoned myself to an idolatry, which now fills me with horror; and my remorse haunts me incessantly. I am feelingly alive to the shame of the crimes which you have made me commit, and alas! passion no longer blinds me to their enormity. When will my heart cease to be agonized? When shall I be delivered from this miserable situation? Still I think that I wish you no evil, and that I could be pleased to see you happy. But if you have a heart, can you be so?

I should like to write you another letter, to let you see that I shall in time, perhaps, regain my tranquillity. What pleasure will it be to me when I can reproach you with your injurious conduct, and feel it no longer: when I can let you see that I despise you, that I can speak with cool indifference of your treachery, that I have forgotten my sorrows, that I remember you no more than I wish you to remember me.

I allow that you have great advantage over me, you have inspired me with a passion which has deprived me of my reason; but you have no reason to be vain on that account. I was young, I was credulous; I had been immured from my infancy in a convent; I had seen none but disagreeable persons; I had never before heard the sound of flattery, which you incessantly applied. I thought those charms and that beauty which you had found in me, and which you made me perceive for the first time myself, were justly yours. I heard you well spoken of: all the world spoke in your favor, you practised every deception to make me love you, but I am at length awakened from the enchantment; you have assisted to break the charm, and I confess that your assistance was required.

In returning your letters, I have attentively perused the last two which you wrote me, and I have read them much oftener than I have your first letters, to prevent a relapse into my former follies. Ah! how much it cost me; and how happy I should have been if you would have allowed me to love you always! I feel that I am

still too much engrossed by my injuries and your infidelities ; but remember I have determined to regain a more tranquil state : this I will obtain, or release myself at once by some extremity, which you perhaps would learn without much sorrow. But I wish nothing more of you : I am an idiot to repeat the same thing so often ; I must resign you, and think no more of you ; I believe, too, I must write to you no more. Am I obliged to render you an account of all my feelings ? I fear I am. Adieu.

LORD GREY AND LADY BERKELEY.

THE following letters which passed between Lord Grey and the unfortunate Lady Henrietta Berkeley, appeared in a work entitled "The Amours of Philander and Sylvia," supposed to have been edited by Mrs. Behn. Lady Henrietta was the fifth daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley. Mary, her eldest sister, married the infamous Lord Grey, of Werke, by whom she was afterwards ruined. The Earl indicted him and several other persons for the offence. The trial took place in November, 1682, at Westminster Hall; and after a most affecting scene, the Lady Henrietta herself being present, and making oath that she had left home of her own accord, the jury were preparing to withdraw to consider their verdict, when a new tone was given to the proceedings by the lady declaring, in opposition to her father's claim to her person, "that she would not go with him; that she was married, and under no restraint, and that her husband was then in court." She was then claimed by a Mr. Turner as his wife. But the Earl still insisting upon the court giving his daughter into his custody, and she refusing to go with him, a scuffle ensued in the court, during which the judge ordered his tipstaff to take the lady into custody, and convey her to the King's Bench, whither Mr. Turner accompanied her. On the last day of the term, she was released by order of the court.

Lady Henrietta is stated to have died unmarried in 1710; consequently the claim of Turner must have been a mere collusion to save Lord Grey.

I.

SYLVIA TO PHILANDER.

Not yet?—not yet? Oh ye dull and tedious hours, when will ye glide away, and bring that happy moment in which I shall at last hear from my Philander? Eight-and-forty tedious ones are past, and I am here forgotten still—forlorn, impatient, restless everywhere; not one of all your little moments, ye undiverting hours, can afford me repose. I drag ye on, a heavy load. I count ye all, and bless ye when you are gone; but tremble at the approaching ones, and with a dread expect you; and nothing will divert me now: my couch is tiresome, and my glass is vain, my books are dull, and conversation insupportable; the grove affords me no relief, nor even those birds, to whom I have so often breathed Philander's name, they sing it on their perching boughs; no, nor the reviewing of his dear letters, can bring me any ease. Oh! what fate is reserved for me? For thus I cannot live; nor surely thus I shall not die. Perhaps Philander is making a trial of virtue by this silence; pursue it, call up all your reason, my lovely brother, to your aid. Let us be wise and silent; let us try what that will do towards the cure of this too infectious flame. Let us, oh, let us, my brother, sit down here, and pursue the crime of loving on no further. Call me sister; swear I am so, and nothing but your sister: and forbear, oh forbear, my charming brother, to pursue me further with your soft bewitching passion; let me alone, let me be ruined with honor, if I must be ruined; for oh! it were much happier I were no more, than that I should be more than Philander's sister, or he than Sylvia's brother. Oh let me even call you by that cold name till that of lover be

forgotten. Hah! methinks, on the sudden, a fit of virtue informs my soul, and bids me ask you for what sin of mine, my charming brother, you still pursue a maid that cannot flee. Ungenerous and unkind! Why did you take advantage of those freedoms I gave you as a brother? I smiled on you, and sometimes kissed you, too—all which I thought a sister might allow a brother; and knew not all the while the treachery of love. Oh none, but under that intimate title of a brother, could have the opportunity to have ruined me. I played away my heart at a game I could not understand, nor knew I when it was lost: by degrees so subtle, and an authority so lawful, you won me out of all. Nay then, too, even when all was lost, I would not think it love. I wondered what my sleepless nights and slumbering visions of my lovely brother meant. I wondered why my soul was continually filled with wishes and new desires, and still concluded it was for my sister all, till I discovered the cheat by jealousy; for when my sister hung upon your neck, kissed and caressed that face I adored, oh how I found my color change, my limbs all trembled, and my blood enraged; and I could scarce forbear reproaching you, or crying out, “why this fondness, brother?” Sometimes you perceived my concern, at which you’d smile, for you, who had been before in love (a curse upon the fatal time,) could guess at my disorder; then would you turn the wanton play on me. When sullen with my jealousy, and the cause, I fly your soft embrace, yet wish you would pursue and overtake me, which you ne’er failed to do, where, after a kind quarrel, all was pardoned, and all was well again. While the poor injured innocent, my sister, made herself sport at our delusive wars; still I was ignorant till you, in a most fatal hour, informed me I was a lover. Thus was it with my heart in those blest days of innocence; thus was it won and lost; nor can all my stars in heaven prevent, I doubt prevent my ruin. Now you are sure of the fatal conquest, you scorn the trifling glory; you are silent now. Oh, I am inevitably lost, or with you, or without you. And I find by this little silence and absence of yours that it is most certain I must either die, or be Philander’s.

SYLVIA.

P. S.—If Dorillus come not with a letter, or that my page, whom I have sent to his cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot support my life. For oh, Philander, I have a thousand wild distracting fears, knowing how you are involved in the interest you have espoused with the young Cesario ; how danger surrounds you ; how your life and glory depends on the frail secrecy of villains and rebels. Oh, give me leave to fear eternally your fame and life, if not your love. If Sylvia could command, Philander should be loyal as he is noble ; and what generous maid would not suspect his vows to a mistress who breaks them with his prince and master. Heaven preserve you and your glory.

II.

ANOTHER night, oh, heavens, and yet no letter come! Where are you, my Philander? What happy place contains you? If in heaven, why does not some posting angel bid me haste after you? If on earth, why does not some little god of love bring the grateful tidings on his painted wings? If sick, why does not my own fond heart by sympathy inform me? But that is all active, vigorous, wishing, impatient of delaying, silent, and busy in imagination. If you are false, if you have forgotten your poor, believing, and distracted Sylvia, why does not that kind tyrant, Death, that meagre, welcome vision of the despairing, old, and wretched, approach in dead of night, approach my restless bed, and toll the dismal tidings in my frightened listening ears, and strike me for ever silent, lay me for ever quiet, lost to the world, lost to my faithless charmer! But if a sense of honor in you has made you resolve to prefer mine before your love, made you take up a noble, fatal resolution never to tell me more of your passion, this were a trial I fear my fond heart wants courage to bear ; or is it a trick, a cold fit only assumed to try how much I love you? I have no arts, heaven knows, no guile or double meaning in my soul ; it is all plain native simplicity, fearful and timor-

ous as children in the night, trembling as doves pursued born soft by nature, and made tender by love, what, oh! what will become of me then? Yet would I were confirmed in all my fears. For, as I am, my condition is still more deplorable; for I am in doubt, and doubt is the worst torment of the mind. Oh, Philander, be merciful, and let me know the worst. Do not be cruel while you kill, do it with pity to the wretched Sylvia. Oh let me quickly know whether you are at all. Your most impatient and unfortunate

SYLVIA.

I rave, I die for some relief.

III.

As I was going to send away this enclosed, Dorillus came with two letters. Oh, you cannot think, Philander, with how much reason you call me fickle maid; for could you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unresolved between violent love and cruel honor, you would say it were impossible to fix me anywhere, or be the same thing for a moment together. There is not a short hour passed through the swift hand of time since I was all despairing, raging love, jealous, fearful, and impatient; and now, now that your fond letters have dispersed those demons, those tormenting counsellors, and given a little respite, a little tranquillity to my soul, like states luxurious grown with ease, it ungratefully rebels against the sovereign power that made it great and happy. And now that traitor honor heads the mutineers within, honor, whom my late mighty fears had almost famished and brought to nothing, warmed and revived by thy new protested flame, makes war against almighty love! And I, who but now nobly resolved for love, by an inconstancy natural to my sex, or rather my fears, am turned over to honor's side. So the despairing man stands on the river's bank, designed to plunge into the rapid stream, till coward fear seizing his timorous soul, he views around once more the flowery plains, and

looks with wishing eyes back to the groves, then sighing, stops and cries, "I was too rash," forsakes the dangerous shore, and hastes away. Thus indiscreet was I, was all for love, fond and undying love! But when I saw it with full tide flow in upon me, one glance of glorious honor makes me again retreat. I will—I am resolved, I must be brave! I cannot forget I am daughter to the great Beralti, sister to Myrtila, a yet unspotted maid, fit to produce a race of glorious heroes! And can Philander's love set no higher value on me than base, poor prostitution? Is that the price of his heart? Oh, how I hate thee now! or would to heaven I could!

SYLVIA.

IV.

PHILANDER TO SYLVIA.

My soul's eternal joy, my Sylvia! What have you done, and oh, how durst you, knowing my fond heart, try it with so fatal a stroke? What means this severe letter? and why so eagerly at this time? Woe the day! Is Myrtila's virtue so defended? Is it a question now whether she is false or not? Oh, poor, oh frivolous excuse! You love me not; by all that's good, you love me not. To try your power, you have flattered and feigned. Oh, woman, false, charming woman! you have undone me, I rave, and shall commit such extravagance that will ruin both. I must upbraid you, fickle and inconstant, I must. And this distance will not serve, it is too great; my reproaches lose their force, I burst with resentment, with injured love, and you are either the most faithless of your sex, or the most malicious and tormenting. Oh, I am past tricks, Sylvia, your little arts might do well in a beginning flame, but to a settled fire, that is arrived to the highest degree, it does but damp its fierceness, and, instead of drawing one on, would lessen my esteem, if any such deceit were capable

to harbor in the heart of Sylvia ; but she is all divine, and I am mistaken in the meaning of what she says.

Remember, oh Sylvia, that five tedious days are past since I sighed at your dear feet ; and five days to a man so madly in love as your Philander, is a tedious age ; it is now six o'clock in the morning, Brillard will be with you by eight, and by ten I may have permission to see you, and then I need not say how soon I will present myself before you at Belfont. For heaven's sake, my eternal blessing, if you design me this happiness, contrive it so that I may see nobody that belongs to Belfont but the fair, the lovely Sylvia ; for I must be more moments with you than will be convenient to be taken notice of, lest they suspect our business to be love, and that discovery yet may ruin us. Oh, I will delay no longer, my soul is impatient to see you. I cannot live another night without it. I die, by heaven, I languish for the appointed hour. You will believe, when you see my languid face and dying eyes, how much and great a sufferer I am.

My soul's delight, you may perhaps deny me from your fear, but, oh, do not, though I ask a mighty blessing. Oh, though I faint with the thought only of so blessed an opportunity, yet you shall secure me, by what vows, by what imprecations, by what ties you please. But let me hear your angel's voice, and have the transporting joy of throwing myself at your feet. And if you please, give me leave (a man condemned eternally to love) to plead a little for my life and passion. Let me remove your fears ; and though that mighty task never make me entirely happy, at least it will be a great satisfaction to me to know that it is not through my fault that I am the

Most wretched

PHILANDER.



LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

DURING the reign of James I., and his son Charles, there were born in England three remarkable women, who have remained almost unequalled as examples of pure love and conjugal affection. Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of one of Cromwell's invincible soldiers; Anne Harrison, of Sir Richard Fanshawe, a gallant Cavalier; and Lady Rachel, daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and wife of the martyred Lord William Russell, executed for treason, July 21st, 1683. The first two mentioned each wrote their memoirs; they each had to endure privations, which they bore with heroic fortitude: they were each devoted to their husbands, and faithful to the principles which their husbands adopted. Lady Russell is known to literature by her much-admired 'Letters,' and to history by her great sorrows, compared with which the trials of Lady Fanshawe and Mrs. Col. Hutchinson cannot for a moment be compared. No examples in ancient or modern history can surpass the tenderness and fortitude of the noble lady of Lord Russell, who became his wife in 1667, and who survived him forty years. The day before his trial for high treason she wrote: "Your friends believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try;—my resolution will hold out; pray let yours;" and when the prisonor asked for somebody to write, to help his memory, and the court gave permission that he might have a servant, he replied,

“My wife is here to do it.” Lady Russell’s fortitude and magnanimity during the trial excited even the admiration of her husband’s bitterest foes. After her death in 1723, two collections of her correspondence were published, including her letters to her husband, and her correspondence from the date of Lord Russell’s execution till the time of George the First.

I.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1678.

AFTER a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, and mingled my uncle’s whey with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here ; our want is yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition ; to say a little of the past, I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me ; it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Seven Oaks ; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night ; I hope the quilt is remembered ; and Francis must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate ; here is no table to set it on ; but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Forster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion, I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.

From your

R. RUSSELL.

Past ten o'clock.—Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet ; you will let Northumberland know we are well ; and Allie.

II.

STRATTON, 1681—Thursday morning.

A MESSENGER bringing things from Ailsford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well ; if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one's curiosity on any other point ; for having said thus much, I am ready to conclude, with this one secret, first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so I am the most grateful wife, and my heart most gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all for this time,

From your

R. RUSSELL.

Boy is asleep, girls singing abed. Lord Marquis sent a compliment yesterday, that he heard one of the girls had the measles ; and if I would remove the rest, he would leave his house at an hour's warning. I hope you deliver my service to Mr. James.

For the Lord Russell, to be left at Frimley.

DEAN SWIFT.

Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

As a writer of pure, plain, vigorous, idiomatic English, Jonathan Swift has no superior, nor do we find in the annals of literature any account of such strange and unmanly conduct towards women as was exhibited in the career of the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Who has not heard of Stella and Vanessa, two amiable and devoted creatures, that fell victims to his barbarous selfishness, as certainly murdered as if he had plunged a poniard through their hearts? Lilliput and Brobdignag will not longer preserve the name of Dean Swift, than will the record of his cruel and execrable treatment of Varina, Stella, and Vanessa. 'Tis an oft-told tale, and one of the saddest in literary biography. Swift, though Irish by birth, was of English descent. His grandfather was a clergyman in Herefordshire, and married a cousin of the poet Dryden : his father who was steward of the Irish inns of Court, died in 1667, and Jonathan was born at Dublin, in the same year. When a student in the University of his native city, he fell in love with Jane Waryng, (Varina) whom he deserted after a fifteen years' engagement. His next victim, Esther Johnson, (Stella,) was an inmate at New Park, the seat of Sir William

Temple, and when Swift first saw her was a blooming girl of fifteen, with very black hair, brilliant eyes and delicate features. Five years later he persuaded her to leave England, and under the protection of a respectable elderly lady take up her residence near him at Laracor. Subsequently, when he became Dean of St. Patricks, she removed to Dublin. He was accustomed to spend part of every day in her society : but never without the presence of a third person ; and when he was absent Stella and Mrs. Dingley, (often alluded to in Swift's humorous poems,) took possession of the Deanery and occupied it till his return. To her lodgings came Swift's friends, who were among the most clever and cultivated men of the day : and at the Dean's dinner parties, she was usually present, where, says Sheridan, "the modesty of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, and the brilliance of her wit, rendered her the general object of admiration to all who were so happy as to have a place in that enviable society." While in Laracor in 1710, Swift met Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa.) A great deal has been written about this unfortunate lady, most of which is mere conjecture beyond what is contained in Swift's "Journal to Stella," and his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa." Much in the same way as Stella had done, did this third victim with her sister follow him to Dublin, taking up her residence there. Stella's jealousy caused stormy scenes ; the presence of her rival, and the unsettled state of Swift's affections preyed upon her, and her health gave way. He commissioned the Bishop of Clogher to ask the cause of her melancholy and the result of his inquiry was that his behavior had totally changed, and that a cold indifference had succeeded to the warmest professions of eternal affection—that the necessary consequences would be an indelible stain fixed on her character, and the loss of her good name which

was dearer to her than her life. Swift at length consented to their marriage on the humiliating conditions that she would keep it secret and should continue to live separately exactly as they did before. In 1716 Swift and Stella were privately married by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, the ceremony taking place at the Deanery. He never saw her alone until she lay on her deathbed ; a singular state of things, for which various reasons have conjecturally been assigned. Swift continued to visit and correspond with Vanessa ; she was always melancholy when he was absent, when he came she was happy : and so the months and years passed, the poor girl waiting in heart-wearying suspense for the day that she could call him husband. The conclusion of one of his letters written at this time to Vanessa shows Swift to have been a scoundrel. He says : “*Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n’a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami, que vous.*” Unable to endure her misery any longer, she in 1723 wrote to Stella demanding to know her relations with Swift. Stella enclosed the letter to him and he in a paroxysm of fury, presented himself to Vanessa, and with a look of scorn threw it down and departed without a word. This cruel scene was her death-warrant ; the shock was too much ; it threw her in a delirious fever, and in a few weeks she was in

“Those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens.”

His other victim did not long survive, but died of a lingering decline, broken in heart, and blighted in name, four years after the death of Vanessa.

When Swift and Stella met alone for the first and last time after their marriage, it was when his poor wife was

dying. A door being left ajar to give the invalid air, a portion of their conversation was overheard, though they spoke in whispers. "Well, my dear," said her destroyer, "it shall be acknowledged if you wish it," to which she answered with a sigh, "It is now too late." After her death one of her dark tresses came into the possession of an antiquary. It was wrapped in paper and inscribed in Swift's hand-writing, "only a woman's hair." He survived poor Stella seventeen years, and died in 1745, a drivelling idiot, bequeathing all his property, amounting to about fifty thousand dollars, for the foundation of an asylum for lunatics and idiots.

I.

SWIFT TO VARINA

APRIL, 29, 1696.

MADAM,—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, indeed, of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For, indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happi-

ness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed forever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honorable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are found to fling it away on those who have been these five thousand years using us ill. Philosophy advises us to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors; every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villain if I have not been poring this half-hour over the paper, merely for want of something to say to you; or is it rather that I have so much to say to you, that I know not where to begin, though at last 'tis all very likely to be arrant repetition?

You have now had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My Lady Donegal tells me that it is feared my Lord Deputy will not live many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and after one visit of leave to his Excellency, hasten to England; and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here, will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with

whom you please till my affairs are settled to your desire ; and in the meantime I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and put-offs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore, perhaps, you are more eager to part with it as an older acquaintance ; but listen to what I here solemnly protest by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me ; they hale me a thousand ways, and I am not able to bear them. It is so, by heaven : the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning ! It was your pity that opened first the way to my misfortune ; and now your love is finishing my ruin ; and is it so then ? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina ; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me ? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege ? How comes it they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you anything that might cross your interest or your happiness ?

Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honorable, unlimited love ; yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted ? Trust me, Varina, heaven has given us nothing

else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition ; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing, forever losing, irrecoverably losing, to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humor. These are the unhappy encumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to human life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced, and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue ? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches but cannot improve. We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no help from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning is a strain of self-denial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue ; but when they are grounded at first upon reason, when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, 'tis folly—folly as well as injustice, to withstand their dictates ; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes ; and 'tis as possible to err in excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina ; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should have been infinitely unhappy. The little disguises and affected contradictions of your sex, were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine ; paltry maxims, that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O, Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows ! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open ! No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper, though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam, and may love make you awhile forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours,

JON. SWIFT.

II.

VANESSA TO SWIFT.

You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me ; for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you ; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O ! but that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity ! I say as little as ever I can ; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me : and believe I cannot help telling you this and live.

III.

VANESSA TO SWIFT.

LONDON, Sept. 1st, 1712.

HAD I a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time. I never could think till now that

London was so far off in your thoughts, and that twenty miles were, by your computation, equal to some thousands. I thought it a piece of charity to undeceive you in this point, and to let you know, if you give yourself the trouble to write, I may probably receive your letter in a day : 'twas that made me venture to take pen in hand the third time. Sure you'll not let it be to no purpose. You must needs be extremely happy where you are, to forget absent friends ; and I believe you have formed a new system, and think there is no more of this world, passing your sensible horizon. If this be your notion, I must excuse you ; if not, you can plead no other excuse ; and if it be, sir, I must reckon myself of another world ; but I shall have much ado to be persuaded till you send me some convincing arguments of it. Don't dally in a thing of this consequence, but demonstrate that 'tis possible to keep up a correspondence between friends though in different worlds, and assure one another, as I do you, that I am your most obedient and most humble servant,

E. VANHOMRIGH.

IV.

SWIFT TO VANESSA.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel ; but since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I was in great apprehension that poor Molkin was worse ; and till I could be satisfied in that particular I would not write again ; but I little expected to have heard of your own ill health : and those who saw you since made no mention to me of it. I wonder what Molkin meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better.

It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years ; and since I have had such ill success, I will write no more. Never was a *belle passion* so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous : and upon your word you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping, do your duty, and leave off huffing. One would imagine you were in love, by dating your letter August 29th, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction ; prove to me first that it was possible to answer anything to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out ; and I am sure it cost me a great many thoughts to make my letter difficult. * * * Yesterday I was half way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led ? and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropt by careless messengers. A stroke thus—signifies everything that may be said to *Cad*,* at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by *Cad* should be difficult to *Skinage*. I must now leave off abruptly, for I intend to send this letter to-day, August 4.

V.

VANESSA TO SWIFT.

CAD—you are good beyond expression, and I will never quarrel again if I can help it ; but, with submission, 'tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last letter I wrote to you was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner ; it would have been much

* Cadenus was a name assumed by Swift in this correspondence

easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote the sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as 'twas possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction. What I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning—where do you think I wished to be then? And do you think I wished to be then? Think that was the only time I wished so since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done, and hope to do. Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased to hear you talk of being in a huff; 'tis the first time you ever told me so. I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing—Cad. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Skinage.

VI.

SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary mind to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg

you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease ; and that you have no pretences in the world to, if all the advantages in life can be any defence against it. Cad assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value above all things, and so will do to the end of his life, but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men in all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and converse with fools and impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health, you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and become so low as to have no spirits. I answer all your questions that you were used to ask Cad, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? You were once a good lawyer, but Cad has spoiled you. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cad shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks' plantations and ditchings, as if they were my own concern, and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them.

Shall you, who have so much honor and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things are as you desire. I can say no more, being called away—*mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you nor intend till I see you again ; there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

VII.

SACHARISA TO SWIFT.*

THURSDAY, MORNING Four o'clock.

If I was not thoroughly convinced that the author of this distracted scroll will forever be sunk in oblivion, I would choose death in any shape before I would reveal the continual anguish I have suffered, even before I saw your godlike form; for believe me, my passion first got birth by perusing your inimitable writings. If women were allowed to speak their thoughts, I would glory in my choice, and spread your fame (if possible) further than these narrow limits of the earth.

'Tis my misfortune to be in the care of persons who generally keep youth under such restraint as won't permit them to publish their passion, though never so violent. And such I must confess mine for you to be. Could you conceive the many pangs, the many different pangs I feel, I flatter myself you would lighten the insupportable burthen of my love by generously bearing a part. When I consider to whom I speak, that 'tis to the divine, immortal Swift, I am confounded at my vanity; but alas! the malignity of my disorder is so great, that my love soon gets the better of the regard and homage I render even to his name. But certain it is, if you don't flatter this absurd but sincere passion of mine, I must expect death as the just reward of my presumption; and be assured were it any but yourself I would cheerfully suffer that before I would have my passion returned with disdain. And as I expect no other from you, beg you'll publish it in *Faulkner's Journal*, under what fictitious name you please: for if I have the least understanding I shall distinguish your writings (under ever so many disadvantages) from any other: (inscribe it Sacharisa).

* The writer of this letter is not known. Sacharisa is the poetical name given by the courtly Waller to one of his loves, the Lady Dorothea Sydney, and signifies *sweetness*.

You may easily imagine with what impatience I shall expect Friday. I can't add how much I am yours till the arrival of my doom.

SACHARISA.

VIII.

SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Nymph, would you learn the only art
 To keep a worthy lover's heart,
 First, to adorn your person well,
 In utmost cleanliness excel;
 And though you must the fashions take,
 Observe them but for fashions' sake.
 The strongest reason will submit
 To virtue, honor, sense, and wit.
 To such a nymph, the wise and good
 Cannot be faithless, if they would:
 For vices all have different ends.
 But Virtue still to Virtue tends;
 And when your lover is not true,
 'Tis Virtue fails in him, or you;
 And either he deserves disdain,
 Or you without a cause complain.
 But here Vanessa cannot err,
 Nor are these rules applied to her.
 For who could such a nymph forsake,
 Except a blockhead or a rake?
 Or how could she her heart bestow,
 Except where wit and Virtue grow?

IX.

SWIFT TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

STELLA, this day is thirty-four
 (We shan't dispute a year or more);
 However Stella be not troubled,

Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined,
Made up so largely is thy mind.

Oh, would it please the Gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish art a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, a writer who ranks as second only to Addison among English Essayists was born in 1671 at Dublin, to which city his father had gone as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Steele was sent to Oxford to complete his education, but bent on being a soldier, and discouraged by his family, he eloped and enlisted in the Horse Guards. His officers, knowing him to be a gentleman, and becoming aware of his social qualities, procured for him an ensign's commission ; and, in the gay company of the mess, he exhibited and cherished his good-hearted liveliness, his inclination for dissipated extravagance, and the flightiness which in after life made him a rash and unsuccessful speculator. After the accession of George the First, Steele was knighted and appointed a commissioner for the forfeited estates in Scotland. He died in Wales in 1729. The following love letters were addressed to Miss Mary Scurlock, who in accordance with the fashion in vogue a century and a half ago, was styled "Mrs.," only girls under ten years of age being addressed as Miss. She afterwards became the wife of Sir Richard Steele. The first six of the series are taken from the "Tatler" and "Spectator," and have been pronounced "masterpieces of ardor and respect, of tender passion and honest feeling, of good sense and

earnestness, as well as of playful sweetness." The first one is introduced with the following paragraph :

" WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, June 29.

"I know no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in despair for the inexorable Clarissa, lately resolved to fall in love with the good old way of bargain and sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed ; for he accosts her in a strain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would choose for his life. I have hardly ever heard rough truth spoken with a better grace than in this his letter.

I

STEELE TO MARY SCURLOOK.

"MADAM:—I writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy and give you this trouble to urge the same request I made then, which was, that I may be permitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it was a transgression of the most severe rules to allow it : I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your sex, of giving unnecessary torments to their admirers ; therefore hope you will do so much justice to the generous passion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I shall not trouble you with my sentiments until I know how they will be received ; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you ; you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as

good-humored, as any woman breathing ; but, I must confess to you, I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, madam, the only lasting motive to love, is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me word when I may attend you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things ; though, at the same time, I know not how I shall approach you in the tender moment of first seeing you, after this declaration of, madam, your most obedient, and most faithful humble servant," etc.

More than two years elapse before the fair readers of the two famous periodical papers that bestowed a new charm upon society were indulged with any more love-letters. In the 'Spectator,' No. 142, the anxiety for a continuation of such impassioned effusions was abundantly gratified.

"The following being genuine, and the images of a worthy passion, I am willing to give the old lady's admonition to myself, and the representation of her own happiness, a place in my writings.

" AUGUST 9th, 1711.

"MR. SPECTATOR:—I am now in the sixty-seventh year of my age, and read you with approbation ; but methinks you do not strike at the root of the greatest evil in life, which is the false notion of gallantry in love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot ; but I who have been a wife forty years, and was bred up in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the folly of it. In a word, sir, when I was a young woman, all who avoided the vices of the age were very carefully educated, and all fantastical objects were turned out of our sight. The tapestry-hangings, with the great and venerable simplicity of the Scripture stories, had better effects than now the loves of Venus and Adonis, or Bacchus and Ariadne, in your fine present prints. The gentleman I am married to made love to me in rapture, but it was the rapture of a Christian, and a man of honor, not of a ro-

mantic hero or a whining coxcomb. This put our life upon a right basis. To give you an idea of our regard one to another, I inclose you several of his letters writ forty years ago, when my lover ; and one writ the other day, after so many years' cohabitation.

Your servant,

ANDROMACHE.



II

AUGUST 7th, 1671.

“MADAM:—If my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you ; I say, madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself ! how is all my attention broken ! my books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity. To grant it would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

I am, Madam,

Your most devoted, most obedient servant.

Though I made him no declarations in his favor, you see he had hopes of me when he writ this in the month following :

III.

SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1671.

“MADAM,—Before the light this morning dawned upon the earth I awaked, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts ; I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies ; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex insnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind ; your soul is as dear to me as my own ; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavors towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy ; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ ; therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

I am, dearest creature,
Your most obedient, most devoted servant,

The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed.

IV.

SEPTEMBER 25th, 1671.

MADAM:—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, “What news from Holland?” and I answered, “She is exquisitely handsome.” Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor; I replied, “She designs to go with me.” Pr’ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours.

V.

SEPTEMBER 30th, seven in the morning.

DEAR CREATURE:—Next to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavors to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

Madam, your most faithful,

Most obedient, humble servant.

He was, when he writ the following letter, as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England :

VII.

OCTOBER 20th, 1671.

MADAM :—I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love: love, which animates my heart, sweetens my humor, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirers some similitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavor to please him and each other.

I am, forever, your faithful servant.

By the publication of Steele's letters, written during his married life, an eminent writer says, "the most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures—everything, in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the most sacred, and which repeatedly he had begged 'might be shown to no one living,' became the property of all the

world. It will be seen, as we proceed, how he stands a test such as never was applied, within our knowledge, to any other man on earth." The first of the following letters was published as a Dedication to the "The Ladies' Library."

VII.

JULY 21st, 1714.

MADAM:—If great obligations received are just motives for addresses of this kind, you have an unquestionable pretension to my acknowledgments, who have condescended to give me your very self. I can make no return for so inestimable a favor but in acknowledging the generosity of the giver. To have either wealth, wit, or beauty, is generally a temptation to a woman to put an unreasonable value upon herself; but with all these, in a degree which drew upon you the addresses of men of the simplest fortunes, you bestowed your person where you could have no expectations but from the gratitude of the receiver, though you knew he could exert that gratitude in no other returns but esteem and love. For which must I first thank you? For what you have denied yourself, or for what you have bestowed on me?

I owe to you that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty, and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow. I will not dwell upon this particular; you are so good a wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I can give, when I say anything in your favor to my own disadvantage.

Whoever should see or hear you, would think it were worth leaving all the world for you; while I, habitually possessed of that happiness, have been throwing away impotent endeavors for the rest of mankind, to the neglect of her for whom any other man in his senses would be apt to sacrifice everything else.

I know not by what unreasonable prepossession it is,

but methinks there must be something austere to give authority to wisdom; and I cannot account for having only rallied many seasonable sentiments of yours, but that you are too beautiful to appear judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise, from what is said by so lovely a counsellor. Hard fate, that you have been lessened by your perfections, and lost power by your charms!

That ingenuous spirit in all your behavior, that familiar grace in your words and actions, has for this seven years only inspired admiration and love; but experience has taught me the best counsel I ever have received has been pronounced by the fairest and softest lips, and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend, as well as a charming mistress.

Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person, nor shall your eyes for the future dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding. I rejoice in this public occasion to show my esteem for you, and must do you the justice to say that there can be no virtue represented in all this collection for the female world which I have not known you exert, as far as the opportunities of your fortune has given you leave. Forgive me that my heart overflows with love and gratitude for daily instances of your prudent economy, the just disposition you make of your little affairs, your cheerfulness in dispatch of them, your prudent forbearance of any reflections that they might have needed less vigilance had you disposed of your fortune suitably; in short, for all the arguments you every day give me of a generous and sincere affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the proofs I have had, in those circumstances, of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! how often anguish from my afflicted heart! With how skillful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! how often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation!

If there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form, than my wife.

But I offend, and forget that what I say to you is to appear in public. You are so great a lover of home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the world even in an applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know is the effect of passion and instinct. That I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason.

I am, Madam,
Your most obliged husband,
And most obedient, humble servant,
RICH. STEELE.

VIII.

APRIL 22nd, 1717.

MY DEAR PRUE:—I have yours, which is full of good sense, and shows in you a true greatness of mind. But at the same time that, according to your advice, I shun all engagements which may ensnare my integrity, I am to seek all occasions of profit that are consistent with it. Little Molly, who is in the house with me, is a constant dun to get money; for it gives my imagination the severest wound when I consider that she, or any of my innocents, with nothing but their mere innocence to plead for them, should be exposed to that world, which would not so much as repair the losses and sufferings of their poor father, after all his zeal and supererogatory service. You say well, “I will be well for them to have it to say their father kept his integrity;” but if they say at the same instant, he left us competent estates, it will be so far from lessening, that it will advance his character. But I shall not spend much time to convince you that it

is a good thing to get money, but solemnly promise you I will no more omit any fair opportunity of doing it.

You writ to me some time ago to order you a newspaper; I have done so, and the letter from the Secretary's office also will come every post to you.

The scene of business will be very warm at the next session; but my lesson is so short (that of following my conscience), that I shall go through the storm without losing a wink of sleep. I have told you, in a former letter, that ever since you went I have been almost as great a cripple as your dear mother was; and, indeed, I recover mighty slowly. I take your advice of temperance; and am, with my whole heart,

Yours forever.

IX.

JUNE 20th, 1717.

DEAR PRUE:—I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but where we entirely love, the continuance of anything they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations; once for all, pray take it for granted, that my regard and conduct towards all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

I hope, by the grace of God, to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in anything which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past actions, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stoop to a female reign, as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But, to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure, and come to lie at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better

way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband, and, if you take my advice, I would have them have a being in our house, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure, to pass your time with me, in diversions, in books, in entertainments, and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times; for, though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and housewifery, and I know not what prepossession against conversation-pleasures robs me of the witty and the handsome woman, to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses, and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I possibly can in the best company in the world. We cannot tell here what to think of the trial of my Lord Oxford; if the Ministry are in earnest in that, and I should see it will be extended to a length of time, I will leave them to themselves, and wait upon you.

Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and, if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me. They are, I thank God, all very well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire, who is, with the greatest fondness,

Your most obliged and most obedient husband

RICH. STEELE.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

What lady's that to whom he justly bends?
Who knows not her! Ah, those are Wortley's eyes;
How art thou honored, remembered with her friends—
For she distinguishes the good and wise!

JOHN GAY.

“KEEP my letters, they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence.” Thus wrote Lady Montagu in a consciousness, which the opinion of a century has confirmed, that she was herself one of the best letter-writers in the English language. Lady Mary Pierrepont the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, was born in 1690. Under the same preceptors as her brother, she acquired a classical education, and her studies were subsequently superintended by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. In July, 1710, she sends to the Bishop the manuscript of her translation of ‘Epictetus,’—“the work of one week of my solitude.” A little later she meets Wortley Montagu, who in due course of time wins her affection and asks her hand in marriage; but is refused by the proud Duke, he “having no inclination to see his grandchildren beggars.” He wishes his daughter to marry a wealthy suitor; she refuses, and so the battle begins. The Duke threatens to send her to a remote part of the country, and at his death to leave her the most moderate annuity. While the lovers contrive to carry on a constant correspondence, the father proceeds with the marriage arrangements, on the supposi-

tion that his threats will induce her to yield. Settlements were drawn for Lord Dorchester to sign ; wedding clothes were bought, and all arrangements made for the approaching ceremonies. The lovers were also consummating their plans. She writes : "I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me forever? Shall we never repent?" She is well aware she will exasperate her family to the highest degree, nevertheless, "I will be only yours, and I will do what you please." Again she writes, "Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me." Just before the day appointed by the Duke for his daughter's marriage with Lord Dorchester, she left her father's house, and on August 12, 1712, was privately married by special license to her lover and correspondent, Edward Wortley Montagu. He was the same year elected to parliament, and his wife soon became, through her wit and beauty, at once a chief ornament of London society, and a flattered friend of Addison, Pope, and other men of letters. The latter became her enthusiastic admirer, as is evinced by the passionate letters he addressed to her. In the year 1716, she went abroad with her husband who had been appointed ambassador to Constantinople. Her two years' residence in the East produced her celebrated 'Letters,' abounding both in liveliness and observations, and are deservedly ranked among the very best things of their kind. On her return she succeeded, (not, however, without encountering the most bitter opposition,) in introducing the practice of inoculation for small-pox, to which, seeing it in Turkey, she had submitted her own son. She wrote verses for many years, and continued to keep up her intimacy with literary men ; but she quarreled with Pope, and was

pilloried by him in some of his bitterest stanzas. After an absence of two and twenty years on the continent, residing chiefly near Venice, she returned to England in October, 1761, and died on the 21st of August, in the year following. Her daughter, to whom many of her letters are addressed, married George the Third's favorite minister, the Earl of Bute.

I.

LADY MARY PIERREPONT TO E. W. MONTAGU.

NO DATE.

PERHAPS you'll be surprised at this letter : I have had many debates with myself before I could resolve upon it. I know it is not acting in form, but I do not look upon you as I do upon the rest of the world, and by what I do for you, you are not to judge of my manner of acting with others. You are brother to a woman I tenderly loved, my protestations of friendship are not like other people's. I never speak but what I mean, and when I say I love, 'tis for ever. I had that real concern for Mrs. Wortley, I look with some regard on every one that is related to her. This and my long acquaintance with you may in some measure excuse what I am doing. I am surprised at one of the Tatlers you send me ; is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations ? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world they seem to take pains to condemn it ; we despise it without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further ; was I to choose of 2000*l.* a-year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an una-

voidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world ; (it) takes off from the happiness of life ; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of I own entertain me sometimes, but it is impossible to be diverted with what one despises. I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is, was necessary to make one so. I confess that never can be my way of reasoning ; as I always forgive an injury when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself obliged by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy ; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy ; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so, which (of the humors you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy or loved where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it ; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do. Few women would have wrote so plain as I have done ; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world, and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all.

I don't enjoin you to burn this letter, I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You may never expect another, I resolve against all correspondence of the kind ; my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken.

To Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, at Wortley,
near Sheffield, Yorkshire.

II.

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August ; it came not hither till the 20th : you say something of a packet-boat, etc., which makes me uncertain whether you'll received my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your destruction. In my opinion this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr. Steele has observed in one of his plays, "that the most passionate among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the upholders." I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest, as well as his mistress ; or if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence (among all his distractions) to consider that a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me, but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no ; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden—I hope I am not in your power—I would give a good deal to be satisfied, etc.

As to writing—that any woman would do who thought she writ well. Now I say, no woman of common good sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just :—perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well ; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you that I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on't. The generality of the

world have a great indulgence to their own follies : without being a jot wiser than my neighbors, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humor, The expression is modest enough, but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should not be out of humor ; but you would have me say I am violently in love ; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to contemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness, but amongst all the popish saints and martyrs I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you, but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live.

M. P.

III.

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter,—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment. Were this true, what is there I would not do to secure you ?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands, I have made no scruple of giving you, under

my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you : if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me ; I pretend no tie upon your honor ; but in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage ?

I have not the usual pride of my sex ; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet. I came young into the hurry of the world—a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me : all who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless. I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to show my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you pleased. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one ? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity ?

M. P.

IV.

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country ; or if in the country to Durham or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish with all my soul I thought as you do. I endeavor to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me. I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses ; but to my infinite affliction I can believe

neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways ; you would find an easy quality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next ; neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion ; and who could bear to live with one they despised ?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account ; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would soon be tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy, and the more because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished, but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

I should not choose to live in a crowd : I could be

very well pleased to be in London without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, etc., are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of anything without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this if you can like me on my own terms, 'tis not to me you must make the proposals ; if not, to what purpose is our correspondence ?

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.

M. P.

V.

INDEED, I do not at all wonder that absence and variety of new faces should make you forget me : but I am a little surprised at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart ? You can frame no guesses about it either from my speaking or writing, and supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way. I begin to be tired of my humility ; I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought ; you make new scruples ; you have a great deal of fancy, and your distrusts, being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are sort of animals, that if ever they are constant 'tis only where they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe ; experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been, one must be stupid not to find a

difference in your letters. You seem in one part of **your** last to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined, let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever. Make no answer. I wish, among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you: and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving and every one happier. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain, what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so; however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do—that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

M. P.

VI.

29TH MARCH.

THOUGH your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise; all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel, at a kind expression from a friend I es-

teemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, etc., supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you, than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humors that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there are few of my acquaintances I should ever wish to see again, and the pleasing one and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world, and everything we see done is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests and pleasures, being undivided, a mutual esteem which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine lady or a fine gentleman out of town and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse, and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough, not to think this science romantic: I rather choose to use the word friendship than love, because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on passion than reason, and when I say friendship I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself; I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man

of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have, and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better, and that I never forget that you have a better understanding than myself. And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty after so bold a declaration. I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power; but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart; if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no farther, I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honor, and I dare trust you. I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there, it depends upon you in what manner.

M. P.

VII.

E. W. MONTAGU TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

SATURDAY MORNING.

EVERY time you see me gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me, yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer. Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you I am often so dull I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own that the expression was so very obscure when I said if I had you I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me, I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in everything else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will

like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may with a little care please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible that I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all as I was last night, when I disobliged one that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. Steele,* you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow or next day. Let her dine with you or go to visit shops, Hyde-park, or other diversions. You may bring her home; I can be in the house reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow: I think a man or woman is under no engagements till the writings are sealed, but it looks like indiscretion even to begin a treaty without a probability of concluding it. When you hear all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve; I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me—'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy unless you refuse me. Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the style, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that can charm. It is possible that they may strike me less after a time, but I may then consider that I have once enjoyed them in perfection; that they would have

*The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.

decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him and none other.

E. W. MONTAGU.

VIII.

LADY MARY PIERREPONT TO E. W. MONTAGU.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I RECEIVED both your Monday letters before I writ the inclosed, which, however, I send you. The kind letter was writ and sent Friday morning, and I did not receive yours till Saturday noon. To speak truth, you would never have had it—there were so many things in yours to put me out of humor. Thus you see it was on no design to repair anything that offended you. You only show me how industrious you are to find faults in me; why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you? I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong,) but in the way that I am here 'tis impossible. I can't come to town but in company with my sister-in-law; I can carry her nowhere but where she pleases; or if I could I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man, judge of the consequences.

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in the thought, however advantageous it might be to me. I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that, but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shown in my life, I know not one action of it that proved me mercenary.

I think there cannot be a greater proof to the contrary than my treating with you, where I am to depend entirely upon your generosity. At the same time that I may have settled upon me £500 per annum pin-money, and a considerable jointure in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his temper what command of his estate I please, and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit to you; money is very little to me; because all beyond necessities I do not value, that is to be purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had £10,000 per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of show, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme proposed by that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side I endeavor to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. The mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlightened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of

tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me,) though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into the dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another.

The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and horses, and out of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London, and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you; whoever I marry, when I am married I renounce all things of the kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours. I will part with anything for you, but you. I will not have you a month, to lose you the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my

own heart whether I can leave everything for you. I think I can ; if I change my mind you shall know before Sunday ; after that I will not change my mind. If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall be certainly displeased with myself for it, and wish a thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased ; but however, I hope I shall always remember how much more miserable than anything else would make me, should I be, to live with you, and please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing, when you are not pleased with your wife. One of the Spectators is very just, that says, a man ought always to be upon his guard against spleen, and a too severe philosophy ; a woman against coquetry and levity. If we go to Naples I will make no acquaintances there of any kind ; and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness ; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

IX.

I AM going to write you a plain long letter. What I have already told you is nothing but the truth. I have no reason to believe that I am going to be otherwise confined than by my duty ; but I that know my own mind, know that is enough to make me miserable. I see all the misfortune of marrying where it is impossible to love. I am going to confess a weakness that may perhaps add to your contempt of me. I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations ; but as every day added to my fears, those at last grew strong enough to make me venture the disobliging them. A harsh word always damps my spirits

to a degree of silencing all I have to say. I knew the folly of my own temper, and took the method of writing to the disposer of me. I said everything in this letter I thought proper to move him, and proffered, in atonement for not marrying whom he would, never to marry at all. He did not think fit to answer this letter, but sent for me to him. He told me he was very much surprised that I did not depend on his judgment for my future happiness; that he knew nothing I had to complain of, etc.; that he did not doubt I had some other fancy in my head, which encouraged me to this disobedience; but he assured me if I refused a settlement he had provided for me, he gave me his word, whatever proposals were made him, he would never so much as enter into a treaty with any other; that if I founded any hopes on his death, I should find myself mistaken: he never intended to leave me anything but an annuity of 400*l.* per annum; that though another would proceed in this manner, after I had given so just a pretence for it, yet he had the goodness to leave my destiny yet in my own choice, and at the same time commanded me to communicate my design to my relations, and ask their advice. As hard as this may sound, it did not shock my resolution: I was pleased to think, at any price, I had it in my power to be free from a man I hated. I told my intention to all my nearest relations. I was surprised at their blaming it to the greatest degree. I was told they were sorry I would ruin myself; but if I was so unreasonable, they could not blame my father, whatever he inflicted on me. I objected I did not love him. They made answer, they found no necessity for loving; if I lived well with him, that was all was required of me; and that if I considered this town, I should find very few women in love with their husbands, and yet a many happy. It was in vain to dispute with such prudent people; they looked upon me as a little romantic, and I found it impossible to persuade them that living in London at liberty was not the height of happiness. However, they could not change my thoughts, though I found I was to expect no protection from them. When I was to give my final answer to —, I told him that I preferred a single life to any other, and if he pleased to permit me, I would take that resolution. He

replied, that he could not hinder my resolutions, but I should not pretend after that to please him, since pleasing him was only to be done by obedience; that if I would disobey I knew the consequences; he would not fail to confine me, where I might repent at leisure; that he had also consulted my relations, and found them all agreeing in his sentiments. He spoke this in a manner that hindered my answering. I retired to my chamber, where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome, that I should be miserable beyond all things could be imagined, but I was in his hands, and he might dispose of me as he thought fit. He was perfectly satisfied with this answer, and proceeded as if I had given a willing consent. I forget to tell you, he named you, and said, if I thought that way, I was very much mistaken; that if he had no other engagements, yet he would never have agreed to your proposals, having no inclination to see his grandchildren beggars.

I do not speak this to alter your opinion, but to show the improbability of his agreeing to it. I confess I am entirely of your mind. I reckon it among the absurdities of custom that a man must be obliged to settle his estate on an eldest son, beyond his power to recall, whatever he proves to be, and make himself unable to make happy a younger child that may deserve to be so. If I had an estate myself I should not make such ridiculous settlements; and I cannot blame you for being in the right.

I have told you all my affairs with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer; and I have not persuaded you to a treaty, which I am sure my family will never agree to. I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.

Whatever your business is, may it end to your entire satisfaction. I think of the public as you do; as little as that is a woman's care, it may be permitted into the number of a woman's fears. But wretched as I am, I have no more to fear for myself, I have still a concern for my friends. I am in pain for your danger—I am far from taking ill what you say, I never valued myself as the daughter of —, and ever despised those that esteemed me on that account. With pleasure I could barter all that, and change to be any country gentleman's daughter

that would have reason enough to make happiness in privacy. I beg your pardon. You may see by the situation of my affairs 'tis without design.

X.

SATURDAY MORNING.

I WRITE you a letter last night in some passion. I begin to fear again ; I own myself a coward. You made no reply to one part of my letter, concerning my fortune. I am afraid you flatter yourself that my father may be at length reconciled, and brought to reasonable terms. I am convinced by what I have often heard him say, speaking of other cases like this, that he never will. The fortune that he has engaged to give with me, was settled, on my brother's marriage, on my sister, and on myself ; but in such a manner that it was left in his power to give it all to either of us, or divide it as he thought fit.

He has given it all to me. Nothing remains for my sister but the free bounty of my father, from what he can save, which, notwithstanding the greatness of his estate, may be very little. Possibly after I have disoblged him so much he may be glad to have her so easily provided for with money already raised, especially if he has a design to marry himself, as I hear. I do not speak this that you should not endeavor to come to terms with him, if you please ; but I am fully persuaded it will be to no purpose. He will have a very good answer to make—that I suffered the match to proceed—that I made him a very silly figure in it—that I have let him spend 400*l*. in wedding clothes, all which I saw without saying anything. When I first pretended to oppose this match, he told me he was sure I had some other design in my head ; I denied it with truth. But you see how little appearance there is of this truth. He proceeded with telling me he would never enter into a treaty with another man, etc., and that I should be sent immediately into the North, to stay there ; and when he died he

would only leave me an annuity of 400*l*. I had not courage to stand this view, and I submitted to what he pleased. He will now object against me, why, since I intended to marry in this manner, I did not persist in my first resolution, that it would have been as easy for me to run away from Thoresby as from hence ; and to what purpose did I put him and the gentleman I was to marry, to expenses, etc.? He will have a thousand plausible reasons for being irreconcilable, and 'tis only probable the world will be on his side. Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you, she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will : if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England, if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spaw. When you come back you may endeavor to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever **you** resolve our journey shall be.

If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six, at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be on the balcony, which looks on the road ; you have nothing to do put to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like, but after all think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine everything.

You can show me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome ; remember you have promised it.

'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything, but after the way of my education I dare not pretend to live, but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think that I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than for a short happiness involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution ; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely upon your honor, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything you can tell me. Let it be sincere ; do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.

POPE AND LADY MONTAGU.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard Street, London, May 21st, 1688. He was of a delicate constitution, and so much deformed as to have been compared to an interrogation point. He soon, as he himself tells us, "lisp'd in numbers," and his "Ode to Solitude," was written before he was twelve years old. The poet removed to Chiswick, "under the wing of my Lord Burlington," where his father died in 1717.

Pope became one of Lady Montagu's most ardent admirers, and eventually her bitter and unscrupulous foe, degrading himself by indulging in mean and coarse abuse of the woman at whose feet he once knelt, conduct unworthy of a gentleman.

No man of honor would insult a woman, certainly not the woman that he had once loved. The cause of the rupture was long a mystery ; but years afterwards, when the grass was growing over both of their graves, it was discovered that "at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a declaration, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavors to be angry and look grave, produced an immoderate fit of laughter ; from that moment he became her implacable enemy." The following beautiful lines addressed to Gay during Lady Mary's absence from Twickenham, and which Pope after the quarrel endeavored to suppress, are curious on this account as well as

for being the solitary example of amatory verse contained in his works.

Ah, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
 Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;
 Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
 What are the gay parterre, the checkered shade,
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
 There stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

He died a few days after completing his fifty-sixth year, and was buried in the church at Twickenham, with which place his life was so intimately connected.

I

POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

You will find me more troublesome than Brutus ever did his evil genius. I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at Philippi. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered very much from you, and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments—your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risk I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleased and informed me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow

returns. However, it is some pleasure that your thoughts upon paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of anything you said which I happened to forget. In earnest, madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways ; I follow you through every stage in books of travels, and fear for you through whole folios—you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers. And if I read of a delightful prospect or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I inquire the roads, the amusements, the company of every town and country through which you pass, with as much diligence as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian angel (if you have one) ; and I am willing to indulge so much Popery as to fancy some being takes care of you who knows your value better than you do yourself. I am willing to think that Heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman to occasion her calamity, but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

II.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal the further they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of Popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world ; let it be right or wrong, the very

extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you and barely honoring you as a thing lost, but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my esteem, that what remains of it is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here ; and I believe in three or four months more I shall think Auratbassar as good a place as Covent Garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic ; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing or praises one ; it is no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes it is never worth anybody's while to do a noble thing for the honor of it ; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts are, and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for sacrificing herself, must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger, for having frequented those people most since you went who seemed most in your favor, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often as that you went away in a black full-bottom, which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, Love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes that are in it.

For God's sake, madam, when you write to me talk of yourself ; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of ; talk a great deal of yourself, that she, who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of no way engage my curiosity. I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face than St. John Baptist's head. I wish you had not only all those fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

III

FEBRUARY 3, 1717.

MADAM:—I wish I could write anything to divert you, but it is impossible in the very unquiet state I am put into by your letter. It has grievously afflicted me, without affectation, and I think you would hardly have writ it in so strong terms had you known to what a degree I feel the loss of those I value (it is only decency that hinders me from saying, of her I value.) From this instant you are doubly dead to me, and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England was nothing to what I suffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now I had some small hopes in God and in fortune. I waited for accidents, and had at least the faint comfort of a wish when I thought of you. I am now—I cannot tell what—I will not tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madness, that throws me after you in a distracted manner. I do not know which way to write, which way to send it, or if it will ever reach your hands; if it does, what can you infer from it but that I am half afraid and half willing you should know how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miserable constancy I shall ever remember you. If this falls into any other hands, it will say nothing I shall be ashamed to own, when either distance or death (for aught I can tell) shall have removed you forever from the scandal of so mean an admirer.

What you say of your illness frightens me with a prospect I can never so much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to see you again, may you live to please other eyes and improve other minds than mine—may you appear to distant worlds like a sun that is sunk out of the sight of our hemisphere to gladden the other. It is no figure of speech when I tell you, that those mountains of snow and woods laid in ashes you describe,

are what I could wish to traverse with you. I find I flattered myself when I thought Italy had pleasure that could allure me to have met you there. I see it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear charming to me, and I now envy the deserts and devastations of Hungary more than any other parts of the polite world. It is seriously true that I have not since your last letter the least inclination to see Italy, though before I received it I longed for your summons thither ; but it is foolish to tell you this—did I say foolish ? It is a thousand times worse—it is in vain ! You touch me very sensibly in saying you think so well of my friendship, in that you do me too much honor. Would to God you would (even at this distance) allow me to correct this period and change these phrases according to the real truth of my heart. I am foolish again, and methinks I am imitating in my ravings the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires who fall in love with saints, and fancy themselves in the favor of angels and spirits whom they never can see or touch. I hope, indeed, that you, like one of those better beings, have a benevolence towards me, and I, on my part, really look up to you with zeal and fervor, not without some faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is something between piety and madness.

Madam, I beg you to be so just to my impatience and anxiety for your sake as to give me the first notice possible of your health and progress. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's office. Though you direct me to the merchant-ships bound for Constantinople, I could not stay so long as till one of those sets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the consequence of my thinking so often and so warmly of you. May Providence overshadow you, and that virtue and spirit which expose you to dangers protect you from them. I am the most earnest of your well-wishers, and, was going to say, your most faithful servant, but am angry at the weakness of all the terms I can use to express myself Yours.

IV.

* * * I HAVE a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading-beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hughes, of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labor of the day in the same field with Sarah: when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighborhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July,) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose and drove the laborers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The laborers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest to our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair; John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were

struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold, in this tender posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small place between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one. I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion :

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n, that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent His own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue, unmoved, can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honor people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument, unless you will give them another—that of being honored with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it, it is the very emanation of sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of conso-

lation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such a one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. * * * *

V.

LADY MONTAGU TO POPE.

DOVER, Nov. 1st, O. S., 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbors. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavoring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he certainly would have done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, but not so poetical as yours:

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
Perhaps you'll say, What's that to you ?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married,
But see how oddly things are carried !
On Thursday last it rained and lightened,
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away.
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commissioned for that end no doubt,)
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?
For, had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain.
Now they are happy in their doom.
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favor of the last two lines. You see how much I esteem the honor you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than to be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him if he inquires after me.

DENYS DIDEROT.

PROMINENT among the polemical writers of France stands Denys Diderot, a native of Langres in Champagne, where he was born in 1713. Educated for the church, but declining to take orders, he was placed in the chambers of a legal practitioner in Paris ; but in like manner he abandoned the law. Literature was now chosen as his profession; and he became one of the most famous among those literary and scientific men, whose attacks on the established order of things religious and ecclesiastical, as well as political, are alleged to have acted so powerfully in precipitating the French Revolution. It was Diderot who projected the great "Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire Raisonné des Sciences, des Arts, et des Métiers," which he carried on in conjunction with D'Alembert, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other eminent writers. Diderot's published correspondence, especially with Grimm and Voltaire, throws much light on the gloomy picture which French society and morals presented during the middle of the eighteenth century. His love letters to Mademoiselle Sophie Voland are perhaps of all his writings the most interesting, overflowing with wit and anecdote. She was a very charming and excellent lady, quite worthy of the attachment she inspired Diderot with for upwards of twenty years, and which only ceased with his death, in 1784.

I.

DIDEROT TO SOPHIE VOLAND.

JULY, 1759.

I CANNOT leave this place without saying a few words to you. So, my pet, you expect a good deal from me. Your happiness, your life, even, depend, you say, upon my ever loving you! Never fear, my dear Sophie; that will endure, and you shall live and be happy. I have never committed a crime yet, and am not going to begin. I am wholly yours—you are everything to me; we will sustain each other in all the ills of life it may please fate to inflict upon us; you will soothe my troubles; I will comfort you in yours. Would that I could always see you as you have been lately! As for myself, you must confess that I am just as I was on the first day you saw me. This is no merit of my own: but I owe it in justice to myself to tell you so. It is one effect of good qualities to be felt more vividly from day to day. Be assured of my constancy to yours, and of my appreciation of them. Never was a passion more justified by reason than mine. Is it not true, my dear Sophie, that you are very amiable? Examine yourself—see how worthy you are of being loved; and know that I love you very much. That is the unvarying standard of my feelings.

Good night, my dear Sophie. I am as happy as man can be in knowing that I am loved by the best of women.

II.

9th OCTOBER, 1759.

I AM at a friend's; and I write to her I love. Do you know, dear girl, how happy you render me! Do you know by what ties I am attached to you. Do you doubt that my feeling for you will last as long as my life? I was full of the tenderness with which you have inspired

me, when I was in the company of my friends. It shone in my eyes ; it spoke in my tongue ; it governed every motion ; it showed itself in everything. I must have appeared very strange to them ; extraordinarily inspired ; divine ! Grimm had not eyes enough wherewith to see me, nor ears enough to hear me—they were all astonished. I experienced an internal satisfaction which I am unable to express to you. It was as if a fire burned at the bottom of my heart, swelling my bosom, which shone upon and warmed them. We passed a night of enthusiasm, of which I was the focus. It is not without regret that I leave so charming a position. Yet I must—duty calls me, and I obey. Upon leaving Grandval, I could not help returning to Montamy, who said, “Ah, my dear sir, what pleasure you have given me!” and I replied in a whisper—“It is not I, but *she*, who has inspired me.” Adieu, my dear Sophie!—adieu, dear girl! I am impatient to see you again ; and yet I have but just parted from you. To-morrow, at nine, I shall be with the Baron. I had much rather be with you. Adieu! adieu!

III.

AT GRANDVAL, 15th Oct., 1759.

I HAVE sent three times to Charenton, and yet found no news from my dearest Sophie ; how is it you have not written to me ? I sent the servant the day before yesterday at half-past two, telling him if he got any letters to put them in my bureau, of which I gave him a key. At six o'clock I expected he had returned. Never did an evening appear to me so long. I went up stairs, opened the drawer, but—no letters ! When I returned to my friends I appeared to them disturbed, for everything that passes within my heart shows itself in my face. I could not join in the conversation as usual. Cards were proposed, and I made one of the party. In the middle of the game I was obliged to get up, and go to the bureau again ; but again found nothing ! I said to my-

self—perhaps that rogue has stopped to drink on the road, and there is no telling when he will get back. So much the better ; I shall retire early ; I shall be alone ; I shall go to bed, and lay my head on my pillow.

I promised myself a great pleasure. I was impatient for the supper ; and as soon as it was over I went up stairs again. I hastened to the bureau, not doubting this time that I should find what I sought. Judge how bitterly I was disappointed in finding no letter !

What is it that prevents your using the address I left with you ? Have your letters miscarried ? Or are you punishing me for my silence ? Is it your intention to make me suffer the pain you have experienced yourself ?

Anything more strange I cannot conceive. I do not know what to think. We expect a messenger from Paris this evening. He passes through Charenton. I have requested him to call at the post-office, to see if there be anything for Grandval. He will be here at seven o'clock. It is now four. I must wait patiently three hours. While waiting, I shall converse with my friends, as if I was very much at my ease, although I shall in fact be very fidgety.

* * * * It is seven o'clock, and that — messenger has not made his appearance. I am dreadfully uneasy. I shall go myself to-morrow to Charenton, if a deluge of rain does not prevent me.

We were at cards. The clock struck nine, and our messenger returned. All have received letters but me. It is not possible you have not written to me. That fellow of a servant must have deceived me, and has never been to Charenton at all ; or, perhaps the postmaster has refused to give my letters to the messenger ; or else he had not money to pay the postage. I fancy everything to satisfy my mind. I accuse everything but you.
* * * * Adieu, cruel, silent Sophie. Adieu.

IV.

AU GRANDVAL, 20th Oct., 1759.

You are well ! You think of me ! You love me. You will always love me. I believe you : now am I happy.

I live again: I can talk, work, play, walk—do anything you wish. I must have made myself very disagreeable the last two or three days. No! my love; your very presence would not have delighted me more than your first letter did. How impatiently I waited for it! I am sure my hands trembled when opening it. My countenance changed; my voice altered; and unless he were a fool, he who handed it to me would have said—"That man receives news from his father or mother, or some one else he loves." I was just at that moment about to send you a letter expressing my great uneasiness. While you are amusing yourself, you forget how much my heart suffers. * * * * Adieu, my dearest love. My affection for you is ardent and sincere. I would love you even more than I do, if I knew how.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

THE author of "Tristram Shandy," though born in 1713, at Clonmel, owed his Irish birth, and the passing of his childhood in Ireland, to the fact that his father the younger son of a Yorkshire squire, was then a lieutenant in a marching regiment. He was educated by his father's kinsmen, and about 1740 a clerical uncle obtained for him a prebend in York Cathedral, and the living of Sutton in the East Riding. The following letters were addressed by Sterne to Miss Lumley, whom he married in 1741. In addition to the positions he already held, his wife's family obtained for him the parish of Stillington. Thereafter the two parishes being adjacent he continued to perform duty in both, residing at Sutton, amusing himself, to quote his own words, "with books, painting, fiddling and shooting," quarrelling with his clerical brethren, and collecting, by observation and reading, the materials on which his literary fame was to be built. The moral tendency of Sterne's writings is unquestionably low, but his airy and graceful humor is admirable, and some of his characters are among the most natural and original of any comic portraits out of Shakespeare. Sterne died in London in 1768, a victim to dissolute habits.

L

STERNE TO MISS LUMLEY.

YES! I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am. Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding-place. Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage, on the side of a romantic hill. Dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L——. We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch-fiend entered that indescribable scene.

The kindest affections will have room to shoot and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruit as madness and envy and ambition have always killed in the bud. Let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L—— has seen a polyanthus blow in December—some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. God preserve us! How delightful this prospect in idea! We will build and we will plant, in our own way—simplicity shall not be tortured by art. We will learn of nature how to live—she shall be our alchemist, to mingle all the good of life in one salubrious draught. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by the kind and tutelar deity. We will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L——. Return to one who languishes for thy society.

L. STERNE.

II.

YOU bid me tell you, my dear, L——, how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Estella stands retains still its looks : or, if I think the roses or jessamines smell as sweet as when you left it. Alas ! everything has now lost its relish and look ! The hour you left D'Estella, I took to my bed. I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years—and shall continue wasting till you quit S——. The good Miss S——, from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted upon my going to her. What can be the cause, my dear L——, that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend but I feel myself rent to pieces ? She made me stay an hour with her, and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen different times, and in such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in her dressing-room. I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity—for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it—her anguish is as sharp as yours, her heart as tender, her constancy as great, her virtues as heroic. Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only answer her with a kind look and a heavy sigh, and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return) to resign myself to misery. Fanny had prepared me a supper—she is all attention to me—but I sat over it with tears ; a bitter sauce, my L——, but I could eat it with no other, for the moment she began to spread my little table my heart fainted within me. One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass ! I gave a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair thou hast so often graced in those quiet and sentimental repasts, then laid down my knife and fork and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L——, for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper as I trace the word L——. O thou ! blessed in thyself

and in thy virtues—blessed to all who know thee—to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. This is the philtre, my L——, by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic by which I told Miss —— I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time, or distance, or change of everything which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine. Wast thou to stay in S—— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted—'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger. I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure—contrives every day bringing in the name of L——. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn) she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S——, that I had never held up my head, had seldom, or scarce ever smiled; had fled from all society; that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—that I neither ate, or slept, or took pleasure in anything as before. Judge then, my L——, can the valley look so well, or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore? Ah me! but adieu, the vesper bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. STERNE.

III.

BEFORE now my L—— has lodged an indictment against me in the high court of friendship. I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely submit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal. Let this mitigate my punishment, if it will not expiate my transgression. Do not say that I shall offend again in the same manner, though a too easy pardon sometimes occasions a repetition of the same fault. A miser says, though I do no good

with my money to-day, to-morrow shall be marked with some deed of beneficence. The libertine says, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleasures, and the next I will dedicate to serious thought and reflection. The gamester says, let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more. The knave of every profession wishes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honest man. The female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he should not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth instant (for letters may almost be called so) proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh, my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one act of kindness, for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with interest. Why does my L——complain of the desertion of friends? Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint? It is a common observation, and perhaps too true, that married people seldom extend their regards beyond their own fireside. There is such a thing as parsimony in esteem as well as money. Yet as one costs nothing it might be bestowed with more liberality. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, so we must not expect kind attachments from persons who are wholly folded up in selfish schemes. I do not know whether I most despise or pity such characters; nature never made an unkind creature—ill usage and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L——! thou art surrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable. Disappointed ambition might envy such a retreat, and disappointed love would seek it out. Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking and the gay, but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. Methinks I see my contemplative girl now in the garden watching the gradual approaches of spring. Dost not thou mark with delight the first vernal buds? the snow-drop and primrose, those early and welcome visitors, spring beneath thy feet. Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their handmaid, and in a little time will load thee with their sweetest blessing. The feathered race are all thy own, and with them untaught

harmony will soon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. Sweet as this may be, return—return—the birds of Yorkshire will tune their pipes and sing as melodiously as those of Staffordshire.

Adieu, my beloved L——, thine too much for my peace.

L. STERNE.

IV.

I HAVE offended her I so tenderly love! What could tempt me to it? but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate would thou not open the door and be melted with compassion? I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom. Sweetest and best of human passions! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of affliction, and soften the darkest shades of misery! I have reconsidered this apology, and alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things—very true—so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident, and what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke. If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate. These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence often make the best of human hearts complain. Who can paint the distress of the affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring? God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend, and, what is more excellent, an honest man. My L——! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire on the death of——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more

alarmed on that account. But my L——, thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good and being useful was nearly over. At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger, with anxiety, thinks of a discharge. In such a situation the poet might well say,

“The soul uneasy,” etc.

Mr. L——talks of leaving the country. May a kind angel guide thy steps hither! Solitude at length grows tiresome. Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret. I think so too. Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with. I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house—almost counting every pane of glass, and telling them at the same time, with a sigh, you are going to leave them. Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss. But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden? The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure? Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence? Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle tree. If trees, and shrubs, and flowers could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine

L. STERNE.

JULIA DE L'ESPINESSE.

EARLY in the eighteenth century an entry was made in the parish registry of the Church of St. Paul at Lyons, of the birth of a child, the daughter of a humble tradesman, named Espinesse, and his wife Julia. She was in reality the daughter of the Countess D'Albon, born during a prolonged absence of the Count. So long as he lived the child remained in the care of the reputed mother, but upon the death of the Count she was received in the family of her mother the Countess in charity, and she was in consequence looked upon with an eye of pity by her own brothers and sisters. To do the Countess justice, she did not entirely forget that Julia was her child, and she endeavored to overcome the repugnance of the other children to her, who thought more of losing a portion of their heritage than of gaining a sister : she brought her up with the greatest care, and cultivated her mind, which subsequently became her only patrimony. When Julia had attained the age of fifteen her mother died, and she when dying revealed to her the secret of her birth, gave her a sum of money, and a casket of papers. Julia did not comprehend the full value of this casket. She gave it, and the money too, to her brother, the new Count d'Albon, and he took it,

then turned her out of doors. She found refuge at a married sister's in Burgundy, and became governess to her children, and for three years endured every imaginable tyranny, insult and cruelty. But she did not allow herself to be overcome by her misfortunes ; her misery was not greater than her energy. She had a keen instinct for independence, and won it by her genius, wit, and talent for raillery. When Julia had attained the age of twenty, it happened that the heartless Madame du Deffand made a visit to the family where she was domesticated, and immediately recognizing her superior talents and abilities, soon prevailed upon Julia to accompany her to Paris, where Madame du Deffand held sway over one of the coteries so much in vogue in the gay capital at that time. Julia's appearance in Paris soon created a sensation. She was not inaptly termed the modern Sappho, and all the rank, talent, and fashion of the city hastened to pay homage to her charms of mind and person. At the house of a common friend the celebrated D'Alembert first met Mlle de l'Espinasse, whose society was eagerly sought by the élite of the literary world of Paris. Between her and the philosopher a mutual attachment grew up, which though as appeared afterwards, not very strong on her part, became the ruling passion of D'Alembert's future life. When in 1765 he was attacked by a violent disorder, she insisted on being his attendant, and after his recovery they lived in the same house. It is said that friendship was their only bond of union : and this may be believed, since in the then state of opinion, the assertion, if untrue, would have been unnecessary. The friendship or love of this lady, who appears to have been more famous for her wit and beauty, than for virtue, found other objects : and though D'Alembert still retained all his former affection for her, she treated him with unkindness. Her lover was a M.

de Mora, and after his death, she transferred her affections to M. de Guibert, to whom the following letters were addressed. Mademoiselle, who had many other lovers, became the most famous among modern Aspasia's and Phrynes. Paris had no *traviata* so celebrated. The death of Mlle de l'Espinesse left D'Alembert inconsolable: and his reflections upon her tomb, published in his posthumous work, present the singular spectacle of a lover mourning for a mistress whose regard for him, as he was obliged to admit himself, had entirely ceased long before her death.

MLLE DE L'ESPINESSE TO M. DE GUIBERT.

I.

DEAREST: I have not seen you, and you tell me that it is not your fault! but if you had the thousandth part of a wish to see me that I have to see you, you would be here, and I should be happy. No, I was mistaken, and I suffer: but I do not covet the pleasures of heaven. Dearest, I love you to distraction, to folly, to extravagance, to despair! Every day you torture my heart most cruelly. I saw you this morning, and forgot it all; and it seemed to me as if I could not make enough of you, loving you with my whole soul, and feeling as if I could live and die for you. You deserve more than that of me; yes, if I only knew that you loved me, it would be as nothing, for nothing can be more simple and natural than to love to distraction one who is so good as you are. But dear friend, I more than love, I suffer. I will give up all my happiness for your good. But here is some one come to disturb the satisfaction I have in proving to you how much I love you.

Do you wish to know why I write to you? It is because it gives me pleasure. You need never doubt it, since I have told you so. But where are you? If you

are happy I must not complain at your leaving me miserable.

II.

DEAREST : Upon returning home last night I found your letter. I did not expect this happiness ; but what afflicts me is, that so many days must elapse before I can hope to see you. Ah, if you knew what sort of days these are, what life itself is, deprived of the interest and pleasure of seeing you ! Dear friend, occupation, business, and pleasure suffice you ; but for me, you are my only happiness, you only. I would not care to live but for the pleasure of seeing you, and of loving you every moment of my life. Let me hear from you. Adieu. I expect the letter you promised me.

In haste, yours ever.

III.

I GIVE way to the desire of my heart, dearest ! I love you. I feel as much pleasure and torture as if it were the first and last times in my life that I pronounced these words. Ah ! why do you torture me ?—why am I so humbled ? You will know some day. Alas ! you will understand me. It is dreadful that I must always suffer for you, and through you. Is that for loving you ?—Adieu, dearest friend.

IV.

RETURN me my two last letters ; there can be no difficulty, as I ask not for those of Cicero or of Pliny. I do

not wish to see you ; never again. Is not regret better than remorse ? At the very moment you read this, I will venture to say that you have already received a note in which they say to you—what should I know ?

But be not uneasy : if it be possible, be happy : such is the wish, the hope, and the desire of the unhappy creature who has always before her eyes the fearful inscription Dante has placed over the gate of hell :—

“Abandon hope all ye who enter here.”

No, I have none, wish for none. Perish the day that I remain alone. Alas ! you distract me, and come not to console me !

V.

THREE O'CLOCK.

I COULD not write to you myself. If you love me, this will make you unhappy ; and I shall be miserable at giving you pain, which I might avoid. I was in such a state of anguish it was quite agonizing. I cried bitterly for four hours. No, never did my heart suffer such utter despair. The fear of something terrible almost drives me crazy. I dread Wednesday, and it seems to me that death itself is not remedy sufficient for the loss I dread. I feel it only too much ; it requires no courage to die, but it is terrible to live. I cannot endure the thought that he whom I love, and who loves me, would not hear me, nor come to my assistance. He would be horrified to see me dead. He said to me, *the 10th*. I have that within me which will make you forget all I have caused you to suffer ; and this very day this sad accident befalls me !

Ah, you who have felt passion and despair, can you imagine my misfortune ? Endure me while I live ; but beware of ever regretting this most unhappy creature, who has existed for eight days in a state of unimaginable

grief. Adieu! If I must live, if my doom is not pronounced, I shall yet find some happiness and consolation in your friendship. Will you always be my friend?

VI.

FRIDAY EVENING.

MY love, how slowly the time passes. I have been weary of my existence since Monday, with nothing to relieve my impatience. I am so restless I cannot remain two minutes together in the same place. I go everywhere, and see everything, but think only of one thing. To the heart-sick all nature wears but one aspect of gloom; every object seems covered with crape. Tell me, how shall I distract my thoughts, where shall I find consolation? Ah! it is from you only that I can learn how to endure my existence. You alone can restore that pleasing pain that makes me now cherish, now hate my life. Dearest, I shall have a letter from you to-morrow, and it is this hope only that gives me strength to write to you this evening. You will tell me if you are assured of the restoration of your precious health: you will perhaps say when you return; in a word, you will speak to me. Ah! if you but knew how lonely, how destitute I feel when I know nothing of you. Ah! how short, how cold, how harsh, is this note of yours. It seems that when you say you have been uneasy and alarmed, too, you have said all. What would you have? Conceal your feelings from me. Would you tear my heart to pieces? Have you not said you would tell me everything?—that you would give me your unreserved confidence?—that I was your friend?—that your heart blended with mine?—that it would ever beat in unison with mine?—that I should remain ignorant of nothing that could wound it? Ah! dear friend, understand me! consider what I am to you; and when you know, I will reply to you, that it would be impossible to entertain the idea of deceiving me, or even of concealing anything from me.

VII.

TUESDAY, 30th May, 1773.

YESTERDAY I received your letter dated Strasbourg. It seems to me a very long time since Wednesday, the 19th, the day upon which I received your last token of remembrance. That which came yesterday has consoled me—has done my heart good; it wanted to be occupied with pleasant thoughts to distract it—something to which it might abandon itself without care or remorse. I must confess it. I must tell you I love you dearly; your absence makes me very unhappy; but I have to struggle against the feelings you inspire me with. I well know the state of my heart. Ah, the magnitude of my grief justifies everything. I am not culpable, yet before long I shall be a victim. I thought on Wednesday I should have died upon receiving a letter by an extraordinary courier. I had no doubt that it brought me some terrible news. I was so agitated that I could scarcely break the seal of the letter. For more than a quarter of an hour I could not stir—my heart seemed frozen within me; and when I read the letter I found only half of what I feared. I had no occasion to tremble for the life of him whom I love: but saved from this greatest of misfortunes, *mon Dieu!* what suffering yet remains to me! I feel overwhelmed with the burden of life—it is beyond human strength to endure these trials. I have lost all courage, and very often I feel the want of it. Do you think I ought to love you? Ought I to desire your company? You have had the power of diverting me from as deep and as bitter a grief as this I expect. I wish for letters from you. Yes! believe me, it is only the unhappy who are worthy of friends. If your heart had not suffered, never would you have touched mine. I should have admired you—praised your talents; but I should have been distant, because I have a repugnance for that which can only occupy my mind. To think, it is necessary to be calm; in agitation, we know only feeling and suffering. You tell me you are agitated with regret, and even with remorse;

that your only sensation is suffering. I believe you, and that afflicts me ; but still I do not know why the impression I have received from your letter is so contrary to your disposition. There is a calm, a repose, and a strength in all your expressions : it seems to me as if you speak of what you have felt, not of what you do feel. If I were fastidious, if I had any right to speak, I should say to you that Strasbourg is far—is very far from the Rue Taranne. Montesquieu says that climate has great influence upon morals. In that case Strasbourg must be very far north of Paris. Judge, then, what I have to fear from St. Petersburg. But no ! I fear nothing. I believe you, and in your friendship. Explain to me why I entertain this confidence, and do not flatter yourself that self-love goes for nothing. My feeling for you is purified from the dross which enfeebles and corrupts all affections. It would have been very kind of you had you told me if mine was the only letter you received at Strasbourg. I will give you a proof of my generosity : I would have wished it to be changed into the one you most desired to receive. Marshall your ranks—give me my place ; but as I should not like to change it, let it be a good one. I do not wish for that belonging to this unhappy one, she is dissatisfied with you ; and I do not wish for that of this other person ; you would be dissatisfied with it. I do not know where you would place me ; but if possible let it be so as to satisfy us both ; no chicanery ; give me plenty, you will see that I shall not abuse it. Oh ! you will see how well I know how to love. I do nothing but love. I know of nothing but love. You know how much can be done even with moderate resources when they are centred upon a single object. I have but one thought, and that thought fills my whole soul, my whole existence. You believe that instruction and dissipation will distract you from your friends. You must know better, and yield with a good grace and with good faith to the power that your character has over your will, your feelings, and all your actions. Those who are governed by a desire of loving never to go St. Petersburg ; still, they sometimes go very far ; but they are condemned, and they do not say what they admit into their hearts to find

what they love : they believe they have not quitted, although they are a thousand leagues off : but there is more than one way of being good and excellent ; you will do very well in your way, in the full acceptation of these words. I could pity a sensible woman to whom you would be the principal object ; her life would be consumed in fears and regrets, but I would congratulate a vain, proud woman ; she would pass her life applauded, and in gratifying her tastes ; such women love glory, consideration, *éclat*. This is all very fine, very noble, but very cold. But I am foolish, and worse than that—but I have only a tone, a color, a manner, and when it fails to interest, it freezes with *ennui*. You can tell me which of the two effects it would have produced ; but what you will tell me also if you please, is, how you do, and I will tell you the only news that interests me—*the military school is not yet formed.*

KLOPSTOCK AND META MÖLLER.

I taught thee first to love, and seeking thee,
I learned what true love was ; it raised my heart
From earth to heaven, and now, through Eden's groves,
With thee it leads me on in endless joy.

FRIEDRICH KLOPSTOCK.

FRIEDRICH KLOPSTOCK, a German poet, was highly celebrated till the public taste received a new direction from the more brilliant genius and the greater versatility of Goethe and Schiller. He was born in 1724, at Quedlinburg, in Prussian Saxony. After receiving a regular education, and studying theology, he abandoned all professional views, and devoted himself to literature. The following letters were addressed to Meta or Margaret Möller, the daughter of a respectable merchant, whom Klopstock afterwards married. She relates to Richardson the novelist, in her German-English, the manner in which she passes the day. She tells him that she "is always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments, here and there, of a subject with which his soul is just then filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still; only regarding sometimes my husband's face, which is so venerable at that time with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms." Their happiness was of short du-

ration; she died in child-bed in 1758, four years after their marriage, and was buried with her infant in her arms, at Attenson, near Altona. Inscribed on her coffin was a passage from the Messiah, descriptive of the resurrection:

“Seed sown by God, to ripen for the harvest.”

In a little poem written after her death, the bereaved husband alludes to his lost love, and sleepless nights:

“Again the form of my lost wife I see .
She lies before me, and she dies again;
Again she smiles on me, again she dies;
Her eyes now close, and comfort me no more.”

The amiable and angelic Meta's letters show her to have been a well-educated and pious woman, with strong character and tenderest feelings. She was the author of a tragedy entitled “The Death of Abel,” and “Letters from the Dead.” Klopstock resided for a number of years at Copenhagen, and spent the last thirty years of his life at Hamburg, where he died in 1803, and was buried by the side of Meta and their child. His greatest work, called “The Messiah,” well known through an English translation, was published in complete form in 1773. Its strained dignity, its overflow of feeling, and its artificiality of diction, have long ceased to receive the admiration which was once lavished on it. His odes, especially those of a religious character, are still much valued by his countrymen, in spite of their frequent obscurity.

I.

META TO KLOPSTOCK.

I MUST write to you this evening, and you shall find my letter at Copenhagen. Best of men, you ought to find in me a wife desirous to imitate you as far as it can be possible. I will—indeed I will resemble you as much as I can. My soul leans upon yours. This is the evening on which we read your ODE TO GOD. Do you remember it? If I can preserve as much fortitude as I have acquired this evening, I will not shed a tear at our parting. You will leave me, but I shall again receive you, and receive you as your wife. Alas! after another day you will be gone far—far from me, and it will be long before I see you again; but I must restrain my grief. God will be with you, your God and mine. When you are gone I shall be more firm than I am now, as I have already assured you. I trust in our gracious God that he will restore you to me, that he will make me happy. He knows that through you I shall be continually improving; he has already bestowed on us so much happiness, that I trust he will complete our felicity. Begin then your journey, only let me weep—indeed, I cannot help it. May God be with you! O my God, it is Klopstock for whom I pray! Be thou with him: show thy mercy to me in granting this request. If my gratitude can be acceptable to thee, thou knowest how grateful I am. O thou all-merciful, how much felicity hast thou already vouchsafed to me; felicity for which I could not have presumed to ask. O still be gracious to me, to my Klopstock. I recommend him to thee!

II.

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

WITH what transport do I think of you, my Meta, my only treasure, my wife! When I fancy I behold you, my

mind is filled with the heavenly thoughts which so often fervently and delightfully occupy it; and while I think of you, they are still more fervent, more delightful. They glow in my breast, but no words can express them. You are dearer to me than all who are connected with me by blood or by friendship, dearer than all which is dear to me besides in creation. My sister, my friend, you are mine by love, by pure and holy love, which Providence (O how grateful am I for the blessing,) has made the inhabitant of my soul upon earth. It appears to me that you were born my twin sister in Paradise. At present, indeed, we are not there, but we shall return thither. Since we have so much happiness here, what shall we have there?

Remember me to all our friends. My Meta, my forever beloved, I am entirely yours.

III.

META TO KLOPSTOCK.

8th August, 1752.

RETURN, my Klopstock, return, let me reclaim thee as my hostage, or shall I say my master? No matter which, if I but sit by thee, and listen to thee, I can be well pleased to remain thy captive. Oh, how dull and dreary and tedious have I found these days of absence; not that I had to complain of unkindness—no, it was not that I suffered, but that I was not permitted to enjoy. Nobody talked of thee. I was in a beautiful country, and how little it availed, since I saw it not with thee. I was in what is called good company, but since I have tasted of thy thoughts and become familiar with thy perfections, I have lost all relish for inferior society, and find an intercourse with ordinary beings irksome and insupportable. I was dead to the gaiety of my companions, and though there were some young foreigners who would fain have drawn me into conversation, I had scarcely the complaisance to reply to their questions. Was I to blame for sul-

lennes? Oh! when I no longer heard thy voice, nor was even permitted to pronounce thy name, what remained but to think of thee, and how could I bear to part from that only solace? Had they but left me to myself, had they allowed me to enjoy my own quiet meditations, I could have still been almost happy, but some officious stranger was forever invading my sanctuary. The dismal weather kept us all together, and having no better resource than cards, we played from morning till night, nor did I then regain my liberty. I slept with another lady, and though I constantly carried in my pocket a pencil and sheet of paper, could never find an opportunity to write a single line. Imagine how this must have aggravated my chagrin and impatience! Oh, how poor is all without thee, and with thee how sweetly is the absence of every other pleasure supplied. Fain would I persuade myself it must cost me some effort to renounce all to follow thee, for methinks I should be proud to make some little sacrifice for thy dear sake, but in truth I claim no such honors. The amusements I shall relinquish are not only indifferent to me but irksome in the extreme. Here, in thy absence, with a thousand changes of pursuit, a single day drags so heavily that I could almost fancy it a livelong year, whilst with thee, without ever crossing the threshold, or casting a single glance towards the world beyond it, the moments pass so sweetly that the day scarcely seems to have been a single hour. Oh return, my Klopstock, return; that is all I can say.

What will be our privilege when the lapse of time shall have cemented our sacred union, and we shall have passed years together without having experienced lassitude and languor for a single day? It is true our pleasures must lie in a small compass, for we must find them in each other; but yet shall there be a something better than ourselves, an affection dearer than friendship, an influence the world cannot give, to inspirit, to animate us, and supply a constant source of interest and delight. Am I not right, Klopstock?

I would reply to your letter if my soul was not too full. It is so long since I wrote, and now I feel I have so much to say that I cannot bring myself to order or measure.

Do you chide me for being tedious? no, you will not chide, so I may give free course to my pen.

Whilst I was at Stollington it was one of my sweetest anticipations that on my return I should find a letter from you. Imagine my transports when I found two, and one for the —, which was almost as precious as mine own. Thou sweetest bard—long was I thy votary ere I ventured to think thee my beloved. Hear what oblations I will offer for every line of which I have been the theme. Yet no, for all thou hast ever written thou mayest claim, and shalt receive my worship. For the odes first, I bow to the ground, and make my low obeisance; for the Messiah I kiss thy feet; for every line inscribed to Fanny I hail thy name. Ah, Klopstock, often do tears steal from mine eyes when I reflect on all you were condemned to suffer; in those hours of sadness and despondence I can but too easily comprehend what were then your bitter feelings. Would it were my privilege to bestow a recompense. I must not yet aspire to such felicity, it is a privilege reserved to the wife, and at some future period may be mine. Yes, my love, I dare challenge you even to have wished for a kinder wife than you shall find in me. And now I am tempted to relate an anecdote of my childhood with which you may perhaps be amused.

I have already told you that at thirteen my character was nearly formed; this, at least, is certain, however you may be disposed to smile at my wisdom, that I began seriously to speculate on future life, and to sketch plans of conduct for the single or married state. I shall not trouble you with my various judicious schemes, on the supposition that I should remain a spinster, but on the chance of becoming a wife I made many deep reflections, and composed, perfectly to my own satisfaction, a system of domestic management, including the care of my household and the education of my children. But above all, I delighted to trace to myself the proper mode of conduct to be observed towards a husband. And then in these meditative reveries did I imagine myself united to precisely such a being as I have since discovered to exist when charmed with the picture of my own fancy. I exclaimed to my companions, a husband should always be treated with a certain *douceur*, but this *douceur* must be

wholly unstudied, and flow so freely from the heart that it should be impossible not to show it in every look and accent. Doubtless, my Klopstock, it is only with such looks, such accents, I can converse with thee. What say you to this *raisonnement* of thirteen? I shall adhere to the same principle, though I have learnt to abridge the explanation, and to sum up all in this obvious truth, the wife must love her husband.

See how I prattle, and with as much assurance as if I was leaning on your shoulder, and every other moment stealing from your eyes an approving glance. But in your last you have so sweetly encouraged me to prattle, that I am now bold enough to say anything, so implicitly can I rely on your constancy and love. I would fain know whether my affection were capable of being increased. I should wish to think so, but then must I also think that I am capable of loving more one moment than another, and this I feel loth to believe. I love your parents and sisters so dearly that I almost suspect I prefer them to my own. It touched my heart that your father so kindly inquired whether religion constituted my supreme delight. I thank God you could answer the question with a safe conscience. Will you not indeed soon return? I grieve to draw you from your own family, but yet should I grieve still more if you were by them drawn from me.

META MOLLER.



MRS. PIOZZI.

MRS. PIOZZI.

ESTHER LYNCH, the daughter of John Salusbury, of Rodvel, Carnarvanshire, was born in 1739. In 1763 she married Mr. Thrale, a brewer, and member of Parliament, and this gentleman having made the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the latter became a constant visitor at their house, at Streatham in Surrey. In 1784 Mrs. Thrale, after a three years' widowhood, married Gabriel Piozzi, an accomplished Italian music-teacher, with whom she went abroad to reside. This match cost her the affection of her daughters and Dr. Johnson, who greatly opposed it. The historian Macaulay indulged in uncalled for and harsh criticisms of this marriage with a musician. Samuel Rogers, who was intimate with the Piozzi's, thought the world most unjust in condemning Mrs. Thrale. Says the poet, alluding to Piozzi, "He was a very handsome, gentlemanly and amiable person, and made her a very good husband. In the evening he used to play to us most beautifully on the piano. Her daughters never would see her after that marriage : and (poor woman) when she was at a very great age, I have heard her say that she would go down on her knees to them, if they would only be reconciled to her." After Piozzi's death in 1809, his widow returned to England, and when nearly eighty, she fell in love with a young actor, William Augustus Conway, who, with a handsome face and fine figure, failed to succeed in his profession.

He came to the United States, but met with no greater success here than he had done in Great Britain, and so abandoning the stage he studied theology. On the 24th of January, 1824, while proceeding by sea from New York to Charleston, he in a fit of despair, jumped overboard and was drowned. Seven of Mrs. Piozzi's letters were found amongst his papers. She died at Clifton, New Bristol, in the year 1821. Her published writings consist of "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson during the last twenty years of his life," her correspondence with him; and a number of poems and figurative pieces of a miscellaneous description; the chief of them being a poetical story, called the "The Three Warnings."

I

MRS. THRALE TO DR. JOHNSON.

BATH, June 30.

MY DEAR SIR : The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands something more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connection which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain: I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and though perhaps I am become, by many privations, the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

Your faithful servant.

CIRCULAR.

SIR: As one of the executors of Mr. Thrale's will, and guardian to his daughters, I think it my duty to acquaint you that the three eldest left Bath last Friday for their own house at Brighthelmstone, in company with an amiable friend, Miss Nicholson, who has sometimes resided with us here, and in whose society they may, I think, find some advantage, and certainly no disgrace. I waited on them to Salisbury, Wilton, etc., and offered to attend them to the seaside myself; but they preferred this lady's company to mine, having heard that Mr. Piozzi is coming back from Italy, and judging, perhaps, by our past friendship and continued correspondence, that his return would be succeeded by our marriage.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant.

BATH, June 30th, 1784.

II.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

MADAM: If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married; if it is yet undone, let us *once more talk* together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you and *served you*, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JULY, 2d, 1784.

I will come down if you permit it.

III.

MRS. THRALE TO DR. JOHNSON.

JULY 4th, 1784.

SIR : I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer. The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first ; his sentiments are not meaner ; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune, then, that is ignominious : the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved ; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it.

I write by the coach, the more speedily and effectually to prevent your coming hither. Perhaps by my fame (and I hope it is so) you mean only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind. I care for that only as it may give pleasure to my husband and his friends.

Farewell, dear sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression on my part during twenty years of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will, or control your wish ; nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard ; but until you have changed your opinion of Mr. Piozzi, let us converse no more. God bless you.

IV.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

LONDON, July 8th, 1784.

DEAR MADAM: What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness that soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England; you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security: your rank will be higher and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey, and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection pressed her to return. The Queen went forward. If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no further. The tears stand in my eyes.

I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,

Yours, etc.

Any letters that may come for me hither will be sent me.

L

MRS. PIOZZI TO MR. CONWAY.

THURSDAY NIGHT, 3d Feb., 1820.

I CAME away as early as I could—but 'tis eleven o'clock, so I will go to bed, that Bessy may believe me asleep ; and try to rest herself—poor thing. Now, however, I rise to say how the evening at Eckersall's passed off. Mrs. Stratton and her *eldest Grand-daughter* came early, so I returned their salutation much as usual—only refusing the hands *I could* not touch : and talked with Mr. Fuller about ancient Thebes, its hundred Gates, etc. The young lady's airy manner—such as you describe it rightly, contrasting with your own cruel situation—quite *shocked* me. No crying, no cast down looks, no whimpering, as last year—changeable as the weather or the wind, she seems at perfect Ease—Mrs. Stratton *not* so. Waddling up to me in the Course of the Night, she said she wanted to Talk with me:—Impossible, was the Reply. *My* life is spent in such a crowd of late :—“ but on a particular Subject, Mrs. Piozzi :” “ Lord, Ma'am, who can talk on particular Subjects in an Assembly Room ? And the King ill beside !!” So there it ended ; and for *me* there it *shall* end. You and your Favorite have changed Characters. 'Tis not a year and a quarter since dear Conway, accepting of my Portrait sent to Birmingham, said to the Bringer : “ Oh, if *your Lady* but retains her Friendship : Oh, if I can but keep *her* Patronage, I care not for the rest.” And now, when that Friendship follows you thro' Sickness and thro' Sorrow ; now that her Patronage is daily rising in Importance—upon a lock of hair given—or refused by une petite Traïtesse, hangs all the happiness of my once high-spirited, and high-blooded Friend. Let it not be so. EXALT THY LOVE: DEJECTED HEART—and rise superior to such narrow minds. Do not, however, fancy she will ever be punished in the way you mention : no, no, she'll wither on the thorny stem, dropping the faded and ungathered leaves : a China Rose, of no good Scent or Flavor—false in apparent Sweetness, deceitful when depended on ; un-

like the Flower produced in colder climates, which is sought for in old Age, preserved *even after death*, a lasting and an elegant Perfume—a Medicine, too, for those whose shattered nerves require *Astringent Remedies*. And now, Dear Sir, let me request of you—to love yourself—and to reflect on the necessity of not dwelling on any *particular subject* too long or too intensely. It is really very dangerous to the Health of Body and Soul. Besides that our Time here is but short : a mere Preface to the great Book of Eternity ; and 'tis scarce worthy of a reasonable being not to keep the End of human Existence so far in View that we may tend to it, either directly or obliquely, in every step. This is Preaching—but remember how the Sermon is written at three, four, five o'clock, by an Octogenary pen—a Heart (as Mrs. Lee says) twenty-six years old : and as H. L. P. feels it to be ; ALL YOUR OWN. Suffer your dear noble self to be in some measure benefited by the Talents which are left *me* ; your health to be restored by soothing consolations while *I remain here*, and am able to bestow them. All is not lost yet ; you *have* a friend, and that Friend is Piozzi.

I must go to bed. That Booby, James, not dreaming how things stood, waked my poor, perhaps unrefreshed correspondent yesterday ; I was extremely sorry, and now beg your Pardon, for helping to torment him whom I would die to serve ; and desire to *live* only that I *may* serve. There was much talk at Dorset Fellowes's about the true *Falernian* wine, of which accept a Bottle : tis a rarity : I likewise send a Partridge. Miss Williams was right. Miss Wroughton asked kindly for you last night, said Mr. Hicks would cure you, etc., etc. The Courtneys all inquired for My CONWAY, all who seek favor from me, ask for you. All but——

MISS HANNAH MORE.

THE letter appended below, descriptive of a royal wedding, was written by the greatest name in the list of female writers on moral and religious subjects in the last century. She was the daughter of an English clergyman, and was born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, in 1744. Burke, Garrick, and Dr. Johnson were among her literary friends. The death of Garrick, in 1779, produced a great change in her character, and she thenceforth dedicated her time and energy to works of piety and benevolence. Hannah More experienced the sorrowful compensation that must be paid for a life prolonged to the verge of a century. Of the five talented Mores—the five women who, to Dr. Johnson's amazement, lived happily together—she was the last survivor. In addition to those members of her own family, there were many losses to be bewailed of those friends with whom in other years she had “taken sweet counsel together.” As she herself remarked to a visitor, “Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, Porteous—all—all the associates of my youth are gone.” She died, September, 1833. Miss More amassed by her numerous writings upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. She erected a number of schools in districts where there were no resident clergymen, and it is said that no less than twelve hundred children received through her instrumentality and that of her sisters, the benefits of a moral and religious education.



MISS HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO MARTHA MORE.

FULHAM PALACE, May, 1797.

I AM just come from attending the royal nuptials at St. James's. It was, indeed, a most august spectacle. If, indeed, it had been only the spectacle and the procession which I could have seen, I should have had little curiosity; but the bishop, who has the management of the whole chapel, secured me a place with Mrs. Porteous so near the altar that I could hear every word distinctly. The royal bride behaved with great feeling and modesty; the Prince of Wurtemberg had also a very becoming solemnity in his behavior. The King and Queen wept, but took great pains to restrain themselves. As I looked at the sixteen handsome and magnificently dressed royals sitting round the altar, I could not help thinking how many plans were perhaps at that very moment forming for their destruction; for the bad news from Ireland had just arrived. They talk of the number of acknowledged malcontents being 150,000, but I believe not a large part of that number have arms. I forgot to say that the King gave his daughter away, and it was really very affecting. The archbishop read the service with great emphasis and solemnity. The newspapers will have described all the crape, and the foils, and the feathers, and the diamonds, etc. We were four hours in chapel.

Lord Oxford's executors, Mrs. Damer and Lord Frederick Campbell, have sent me word they will return all my letters, which they have found carefully preserved. I am also applied to in form to consent to give up such of his letters to me as are fit for publication. I have told them how extremely careful I am as to the publication of letters, and that I cannot make any positive engagement; but if, when I get to Cowslip Green,* I should find, in looking them over, that any are quite disencumbered of private history, private characters, etc., I probably shall not withhold those in my possession; but I am persuaded

* Her beautiful residence in the neighborhood of Bristol.

that, after they are reduced as much as will be necessary, there will be little left for publication.

I dined one day at Admiral Gambier's, my kindly-attached friend with whom I spent so many pleasant days at Teston, to meet Sir Charles Middleton, who really brings a comfortable account of Mrs. Bouverie, and I begin to take hope about her.

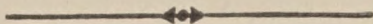
The "Morning Chronicle," and other *pious newspapers*, have labored to throw such a stigma on the association for the better observation of Sunday, that the timid great are sheering off, and very few, indeed, have signed. It has, however, led to so much talk and discussion on the subject as to produce a very considerable effect, and a number of high people have said that though they will not bind themselves in form, they will conform to the spirit of the resolution. I doubt, however, whether those who show a timidity so little creditable to them, will do much. The Duchess-Dowager of Beaufort, with her usual kindness to me, said if I wished she would certainly sign, otherwise she thought such an old woman could add no credit to it; but I suggested that her high rank might attract others. Friday I dined at the Bishop of London's, and spent the evening at Gloucester House. I know not whether it comes under the act of treason or misprision of treason, to go to a royal house in colors, for people are in such deep mourning as to wear black handkerchiefs and gloves. It is not, however, universal; for, at a small party on Saturday, at Mr. M. Montagu's, many were in colors. I met there Lord St. Helens, Mr. King, the American Minister, and others of that stamp.

I was much affected at the death of poor Mason. The Bishop of London was just reading us a sonnet he had sent him on his seventy-second birthday, rejoicing in his unimpaired strength and faculties; it ended with saying that he had still a muse able to praise his Saviour and his God, when the account of his death came. It was pleasing to find his last poetical sentiments had been so devout. I would that more of his writings had expressed the same strain of devotion, though I have no doubt of his having been piously disposed; but the Warburtonian school was not favorable to a devotional spirit. I used

to be pleased with his turn of conversation, which was rather of a peculiar cast.

I have been meeting Mr. Smelt, who, at seventy-two, is come up to equip himself for entering into the military. There is patriotism for you! I dined yesterday with Mrs. Goodenough, the accomplished sister of the speaker.

GOETHE AND BETTINE BRENTANO.



AMONG the most celebrated names in European literature is that of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, a poet who united, in an extraordinary degree, power of imagination and power of expression, and who, not less remarkable for versatility than for vigor, produced, by the exertions of sixty years, works which exemplify, in one shape or another, every possible form and kind of poetry. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, August 28th, 1749, and died at Weimar, energetic to the last both in body and mind, March 22d, 1833. His "Correspondence with a Child," has attained a wide popularity. When it took place Goethe was fifty-eight, and Bettine, although a child in appearance, was a woman in years; one of those wild, capricious creatures who could venture anything in defiance of conventionalisms. Amid much nonsense these letters display much genius and poetical feeling and fancy. Bettine's passion for Goethe must be regarded as altogether of an ideal nature; composed of intellect rather than of passion. Her feverish imagination seized upon the merest trifles and clothed them with the wildest romance. A modern critic has sought to throw discredit upon this correspondence, styling it "a romance which has only borrowed from reality the time, place, and circumstance." Be that as it may, these letters certainly display, in a singular manner, one among the many phases peculiar to the passion of love.

I.

BETTINE TO GOETHE.

IF I allowed my heart to pour itself through my pen, thou wouldst throw many a page of mine aside; for of thee and of me, and of my love alone, this would be the well-known and eternal subject.

I have it at my fingers' ends, and feel that I must relate to thee what I dreamt of thee last night, not considering that thou art here in the world for other ends. I have often the same dream; and it has already cost me much consideration why my soul always holds communion with thee under the same conditions; it is as if I would dance before thee. I am clothed ethereally. I have a feeling that I could succeed in every attempt. The crowd surround me; I search for thee; there thou art, sitting quietly opposite to me; it is as if thou didst not mark me, but wert otherwise employed. Now I step before thee golden-shoed, my silver arms hanging negligently, and there wait; then thou liftest up thy head, thy gaze fixes involuntarily upon me. With slow steps I draw magic circles: thy eye leaves me no more; thou art compelled to follow me wherever I turn; and I feel the triumph of success. In the dance I show thee all that which thou couldst scarce forebode, and thou wonderest at the wisdom which I dance before thee. Soon I throw off my airy robe, and show thee my wings, and rise aloft; then I please myself as thy eye follows me; then I float down again, and sink into thy embracing arms; then thou breathest forth sighs, and quite penetrated, lookest up to me. Waking from these dreams, I return to mankind as from a far distance; their voices seem strange to me, and their features also. And now let me confess that, at this confession of my dreams, my tears flow. Once you sang for me—

“O let me seem, till I become. Put not off my garment white.”

These magic charms, these magic powers are my white robe. I also entreat that it may continue mine till I be changed. But Master! this foreboding will not be dis-

puted, that this white robe will be put off from me, and that I shall fall into the common every-day life; and that this world, in which my senses live, will sink down; that which I ought protectingly to preserve, I shall betray; there where I ought patiently to submit, I shall seek revenge; and there, where my artless childlike wisdom beckons, there I shall bid defiance, and lay claim to a higher knowledge; but the most mournful will be, that I, like all the rest, shall burden with the name of sin that which is none; and for this I shall be rightly served. Thou art my protecting altar; to thee will I flee; this love, this mighty love, which rules between us, and the knowledge which it imparts to me, and the revelations—they shall be my protecting walls, they will free me from those who would judge me.

THY CHILD.

II.

AUGUST 1st, at Night.

MY FRIEND: I am alone; all things sleep, and the thought that it is so lately since I was together with thee, keeps me waking. Perhaps, Goethe, this was the highest event of my life; perhaps it was the richest, most blissful moment; brighter days *shall* never come to me—I would refuse them.

It was indeed a “last kiss,” with which I was compelled to part, for I believed I must forever hang upon thy lips; and as I drove through the walks and trees, under which we had wandered together, I thought I must hold fast by each trunk; but they disappeared; the green, well-known spaces melted in the distance; the loved meadows, and thy dwelling, were long faded away, and the blue distance seemed alone to keep watch over the enigma of my life. But even the distance was lost; and now nothing was left me but my ardent longing, and my tears flowed at this parting. Ah! then I reflected upon all: how thou hast wandered with me in

the night hours, and hast smiled upon me, as I interpreted the cloud-pictures, and my love, and my beautiful dreams, and hast listened with me to the whisperings of the leaves in the night-wind, to the stillness of the distant, far extended night, and hast loved me, that I know. As thou leddest me by the hand along the path, I perceived in thy breath, in the tone of thy voice—in something (how shall I describe it to thee) which breathed around me, that thou receivedst me to an inward, a secret life, and in this moment thou hadst devoted thyself to me alone, coveting no more than to be with me; and of all this, who shall rob me? What have I lost? My friend! *I have all that I have ever enjoyed; and wherever I go, my happiness is my home.*

How the rain-drops rattle against the small round windows, and how fearfully the wind roars! I had already lain in bed, and turned myself on my side, and wished to sleep in thinking on thee in thee. What does it mean—"To sleep in the Lord?" This saying often occurs to me, when, between sleeping and waking, I feel myself busy with thee. I know well how it is; the whole earthly day passes away from him who loves, as this earthly life does, from the soul. She is laid claim to here and there, and though she promises not to lose sight of herself, yet at last she has marked her way through the web of time, and always under the secret condition of holding at one time communion with the beloved. But the hours, in passing by, lay each their request or command upon her; and there is a resistless will in man, which constrains him to betake himself to everything; this power he allows to have sway over him, as the sacrifice allows the sway which it knows conducts it to the altar. And thus the soul sleeps in the Lord, wearied of its whole life-time, which was its tyrant, and now lets fall the sceptre. Then divine dreams arise and take her to their lap, and bemanter her; and their magic vapors become continually fuller, and close around the soul, that she knows herself no more; this is her rest in the grave. Thus every night dreams arise, when I will think of thee, and allow myself, without opposition, to be cradled therein; for I feel that my bed of clouds rises *upwards* with me!

III.

THOU knowest my heart ; thou knowest that all there is desire, thought, boding, and longing ; thou livest among spirits, and they give thee divine wisdom. Thou must nourish me ; thou givest all that in advance which I do not understand to ask. My mind has a small embrace, my love a large one ; thou must bring them to a balance. Love cannot be quiet till the mind matches its growth ; thou art matched to my love ; thou art friendly, kind, indulgent : let me know when my heart is off the balance. I understand thy silent signs.

A look from thy eyes into mine, a kiss from thee upon my lips, instructs me in all, what might seem delightful to learn, to one who, like me, had experience from those. I am far from thee ; mine are become strange to me. I must ever return in thought to that hour, when thou holdest me in the soft fold of thy arm. Then I begin to weep, but the tears dry again unawares. Yes, he reaches with his love (thus I think) over to me in this concealed stillness ; and should not I, with my eternal undisturbed longing, reach to him in the distance ? Ah, conceive what my heart has to say to thee ; it overflows with soft sighs, all whisper to thee. Be my only happiness on earth thy friendly will to me. O, dear friend ! give me but a sign that thou art conscious of me.

IV.

WHAT shall I write to thee, since I am sad, and have nothing new or welcome to say ? Rather would I at once send the white paper instead of first covering it with letters, which do not always say what I wish ; and that thou shouldst fill it up at thy leisure, and make me but too happy, and send it back to me ; and when I then see the blue cover, and tear it open—curiously hasty, as

longing is always expectant of bliss—and I should then read what once charmed me from thy lips. “Dear child, my gentle heart, my only love, little darling;” the friendly words with which thou spoiledst me, soothing me the while so kindly. Ah, more I would not ask, I should have all again; even thy whisper I should read there, with which thou softly pouredst into my soul all that was most lovely, and madest me forever beautiful to myself. As I passed through the walks on thy arm,—ah, how long does it seem!—I was contented, all wishes were laid to sleep; they had, like the mountains, enveloped color and form in mist. I thought thus it would glide, and ever on, without much labor, from the land to the deep sea, bold and proud, with unfolded flags and fresh breeze. * * * He who would be happy, becomes so timid; the heart, trembling, parts with happiness ere it has dared a welcome. I also feel that I am not matched for my happiness; what a power of senses to comprehend thee. Love must become a mastership; to want the possession of that which is to be loved, in the common understanding, is unworthy of eternal love, and wrecks each moment on the slightest occurrence. That is my task, that I appropriate myself to thee, but will not possess thee—thou most to be desired!

I am still so young, that it may be easily pardoned if I am ignorant. Ah! I have no soul for knowledge; I feel I cannot learn what I do not know; I must wait for it, as the prophet in the wilderness waits for the ravens to bring him food. The simile is not so unapt; nourishment is borne to my spirit through the air—often just as it is on the point of starvation.

Since I have loved thee, something unattainable floats in my spirit—a mystery which nourishes me. As the ripe fruit falls from the tree, so here thoughts fall to me, which refresh and invigorate me. Oh, Goethe! had the fountain a soul, it could not hasten more full of expectation on to light, to rise again, than I with foreseeing certainty hasten on to meet this new life which has been given me through thee, and which gives me to know that a higher impulse of life will burst the prison, not sparing the rest and ease of former days, which by fermenting inspiration it destroys. This lofty fate, the lov-

ing spirit evades as little as the seed evades the blossom, when it once lies in fresh earth. Thus I feel myself in thee, thou fruitful blessed soil! I can say what it is when the germ bursts the hard rind—it is painful; the smiling children of spring are brought forth amid tears.

V.

GOETHE TO BETTINE.

THOU art a sweet-minded child; I read thy dear letters with inward pleasure, and shall surely always read them again with the same enjoyment. Thy pictures of what has happened to thee, with all inward feelings of tenderness, and what thy witty demon inspires thee with, are real original sketches, which in the midst of more serious occupations cannot be denied their high interests; take it therefore as a hearty truth, when I thank thee for them. Preserve thy confidence in me, and let it, if possible, increase. Thou wilt always be, and remain to me, what thou now art. How can one requite thee, except by being willing to be enriched with all thy good gifts. Thou thyself knowest how much thou art to my mother; her letters overflow with praise and love. Continue to dedicate lovely monuments of remembrance to the fleeting moments of thy good fortune. I cannot promise thee that I will not presume to work out themes so high-gifted and full of life, if they still speak as truly and warmly to thy heart.

The grapes at my window, which, before their blossom, and now a second time, were witnesses of thy friendly vision, smell in their full ripeness; I will not pluck them without thinking of thee. Write to me soon, and love me!

G.

VI.

BETTINE TO GOETHE.

No tree's fresh verdure cools so much; no fountain so quenches the thirst; sunlight, moonlight, and thousands of stars do not so lighten darkness, as you lighten my heart. Ah, to be one moment near you has so much eternity in itself, that such a moment dallies as it were with eternity, taking it prisoner (only in sport), lets it loose again to capture it, and what joy should I not meet in eternity, since your eternal spirit, your eternal kindness, receives me into their glory?

The poem belongs to the world, not to me, for should I call it mine, it would consume my heart.

I am timid in love, I doubt you each moment, else I should already have been with you; I cannot conceive (because it is too great) that I am of sufficient worth to you, to dare to be with you.

Because I know you, I fear death. The Greeks would not die without having seen Jupiter Olympus, how much less can I be willing to leave this fair world, since it has been prophesied me from your lips that you will yet receive me with open arms.

Allow me, yea, I demand, that I breathe the same air with you, that I daily see you before my eyes, that I search out that book which banishes from me the god of death.

Goethe! you are all; you give again what the world, what the sad times steal; since you can with tranquil look so richly give, why should not I with confidence desire? This whole time I have not been in the open air; the mountain-chain, the only view which one has from here, was often red with the flames of war, and I have not dared any more to turn my look there, where the devil is strangling a lamb, where the only liberty of an independent people inflames itself and consumes within itself. These men, who with cold blood and in security stride over tremendous chasms, who do not know giddiness, make all others, who from *their* heights look down upon them, giddy; they are a people who take no care

for the morrow, in whose hands God, exactly at the hour of hunger, places food, who, like the eagles, rest upon the loftiest rock pinnacles, above the mist, and even so throne themselves above the mists of time ; who rather sink in light than seek an uncertain being in darkness. O! Enthusiasm of our own free will ! how great art thou, for thou concentratest into one moment all the enjoyment which is spread over a whole life ; thence for such a moment may life well be ventured ; but my own will is to see you will one such moment embrace within itself, and therefore beyond this I desire nothing more.

* * * Do you know ! no one is thoroughly acquainted with ideal love ; each one believes in common love ; and thus cherishes and grants not the good fortune which springs from the loftier one, or which through it might reach the end. Whatever I shall gain, may it be by this ideal love ; it bursts all bars to new worlds of art, and divination and poesy ; yes, naturally, as it only feels itself satisfied in a more elevated sense, so it can only live in a more lofty element.

* * * Who will set bounds to love ? Who can set bounds to the spirit ? Who has ever loved that reserved anything to himself ? Reservation is self-love. Earthly life is a prison, the key to liberty is love, it leads us out of earthly into heavenly life. Who can be set free from himself without love ? the flames devour what is earthly, in order to win a boundless space for its spirit, which soars into ether ; the sigh which dissolves in divinity has no limit. The spirit alone has eternal efficacy, eternal life ; all else dies. Good-night, good-night, it is near the hour of spirits.

VII.

GOETHE TO BETTINE.

WHAT can one say and give to thee, which is not already in a more beautiful way become thine own ? One

must be silent and give thee thy way. When an opportunity offers to beg something of thee, then, one may let his thanks for the much which has unexpectedly been given through the richness of thy love, flow in the same stream. That thou cherishest, my mother, I would fain with my whole heart requite thee; from yonder a sharp breeze blew upon me, and now that I know thou art with her, I feel safe and warm.

I do not say to thee "come," I will not have the little bird disturbed from its nest; but the accident would not be unwelcome to me, which should make use of storm and tempest to bring it safely beneath my roof. At any rate, dearest Bettine, remember that thou art on the road to spoil me.

GOETHE.

VIII.

My dear child! I reproach myself that I have not sooner given thee a proof, how full of enjoyment, how refreshing it is to me, to be able to view the rich life which glows in thy heart. Be it a want in myself, that I can say to thee but little—then is it want of composure under all which thou impartest to me.

I write in haste, for I fear to tarry there, where such abundance is poured upon me. Continue to make thy home with my mother, thou art become too dear to her, that she would miss thee, and reckon upon my love and thanks.

GOETHE.

COMTE DE MIRABEAU.

THE French Revolution produced three great men—Danton, Napoleon, and Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, who was born at Bignon, near Nemours, in 1749. Though the family was established in Provence, it was of Italian origin, and the great orator and first-leader of the Revolution derived from his ancestry all the genius and passion which mark the race. At the age of seventeen his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, endeavored to reform him by a two years' imprisonment in the isle of Rhé, and he was consigned to the fortress there under the authority of a *lettre de cachet*. He was a second time imprisoned in a fortress in the Jura Mountains, from which place he escaped, carrying with him Sophia de Ruffey, wife of the Marquis de Monnier, the only being whom he ever really loved, and whose loss embittered all his after life, if it did not fire his genius and render him the reckless man so well known to history. The lovers fled to Holland, where Mirabeau wrote for the booksellers as a means of subsistence. Says Carlyle, "The wild man and his beautiful, sad, heroic woman lived out their romance of reality as well as was to be expected. Hot tempers go not always softly together; neither did the course of true love, either in wedlock or in elopement, ever run smooth. Yet it did run in this instance, copious if not smooth, with quarrel and reconciliation, tears and

heart effusion; sharp tropical squalls, and also the gorgeous effulgence and exuberance of general tropical weather. It was like a little Paphos islet in the middle of blackness; the very danger and despair that environed it made the islet blissful. Gabriel toils for Dutch booksellers, Sophie sews and scours beside him, with her soft fingers, not grudging it, in hard toils, in trembling joys begirt with terrors — with one terror, that of being parted." Their days roll swiftly on for eight months, when Mirabeau was again arrested, and conveyed to Vincennes. The lovers never met again. Lenoir, the keeper of the prison, allowed Mirabeau to correspond with Sophie, on condition that the letters should be inspected by him, and be returned into his keeping. The letters lay in Lenoir's desk, forgotten; but were found by Procureur Manuel, in 1792, "when so many desks flew open, and by him given to the world. A book which fair sensibility loves to weep over. Good love letters of their kind, notwithstanding."

I.

MIRABEAU TO SOPHIA DE MONNIER.

OH no, my love! I cannot believe you have been indifferent to the dreadful silence that has enveloped us for the last two months. Knowing you so well as I do, how could I avoid having confidence in your charming frankness, or being persuaded by your bitter complaints, your continued perplexity, your expressions so strong yet so simple, so varied yet so natural? Ah! I feel it is not I alone who have been unhappy, and notwithstanding the distractions around you, you have been no happier than myself. I should be very cruel to myself, dearest, if I did not believe in your love. No other blessing, no other consolation, no other hope remains to me. Perhaps you think I should be only unjust to myself, that it would be

ungrateful to doubt. But beware, dearest love, for as past love is proved by past conduct, so, doubtless, only the present can prove the present. Assuredly I have the highest opinion of you that ever lover had of woman. I have told you a hundred times that I am more enamored of your virtues than of your charms. After this very formal declaration, I think you can, and ought, to pardon me the only fears I entertain respecting the little I feel to deserve. You are so young, so troubled, so unhappy. I am so fond, and consequently so exacting through the depth of my affection, that it is not surprising I tremble sometimes; yet only when you are silent, when you do not soothe the heart that beats only for you. You may perceive by what I have written to you during eight months, how you can at pleasure calm my head and heart. I do not suppose my heart to be more capacious than your own. Who so well as your Gabriel knows all your sensibility, that inexhaustible sensibility, which has made, which still makes, and will always make my happiness? But permit me to assure you that I love you much more than you can possibly love me, because you are infinitely more amiable than I am, and can command and inspire more love than I can. Besides, I have more discernment than you; for putting aside, if possible, the prepossessions of love, which are common to us both, I know women much better than you can possibly know men. True it is, there is no one capable of greater devotion, or of making greater sacrifices, than I, and particularly no one capable of a love so exclusive as mine, because the practice of deceiving women deprives men of the power of being constant to them; while this practice itself makes me sigh for such a friend as you, which I never expected to find, and which I well know how to appreciate because I so much desired it. But the world is full of men more amiable than ever I can be, since the storms of adversity have blown upon me: never were turn of mind, way of thinking, or character better calculated to captivate me than thine. I could not love a woman who was not intelligent, for I must reason with my companion, but an intellectual woman would fatigue me. Affectation, in my opinion, is to nature what rouge and chalk are to beauty, that is, not only useless, but injurious to what they seek

to adorn. I must have a mind natural but delicate: strong but lively. I have so few common prejudices, I think so little like the rest of the world, that a literary woman, great in little things, and tyrannized over by conventionality, would never suit me. You I found strong, energetic, resolute, and decided. That was not all. My character is unequal, my susceptibility prodigious, my vivacity enormous. I require therefore a kind and indulgent woman to please me, and I could not expect to find these valuable qualities combined with rarer virtues, and which might be regarded even as incompatible: nevertheless, O my love, I have found all this and more united in you. Think then what you must be to me: the whole edifice of my happiness is built upon you. Do not think it foolish that I tremble at the bare idea of a peril that appears to threaten me: nor that I consider you as a good, infinitely more precious to me than I can be to you. My character was formed, yours was not; my principles were fixed before you had thought of the necessity of forming any. You might have found in the world another kind of attachment and happiness than that you have enjoyed in your Gabriel, but Sophie was indispensable to my happiness; she alone could ensure it.

II.

17th MARCH, 1778.

MY LOVE: I have received your letter, your delightful letter, and pressed it a thousand times to my fevered lips whither my heart had wandered. Dear Sophie! how natural and touching is everything you write! how well you know the way to the heart of your dearest friend. My only love! but this letter, which makes me so happy, is sad. You will well understand what I mean by this. I know only too well that you cannot be otherwise than sad: but you appear to me to be troubled also; if not with my feelings, at least with my thoughts. You, my dearest, my all! do you not know that I can doubt

neither thy love, thy constancy, thy delicacy, nor the truth of thy attentions? Do I not revere as much as I adore you? Ah, if I doubted my Sophie, why should I live? If, dearest, any expressions in my last appear ambiguous to you, it is because I had reason to fear that the slightest want of circumspection would deprive you of it: and thus the pleasure of receiving tidings from you was embittered to me by the fear that you might possibly be less fortunate. My love, I can doubtless, without incurring this risk, repeat to you what I wrote about you to one who of all men was the least likely to understand it. This fragment will show you in few words my confession of faith in love, and be assured that the sentiments it expresses are as living as your Gabriel.

I wrote: "I cannot believe but that I shall be excused for loving what is amiable. What man can be severe against a passion which, more or less intense, is common to all mankind? I had been very unfortunate, and misfortune increases our sensibility. She exhibited an interest in me, with all those charms that can enduringly captivate me, those of a generous soul, and a happy mind. I sought a comforter, and what a more delightful consoler than love? Till then I had known only that intercourse of gallantry which is not love, but only its shadow; a cold passion when compared with what now seized upon me. I possess the qualities and defects of my temperament. If it renders me excessively susceptible, it forms the burning heart which nourishes my inexpressible tenderness. It was not the strong invitation of nature, based upon the delights attached to the pleasures of the senses that captivated and subdued me; it was not even the desire of pleasing a judge possessed of exquisite taste. I had too much feeling for self-love to find a place. Conventionality, conformity of tastes, the want of intimacy, or of a confidante (who is always more master than servant), went almost for nothing in my sight. My soul was stirred by most powerful attractions. I met a woman who, very different from myself, had all the virtues inherent to her temperament with none of its defects: she is gentle but not timid, nor indifferent like most of those who are naturally gentle. She is sensitive but not weak; she is generous, but her generosity excludes neither firm-

ness nor discernment. Alas! she has all the virtues, I have all the faults. When I met this lovely, adorable woman, she combined all the scattered rays of my feverish sensibility. I met her, and my heart, imperiously subdued, was fixed, and fixed forever. I observed her under every aspect. I studied her profoundly. I tarried too long before this delightful picture. I read her heart—that heart formed by nature in one of her grandest moments. If it was a crime not to have resisted so potent a charmer, it was not the crime of my will.” I cannot go on, my pet. Recognize the pencil of your friend when guided by love; but particularly recognize my sincere feelings, and add to these all the many subsequent events which have claimed my deepest gratitude, and all the affections of my heart, if you had not already entirely appropriated them.

If, dearest, you ever find in my letters a gloomy tone, attribute it to my imprisonment in this place, to my troubles, but not to any uneasiness I feel as to your feelings for me. Should I not dishonor myself by suspecting you?

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

HORATIO NELSON, the son of an English clergyman, was born at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, September 29, 1758. An uncle by the mother's side commanded a sixty-four gun ship, on board of which young Nelson was entered, at the same age at which Admiral Farragut began his gallant career. In 1777 he was made a lieutenant, and two years later he obtained the rank of captain. He took a distinguished part in Jervis's victory over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, being in command of a seventy-four in that action : and boarded and captured two of the enemy's large ships. He led the boarders himself from the first of these prizes to the other, uttering the well known words, "Westminster Abbey or Victory!" Nelson was now knighted and made a rear-admiral. Before he went to the Mediterranean, in 1798, he had been actually personally engaged with the enemy one hundred and twenty times, in which service he had lost his right eye, and his right arm. Nelson won the battle of the Nile, for which he was raised to the peerage, and honors of the highest character were heaped on him by every Court that was engaged in war with France. In October, 1805, he won the famous naval battle of Trafalgar, in which he was mortally wounded, but survived long enough to know that the victory was complete. As Farragut takes rank above all American Admirals, so stands Nelson, the writer of the following letters, above

all British Sailors. They were addressed to Emma, second wife of Sir William Hamilton, a woman of extraordinary beauty, and still more remarkable for her powers of fascination, who became the Great Admiral's mistress. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin : and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The romantic passion with which Nelson regarded it amounted almost to superstition : and when the painting was taken down in clearing for his last action, he directed the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it as if he believed there was a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her next his heart. When Nelson had seen that all the dispositions for the coming conflict were made, and that all was as it should be, he retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer in his diary.

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, Nelson annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing:

"October 21, 1805.—*Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.*

"Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or county;

"First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis, to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet's being supplied with every thing, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favors I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Witness, { HENRY BLACKWOOD,
T. M. HARDY."

The child of whom this writing speaks, was believed to be his daughter, and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child, as she lay sleeping. If ever a man lived and died in earnest, fearless, unselfish discharge of his duty to his country, it was the

victor of the Nile and Trafalgar. His dying words after he was struck down on board the flag ship Victory, were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON.

SAN JOSEPH, Feb. 16, 1801.

MY DEAREST FRIEND : Your letters have made me happy to-day ; and never again will I scold unless you begin. Therefore pray never do ; my confidence in you is as firm as a rock. . . . I cannot imagine who can have stopped my Sunday's letter ; that it has been is clear, and the seal of the other has been clearly opened, but this might have happened from letters sticking together. Yours all came safe, but the numbering of them will point out directly if one is missing, I do not think that anything very particular was in that letter which is lost. I send you a few lines wrote in the late gale, which, I think, you will not disapprove.

How interesting your letters are ; you cannot write too much or be too particular.

Though ——'s polished verse superior shine,
Though sensibility grace every line,
Though her soft muse be far above all praise,
And female tenderness inspire her lays,

Deign to receive, though unadorn'd
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A sailor's untaught heart.

A heart susceptible, sincere, and true,
A heart by fate and nature torn in two ;
One half to duty and his country due,
The other, better half, to love and you.

Sooner shall Britain's sons resign
The empire of the sea,
Than Henry shall renounce his faith
And plighted vows to thee.

And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow,
Ere thy true Henry's constant love,
Or ebb or change shall know.

The letters on service are so numerous, from three days' interruption of the post, that I must conclude with assuring you that I am for ever your attached, and unalterably yours,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

II.

ST. GEORGE, March, 1801.

Having, my truly dearest friend, got through a great deal of business, I am enabled to do justice to my private feelings, which are fixed ever on you and about you, whenever the public service does not arrest my attention. I have read all your kind and affectionate letters, and have read them frequently over and committed them to the flames much against my inclination. There was one I rejoiced not to have read at the time. It was where you consented to dine and sing with —. Thank God it was not so. I could not have borne it, and now less than ever, but I now know he never can dine with you, for you would go out of the house rather than suffer it. And as to letting him hear you sing, I only hope he will be struck deaf, and you dumb, sooner than such a thing should happen; but I know it now never can. You cannot think how my feelings are alive towards you, probably more than ever, and they never can be diminished. My hearty endeavors shall not be wanting to improve and to give us new ties of regard and affection. Eleven o'clock, your dear letters just come on board; they are sympathetic with my own feelings, and I trust we shall soon meet to part no more. Recollect I am for ever yours, aye for ever while life remains. Yours, yours, faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

I charge my only friend to keep well and think of her Nelson's glory.

III.

AUGUST 26, 1803.

MY DEAREST EMMA : By the *Canopus* I have received all your truly kind and affectionate letters, from May 20 to July 3, with the exception of one, dated May 31, sent to Naples. This is the first communication I have had with England since we sailed. All your letters, *my dear letters*, are so entertaining, and which paint so clearly what you are after, that they give me either the greatest pleasure or pain : it is the next best thing to being with you. I only desire, my dearest Emma, that you will always believe that Nelson's your own, Nelson's Alpha and Omega is Emma, I cannot alter my affection, and love is beyond even this world. Nothing can shake it but yourself, and that I will not allow myself to think for a moment is possible. I feel that you are the real friend of my bosom, and dearer to me than life, and that I am the same to you ; but I will have neither P's or Q's come near you ; no, not the slice of single Gloster. But if I was to go on it would argue that want of confidence which would be injurious to your honor. I rejoice that you have had so pleasant a trip into Norfolk, and I hope one day to carry you there by a nearer *tie* in law, but not in love and affection than at present. I wish you would never mention that person's name. It works up your anger for no useful purpose. Her good or bad character of me or thee no one cares about. This letter will find you at dear Merton, where we shall one day meet and be truly happy. I do not think it can be a long war, and I believe it will be much shorter than people expect, and I shall hope to find the new room built, the grounds laid out neatly, but not expensively, new Piccadilly gates, kitchen garden, &c. Only let us have a plan, and then all will go on well. It will be a great source of amusement to you, and Horatia shall plant a tree. I dare say she will be very busy. Mrs. Nelson will be with you, and time will pass away till I have the inexpressible happiness of arriving at Merton ; even the thought of it vibrates through my nerves, for my love for you is as unbounded as the ocean.

NELSON AND BRONTE.

IV.

The following exists in Lord Nelson's autograph.

LORD NELSON TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From my best cable tho' I am forced to part,
I leave my anchor in my Angel's heart :
Love, like a pilot, shall the pledge defend,
And for a prong his happiest quiver lend.

BURNS AND CLARINDA.

SCOTLAND, is *par excellence*, the land of poetry and song, and has probably produced a more patriotic and extended minstrelsy than any other country. Every district has its poet—every solitary castle and stream—every mountain and glen—every bank and brae and burn has its song. Songs as imperishable as the heath-covered hills. Chief among her children of song is the great peasant poet who lived and died within the latter half of the eighteenth century. All hearts are his, from the highest to the lowest. All that can move to mirth or tears are combined in his matchless songs. What poem displays greater dignity and seriousness of manner, a more noble and reverent spirit than his Cotter's Saturday Night? What humorous narration in verse to be compared to Tam O'Shanter? What piece containing such a strange mixture of terror, humor, pity and pathos as his Address to the Deil? What song addresses itself so movingly to the old familiar faces and by-gone days as Auld Lang Syne? What convivial melody so contagious as Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut? What more patriotic and soul-stirring words than in his address of Bruce at Bannockburn? or a strain breathing greater contempt of all shams than

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
~~A man's a man~~ for a' that."

The man's the gowd

What love-lyrics so sweet and tender? Byron asserted that a single stanza of the song he addressed to Clarinda, contained the essence of all the love-songs in the world, and Sir Walter Scott said it was worth a thousand romances.

“Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.”

Clarinda, to whom this passionate song was addressed, when she was on the eve of a voyage to the West Indies, in December, 1791, was a name assumed by Agnes Craig, the wife of James McLehose, a person of a roving disposition, and dissipated habits, who, abandoning his wife and children, went to the West Indies to seek his fortune. Burns was introduced to her in December, 1787. She was dazzled with his genius, and he with her beauty; the result being a brisk fire of small notes, which ere long led to a correspondence under the assumed names of Sylvander and Clarinda. This intimacy continued till Burns departed from Edinburgh, returning to Mossgiel to marry “my Jean.” His marriage made Clarinda furious—why it should have done so is not very clear, for she certainly could not hope to marry him, the laws of Scotland allowing her but one husband. She never forgave the poet for deserting her, though she continued to correspond with him at intervals during his brief career, and after his death, preserved his letters with jealous care. She died in 1841, at the age of eighty-two. When the grave had closed over both, the correspondence from which the following letters are selected, was published. Burns’s prose may be forgotten, but the poems he wrote in honor of Clarinda, Highland Mary, Bonnie Jean, Mary Morrison,

and his numberless other loves and heroines, will be cherished and remembered, to quote his own beautiful words,

“While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie.”

and will ever be prized

“With earth’s and sea’s rich gems,
With April’s first-born flowers and all things rare.”

I.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SATURDAY EVENING.

I CAN say with truth, madam, that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. To-night I was to have had that very great pleasure. I was intoxicated with the idea; but an unlucky fall from a coach has so bruised one of my knees that I can’t stir my leg off the cushion. So, if I don’t see you again, I shall not rest in my grave for chagrin. I was vexed to the soul I had not seen you sooner. I determined to cultivate your friendship with the enthusiasm of religion, but thus has Fortune ever served me. I cannot bear the idea of leaving Edinburgh without seeing you. I know not how to account for it. I am strangely taken with some people, nor am I often mistaken. You are a stranger to me; but I am an odd being. Some yet unnamed feelings—things, not principles, but better than whims—carry me farther than boasted reason ever did a philosopher.

Farewell! Every happiness be yours,

ROBERT BURNS.

II.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

INURED as I have been to disappointments, I never felt more, nor half so severely, for one of the same nature! The cruel cause, too, augments my uneasiness. I trust you'll soon recover it. Meantime, if my sympathy, my friendship can alleviate your pain, be assured you possess them. I am much flattered at being a favorite of yours. Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we should derive pleasure from the society of each other. To-night I had thought of fifty things to say to you; how unfortunate this prevention! Do not **accuse** Fortune: had I not known she was *blind* before, her ill-usage of you had marked it sufficiently. However, she is a fickle beldame, and I'd much rather be indebted to *nature*. You shall *not* leave town without seeing me, if I should come along with good Miss Nimmo, and call for you. I am determined to see you; and am ready to exclaim with Yorick, "Tut, are we not all relations?" We are, indeed, *strangers* in one sense, but of near kin in many respects: those "nameless feelings" I perfectly comprehend, though the pen of a Locke could not define them. Perhaps *instinct* comes nearer the description than either "principles or whims." Think ye they have any connexion with that "heavenly light which leads astray?" One thing I know, that they have a powerful effect upon me; and are delightful when under the check of *reason* and *religion*. * * * Pardon any little freedoms I take with you; if they entertain a heavy hour, they have all the merit I intended. Will you let me know, now and then, how your leg is? If I were your *sister*, I would call and see you; but 'tis a censorious world this; and (in this sense) you and I are not of the world. Adieu. Keep up your heart; you will soon get well, and we shall *meet*. Farewell. God bless you.

A. M.

III.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, my life, you have wounded my soul. Can I think of your being unhappy, even though it be not described in your pathetic elegance of language, without being miserable? Clarinda, can I bear to be told from you that 'you will not see me to-morrow night—that you wish the hour of parting were come?' Do not let us impose on ourselves by sounds. * * * * * Why, my love, talk to me in such strong terms, every word of which cuts me to the very soul? You know a hint, the slightest signification of your wish, is to me a sacred command.

Be reconciled, my angel, to your God, yourself, and me, and I pledge you Sylvander's honor—an oath I dare say you will trust without reserve—that you shall never more have reason to complain of his conduct. Now, my love, do not wound our next meeting with any averted looks. * * * I have marked the line of conduct—a line I know exactly to your taste—and which I will inviolably keep; but do not you show the least inclination to make boundaries. Seeming distrust, where you know you may confide, is a cruel sin against sensibility.

"Delicacy, you know, it was which won me to you at once; take care you do not loosen the dearest, most sacred tie that unites us." Clarinda, I would not have stung *your* soul—I would not have bruised *your* spirit as that harsh, crucifying "Take care" did *mine*; no, not to have gained heaven! Let me again appeal to your dear self, if Sylvander, even when he seemingly half transgressed the laws of decorum, if he did not show more chastised, trembling, faltering delicacy, than the many of the world do in keeping these laws?

Oh Love and Sensibility, ye have conspired against my peace! I love to madness, and I feel to torture! Clarinda, how can I forgive myself, that I have ever touched a single chord in your bosom with pain! Would I do it willingly? Would any consideration, any gratification, make me do so? Oh, did you love like me, you would

not, you could not, deny or put off a meeting with the man who adores you ; who would die a thousand deaths before he would injure you, and who must soon bid you a long farewell!

I had proposed bringing my bosom friend, Mr. Ainslie, to-morrow evening, at his strong request, to see you, as he has only time to stay with us about ten minutes, for an engagement. But I shall hear from you : this afternoon, for mercy's sake!—for, till I hear from you, I am wretched. Oh, Clarinda, the tie that binds me to thee is intwisted and incorporated with my dearest threads of life.

SYLVANDER.

IV.

I HAVE just now received your first letter of yesterday, by the careless negligence of the penny-post. Clarinda, matters grow very serious with us, then seriously hear me, and hear me, heaven!

I met in you, my dear Clarinda, by far the first of womankind, at least to me. I esteemed, I loved you at first sight, both of which attachments you have done me the honor to return. The longer I am acquainted with you, the more innate amiableness and worth I discover in you. You have suffered a loss, I confess, for my sake ; but if the firmest, steadiest, warmest friendship ; if every endeavor to be worthy of your friendship ; if a love strong as the ties of nature, and holy as the duties of religion ; if all these can make anything like a compensation for the evil I have occasioned you ; if they be worth your acceptance, or can in the least add to your enjoyments—so help Sylvander, ye powers above, in his hour of need, as he freely gives these all to Clarinda!

I esteem you, I love you as a friend ; I admire you, I love you as a woman, beyond any one in all the circle of creation. I know I shall continue to esteem you, to love you, to pray for you, nay, to pray for myself for your sake.

Expect me at eight, and believe me to be ever, my
dearest madam, yours most entirely,

SYLVANDEB.

V.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

FRIDAY EVENING.

I WISH you had given me a hint, my dear Sylvander, that you were to write me only once in a week. Yesterday I looked for a letter ; to-day never doubted it ; but both days have terminated in disappointment. A thousand conjectures have conspired to make me most unhappy. Often have I suffered much disquiet from forming the idea of such an attention, on such and such an occasion, and experienced quite the reverse. But in you, and you alone, I have ever found my highest demands of kindness accomplished ; nay, even my fondest wishes, not gratified only, but anticipated ! To what, then, can I attribute your not writing me one line since Monday ?

God forbid your nervous ailment has incapacitated you for that office, from which you derived pleasure singly, as well as that most delicate of all enjoyments, pleasure reflected. To-morrow I shall hope to hear from you. Hope, blessed hope, thou balm of every woe, possess and fill my bosom with thy benign influence. * * * If I don't hear to-morrow, I shall form dreadful reasons. God forbid. Good night, God bless you, prays

CLARINDA.

VI.

BURNS TO CLARINDA.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever !
Ae farewell and then forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768. His family were respectable but not illustrious, and when in the days of his greatness some genealogists tried to flatter him by tracing back his pedigree to the Dukes of Treviso, he cut them short by saying that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Montenotte, his first victory over the Austrians in Italy. When twenty-seven years old he married Josephine Beauharnais, and soon afterwards, chiefly through the influence of Barras, received command of the army of Italy. Among the numerous letters written by Napoleon to Josephine during the Italian campaign of 1796, the following are selected as among the longest of the series, most of which are very brief. Concerning their marriage the following droll but authentic anecdote is told. When Bonaparte proposed to Josephine, she consulted her lawyer, Monsieur Raquideau, as to her union with the young victor of St. Roch. "It's folly," answered the sage man of law, "perfect folly to marry a young officer without fortune and without future." But Josephine had more confidence still in the oracles of Mme Lenormand, the celebrated fortune-teller; or rather, she did as people often do after asking advice—she followed her own mind and did well. Bonaparte heard of the opinion passed upon him, but made his way in spite

of M. Raquideau's doubts, and the young officer became Emperor. But although he had advanced much he had forgotten nothing. When he was attired in his coronation robes, and a few minutes before proceeding to Notre Dame, he called out in a voice of thunder: "Let Raquideau be brought." The poor notary thought that he had signed his last contract. "Well," said the Emperor, as soon as he perceived him, "here is the man without fortune and without future!" and then, after a mischievous pause of a few minutes, he turned to the confused lawyer and added: "I name you lawyer to the family." Josephine's letters, unfortunately, have not been preserved: they were probably destroyed as soon as received and read by Napoleon. Her divorce was urged by the Bonaparte family, and by such statesmen as Fouché and Talleyrand, for the sake of an heir to the throne, and the consolidation of the new dynasty; and when resolved upon, she meekly retired to Malmaison, and was succeeded by the Austrian bride of her husband. Before her departure, she drew Napoleon to the window, and pointing to the sky, said, prophetically; "Like those two stars we have risen together, and separated we shall fall!" On the fourth of April, 1814, Josephine's prediction was fulfilled, and on the twenty-ninth of the month following she breathed her last in the arms of her children. Like her husband, she was born for empire; and he, however blinded by dynastic ambition, must have lived to feel that her divorce was as mistaken in policy as it was indefensible in principle, and cruel in the execution. It is singular and only poetical justice to add that Josephine, after all, should have given an heir to Napoleon in the person of her grandson, the present Emperor, who in the year 1867 erected a beautiful statue of the Empress Josephine in the boulevard bearing her name, and leading to the buildings of the great Paris Exhibition.

Napoleon died May 5, 1821. His last words were, *Tête d'armée.*" He was interred in St. Helena, from whence his remains were removed to Paris in 1841, and are now contained in a magnificent mausoleum under the dome of the Invalides, beside the bones of Turenne and Vauban, the paladins of France.

I.

NAPOLEON I. TO JOSEPHINE.

MARMIROLO, 17th July, 1796.

I HAVE received your letter, my dearest love; it has filled my heart with joy. I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to send me all the news; your health is doubtless better now. I feel sure you are getting quite well. Let me strongly recommend you to take exercise on horseback.

I have been very dull ever since we parted. I am happy only when with you. I never cease thinking of your kisses, your tears, and your amusing little jealousies: the charms of the matchless Josephine ever keep my heart and feelings warm. When free from care and business, what happiness to pass every moment with you, to love only you, and to tell it and prove it to you! I shall send you your horse. But I hope you will soon rejoin me. I believe I have always loved you, but I think I love you a thousand times better now than ever. This proves that La Bruyère's maxim, *l'amour vient tout d'un coup*, is false. Everything in nature grows and increases. Ah! I beg of you to let me see some of your defects: be less beautiful, less graceful, less kind, less good; but especially, never be jealous, never weep; your tears distract me, set my blood on fire. Believe me, I have not a thought except for you, or that you might not know.

Take repose. Re-establish your health quickly. Come to me, and at least, before we die, let us say, We had some days of happiness.

A thousand kisses, the same to Fortune,* in spite of her naughtiness.

BONAPARTE.

* Josephine's lap dog.

II.

BRESCIA, 10th August, 1796.

I HAVE arrived at this place, my dearest love, and my first thought is of writing to you. Your health and your image have occupied all my thoughts on my way hither. I shall not be at ease until I receive letters from you. I expect them with the greatest eagerness. It is impossible to describe to you my impatience. I feel dull, sad, and half sick. If the deepest and tenderest love can make you happy, you ought to be so. I am overwhelmed with business.

Adieu, my dear Josephine; love me, take care of yourself, and think often, very often, of me.

BONAPARTE.

III.

VERONA, 17th Sept., 1796.

I WRITE very often to you, my dear love, but very seldom hear from you. You are a fickle, ugly, wicked creature. Perfidious! to deceive a poor husband and ardent lover! Must he forfeit his rights because he is far away, burdened with difficulties, cares, and fatigue? Without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love, what remains for him on earth? What can he do? A thousand loving kisses.

BONAPARTE.

IV

MODENA, 17th Oct., 1796.

THE day before yesterday I was all day in the field. Yesterday I kept my bed. I have a headache and fever, but that does not prevent me writing to my dearest love. I have received your letters and pressed them to my lips and heart, and the pains of absence and a hundred miles of distance have vanished. At this moment I fancy I see

you, not capricious, not cross, but kind and gentle, with that unction of goodness which is the exclusive gift of my Josephine. But it was only a dream; and you may judge from it that my fever has not left me. Your letters are as cold as if you were fifty; they are like fifteen years after marriage; they exhibit the friendship and feelings of the winter of life. Fye! Josephine! This is very wrong, very wicked, very treacherous of you. Why do you give me so much cause to complain? Do you no longer love me? Eh! is that the fact? Do you hate me? Well, I suspect so

A thousand, thousand kisses, as tender as my heart.

I am better; I start to-morrow. The English quit the Mediterranean. Corsica is ours. Good news for France and for the army.

BONAPARTE.

V.

VERONA, 13th Nov., 1796.

I DON'T love you a bit; on the contrary, I detest you. You are an ugly, stupid, wicked hussy. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letters afford me, and yet you send me only half a dozen hurried lines.

Pray, madam, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents your writing to your fond lover? What affection stifles and puts aside the love, the tender and constant love, you promised me? Who can this new wonder be, this new lover, that absorbs all your time, tyrannizes over your days, and prevents you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine, some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you.

But seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news of you: write me four pages immediately, full of those charming things that fill my heart with tenderness and delight.

I hope to embrace you before long, then I shall cover you with a million burning kisses.

BONAPARTE.

SIR WALTER AND LADY SCOTT.

FROM the great border family, now represented by the Duke of Buccleugh, there came as an offshoot, in the fourteenth century, the family of Harden, the heads of which are the barons of Polwarth. The poet's grandfather was a younger son of Scott of Harden, and his father, Walter Scott, was an attorney in Edinburgh, where the child, who in after times delighted and instructed an admiring world, was born, on the 15th of August, 1771. Walter Scott, like Washington, Wellington, and many other illustrious men, failed to win his first love, who rejected the novelist and poet for his rival, the philosopher, Dugald Stewart. Twenty-six years after the date of his youthful disappointment, he thus commences a chapter of one of his novels—"Peveril of the Peak:"

"Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth !"

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"The celebrated passage which we have prefixed to this chapter has, like most observations of the same author, its foundation in real experience. The period at which love is formed for the first time, and felt most strongly, is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a happy issue. The slate of artificial

society opposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great that such obstacles prove insurmountable. In fine, there are few men who do not look in secret to some period of their youth, at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little passages of secret history which leave a tinge of romance in every bosom, scarce permitting us, even in the most busy or the most advanced period of life, to listen with total indifference to a tale of love." That "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for LOVE," was verified in Scott's case, as in many others; for although he suffered keenly, and "dwindled, peaked, and pined," yet he survived his disappointment. The year after the lady of his vows gave her hand to Prof. Stewart, Scott met and ere long married Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French refugee, whose family was then residing in England. She is described as having "a form as light as a fairy," a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing. We regret that Scott's letters to his lady-love have not been preserved; however, from the following epistles may be gleaned the story of the courtship, which terminated in the marriage of Walter Scott and Charlotte Carpenter. Of all the once numerous family of the illustrious author of "Waverley," but one representative remains, in the person of Mary Monica Hope Scott, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of fifteen, whose next birthday will be on the third of October, 1867. She is now tall and strong, has outgrown her former delicacy, and is the very image of her great-grandfather. How strangely these old family likenesses appear after intervals of several generations!

Many of our readers will remember that Sir Walter's eldest daughter, Sophia, was married to John Gibson Lockhart, in the year 1820. Their youngest daughter married James Hope, who has since taken the name of Scott, and at present holds and occupies Abbotsford, as trustee. Mrs. Hope Scott passed away, a few summers since, to join two of her children who preceded her

"To the land o' the leal,"

leaving Mary Monica sole representative of that noble race. Since her death Mr. Hope Scott has married again, his present wife being the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. She is a Roman Catholic, and cares nothing for Abbotsford, nor does her husband, except as the trustee of his daughter; and their time is spent chiefly in London or on the Continent. Strange and sad is the fate which has attended the family of Sir Walter Scott. His brothers all died young, and his sons and daughters were summoned early to the spirit land. Let us hope that the only surviving scion of his race may be long spared to hand down to posterity the name and features of that great man whose presence was so dear to the generation who knew and revered him, and whose genius is one of the proudest inheritances of his native land.

I.

MISS CARPENTER TO WALTER SCOTT.

CARLISLE, October 4, 1797.

It is only an hour since I received Lord Downshire's letter. You will say, I hope, that I am indeed very good to write so soon, but I almost fear that all my goodness can never carry me through all this plaguy writing. Lord Downshire will be happy to hear from you. He is the

very best man on earth—his letter is kind and affectionate, and full of advice, much in the style of *your last*. I am to consult *most carefully my heart*. Do you believe I did not do it when I gave you my consent? It is true, I don't like to reflect on that subject. I am afraid. It is very awful to think it is for life. How can I ever laugh after such tremendous thoughts? I believe never more. I am hurt to find that your friends don't think the match a prudent one. If it is not agreeable to them all, you must then forget me, for I have too much pride to think of connecting myself in a family were I not equal to them. Pray, my dear sir, write to Lord D. immediately—explain yourself to him as you would to me, and he will, I am sure, do all he can to serve us. If you really love me, you must love him, and write to him as you would to a friend.

Adieu—au plaisir de vous revoir bientôt.

C. C.

II.

WALTER SCOTT TO MISS CHRISTIAN RUTHERFORD.

HAS it never happened to you, my dear Miss Christy, in the course of your domestic economy, to meet with a drawer stuffed so very, so *extremely* full, that it was very difficult to pull it open, however desirous you might be to exhibit its contents? In case this miraculous event has ever taken place, you may somewhat conceive from thence the cause of my silence, which has really proceeded from my having a very great deal to communicate; so much so, that I really hardly know how to begin. As for my affection and friendship for you, believe me sincerely, they neither slumber nor sleep, and it is only your suspicions of their drowsiness which incline me to write at this period of a business highly interesting to me, rather than when I could have done so with something like certainty—hem! hem! It must come out at once—I am in a very fair way of being married to a very amiable young

woman, with whom I formed an attachment in the course of my tour. She was born in France—her parents were of English extraction—the name Carpenter. She was left an orphan in early life, and educated in England, and is at present under the care of a Miss Nicolson, a daughter of the late Dean of Exeter, who was on a visit to her relations in Cumberland. Miss Carpenter is of age, but as she lies under great obligations to the Marquis of Downshire, who was her guardian, she cannot take a step of such importance without his consent—and I daily expect his final answer upon the subject. Her fortune is dependent, in a great measure, upon an only and very affectionate brother. He is Commercial Resident at Salem in India, and has settled upon her an annuity of £500. Of her personal accomplishments I shall only say, that she possesses very good sense, with uncommon good temper, which I have seen put to most severe trials. I must bespeak your kindness and friendship for her. You may easily believe I shall rest very much both upon Miss R. and you for giving her the *carte de pays*, when she comes to Edinburgh. I may give you a hint that there is no *romance* in her composition—and that, though born in France, she has the sentiments and manners of an Englishwoman, and does not like to be thought otherwise. A very slight tinge in her pronunciation is all which marks the foreigner. She is at present at Carlisle, where I shall join her as soon as our arrangements are finally made. Some difficulties have occurred in settling matters with my father, owing to certain prepossessions which you can easily conceive his adopting. One main article was the uncertainty of her provision, which has been in part removed by the safe arrival of her remittances for this year, with assurances of their being regular and even larger in future, her brother's situation being extremely lucrative. Another objection was her birth: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" but as it was *birth merely and solely*, this has been abandoned. You will be more interested about other points regarding her, and I can only say that—though our acquaintance was shorter than ever I could have thought of forming such a connection upon—it was exceedingly close, and gave me full opportunities

for observation—and if I had parted with her, it must have been for ever, which both parties began to think would be a disagreeable thing. She has conducted herself through the whole business with so much propriety as to make a strong impression in her favor upon the minds of my father and mother, prejudiced as they were against her, from the circumstances I have mentioned. We shall be your neighbors in the New Town, and intend to live very quietly; Charlotte will need many lessons from Miss R. in housewifery. Pray show this letter to Miss R. with my very best compliments. Nothing can now stand in the way except Lord Downshire, who may not think the match a prudent one for Miss C.; but he will surely think her entitled to judge for herself at her age, in what she would wish to place her happiness. She is not a beauty, by any means, but her person and face are very engaging. She is a brunette; her manners are lively, but when necessary, she can be very serious. She was baptized and educated a Protestant of the Church of England. I think I have now said enough upon this subject. Do not write till you hear from me again, which will be when all is settled. I wish this important event may hasten your return to town. I send a goblin story,* with best compliments to the misses, and ever am, yours affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT."

III.

LORD DOWNSHIRE TO WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON, October 15th, 1797.

SIR: I received your letter with pleasure, instead of considering it as an intrusion. One thing more being fully stated, would have made it perfectly satisfactory,—namely, the sort of income you immediately possess, and

* The Erl-King.

the sort of maintenance Miss Carpenter, in case of your demise, might reasonably expect. Though she is of an age to judge for herself in the choice of an object that she would like to run the race of life with, she has referred the subject to me. As her friend and guardian, I in duty must try to secure her happiness, by endeavoring to keep her comfortable immediately, and to prevent her being left destitute, in case of any unhappy contingency. Her good sense and good education are her chief fortune ; therefore, in the worldly way of talking, she is not entitled to much. Her brother, who was also left under my care at an early period, is excessively fond of her ; he has no person to think of but her as yet ; and will certainly be enabled to make her very handsome presents, as he is doing very well in India, where I sent him some years ago, and where he bears a very high character, I am happy to say. I do not throw out this to induce you to make any proposal beyond what prudence and discretion recommend ; but I hope I shall hear from you by return of post, as I may be shortly called out of town to some distance. As children are in general the consequence of an happy union, I should wish to know what may be your thoughts or wishes upon that subject. I trust you will not think me too particular ; indeed I am sure you will not, when you consider that I am endeavoring to secure the happiness and welfare of an estimable young woman whom you admire, and profess to be partial and attached to, and for whom I have the highest regard, esteem, and respect.

I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

DOWNSHIRE.

IV.

MISS CARPENTER TO WALTER SCOTT.

CARLISLE, Oct. 22.

Your last letter, my dear sir, contains a very fine train of *perhaps*, and of so many pretty conjectures, that it is

not flattering you to say you excel in the art of tormenting yourself. As it happens, you are quite wrong in all your suppositions. I have been waiting for Lord D.'s answer to your letter, to give a full answer to your very proper inquiries about my family. Miss Nicolson says, that when she did offer to give you some information, you refused it—and advises me *now* to wait for Lord D.'s letter. Don't believe I have been idle; I have been writing very long letters to him, and all about you. How can you think that I will give an answer about the house until I hear from London?—that is quite impossible; and I believe you are a little out of your senses to imagine I can be in Edinburgh before the twelfth of next month. O, my dear sir, no—you must not think of it this *great while*. I am much flattered by your mother's remembrance; present my respectful compliments to her. You don't mention your father in your last *anxious* letter—I hope he is better. I am expecting every day to hear from my brother. You may tell your uncle he is commercial resident at Salem. He will find the name of Charles C. in his India list. My compliments to Captain Scott. *Sans adieu,* C. C.

V.

CARLISLE, Oct 25.

INDEED, Mr. Scott, I am by no means pleased with all this writing. I have told you how much I dislike it, and yet you still persist in asking me to write, and that by return of post. O, you really are quite out of your senses. I should not have indulged you in that whim of yours, had you not given me that hint that my silence gives an air of mystery. I have no reason that can detain me in acquainting you that my father and mother were French, of the name of Charpentier; he had a place under government; their residence was at Lyons, where you would find on inquiries that they lived in good repute and in *very good style*. I had the misfortune of losing my father

before I could know the value of such a parent. At his death we were left to the care of Lord D., who was his very great friend ; and very soon after I had the affliction of losing my mother. Our taking the name of Carpenter was on my brother's going to India, to prevent any little difficulties that might have occurred. I hope now you are pleased. Lord D. could have given you every information, as he has been acquainted with all my family. You say you almost love *him* ; but until your *almost* comes to a *quite*, I cannot love *you*. Before I conclude this famous epistle, I will give you a little hint—that is, not to put so many *must* in your letters—it is beginning *rather too soon* ; and another thing is that I take the liberty not to mind them much, but I expect you mind me. You *must* take care of yourself ; you *must* think of me, and believe me yours sincerely, C. C.

VI.

CARLISLE, Oct. 26.

I HAVE only a minute before the post goes, to assure you, my dear sir, of the welcome reception of the stranger.* The very great likeness to a friend of mine will endear him to me ; he shall be my constant companion, but I wish he could give me an answer to a thousand questions I have to make—one in particular, what reason have you for so many fears as you express ? Have your friends changed ? Pray let me know the truth—they perhaps don't like me *being French*. Do write immediately—let it be in better spirits. Et croyez-moi toujours votre sincere
C. C.

* A miniature of Scott.

VII.

OCTOBER 31st.

* * * * All your apprehensions about your friends make me very uneasy. At your father's age, prejudices are not easily overcome—old people have, you know, so much more wisdom and experience that we must be guided by them. If he has an objection on my being *French*, I forgive him with all my heart, as I don't love them myself, O, how all these things plague me! when will it end? And to complete the matter, you talk of going to the West Indies. I am certain your father and uncle say you are a hot, *heady* young man, quite mad, and I assure you I join with them; and I must believe that when you have such an idea, you have then determined to think no more of me. I begin to repent of having accepted your picture. I will send it *back again*, if you ever think again about the West Indies. Your family then would *love me* very much—to forsake them for a *stranger*, a person who does not possess half the charms and good qualities that you *imagine*. I think I hear your uncle calling you a hot, heady young man. I am certain of it, and I am *generally right* in my conjectures. What does your sister say about it? I suspect that she thinks on the matter as I should do, with fears and anxieties for the happiness of her brother. If it be proper, and you think it would be *acceptable*, present my best compliments to your mother; and to my old acquaintance, Captain Scott, I beg to be remembered. This evening is the first ball—don't you wish to be of our party? I guess your answer—it would give me infinite pleasure. En attendant le plaisir de vous revoir, je suis toujours votre constante

CHARLOTTE.

VIII.

LORD DOWNSHIRE TO WALTER SCOTT.

THE CASTLE, HARTFORD, October 29, 1797.

SIR: I received the favor of your letter. It was so manly, honorable, candid, and so full of good sense, that I think Miss Carpenter's friends cannot in any way object to the union you propose. Its taking place, when or where, will depend upon herself, as I shall write to her by this night's post. Any provision that may be given to her by her brother, you will have settled upon her and her children; and I hope, with all my heart, that every earthly happiness may attend you both. I shall be always happy to hear it, and to subscribe myself your faithful friend, and obedient humble servant,

DOWNSHIRE.

(On the same sheet.)

CARLISLE, Nov. 4.

LAST night I received the inclosed for you from Lord Downshire. If it has your approbation I shall be very glad to see you as soon as will be convenient. I have a thousand things to tell you; but let me beg of you not to think for some time of a house. I am sure I can convince you of the propriety and prudence of waiting until your father will settle things more to your satisfaction, and until I have heard from my brother. You *must* be of my way of thinking.—Adieu.

C. C.

IX.

MISS CARPENTER TO WALTER SCOTT.

CARLISLE, Nov. 4th.

YOUR letter never could have come in a more favorable moment. Anything you could have said would have

been well received. You surprise me much at the regret you express you had of leaving Carlisle. Indeed, I can't believe it was on my account, I was so uncommonly stupid. I don't know what could be the matter with me, I was so very low, and felt really ill: it was even a trouble to speak. The settling of our little plans—all looked so much in earnest—that I began reflecting more seriously than I generally do, or *approve of*. I don't think that very thoughtful people ever can be happy. As this is my maxim, adieu to all thoughts. I have made a determination of being pleased with everything and with everybody in Edinburgh; a wise system for happiness, is it not? I enclose the lock. I have had almost all my hair cut off. Miss Nicolson has taken some, which she sends to London to be made to something, but this you are not to know of, as she intends to present it to you. * * * * * I am happy to hear of your father's being better pleased as to money matters; it will come at last; don't let that trifle disturb you. Adieu, Monsieur. J'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obéissante

C. C.

X.

CARLISLE, Nov. 27th.

You have made me very *triste* all day. Pray nevermore complain of being poor. Are you not ten times richer than I am. Depend on yourself and your profession. I have no doubt you will rise very high, and be a *great, rich man*, but we should look down to be contented with our lot, and banish all disagreeable thoughts. We shall do very well. I am very sorry to hear you have such a *bad head*. I hope I shall nurse away all your aches. I think you write too much. When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it. How angry I should be with you if you were to part with *Lenore*. Do you really believe I should think it an *unnecessary expense* where your health and pleasure can be concerned? I have a better opinion

of you, and I am very glad you don't give up the cavalry, as I love anything that is *stylish*. Don't forget to find a stand for the old carriage, as I shall like to keep it, in case we should have to go any journey; it is so much more convenient than the post-chaises, and will do very well till we can keep *our carriage*. What an idea of yours was that to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid*! If you were married, I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment *before marriage*. I hope sincerely that I shall not live to see that day. If you always have those cheerful thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be.

"Adieu, my dearest friend. Take care of yourself if you love me, as I have *no wish* that you should *visit* that *beautiful* and *romantic* scene, the burying-place. Adieu, once more, and believe that you are loved very sincerely
by
C. C.

XL

DEC. 10th.

IF I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing, merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you—that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you, and don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper—as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things,
adieu.
CHARLOTTE.

P. S.—*Etudiez votre Français*. Remember you are to teach me Italian in return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez Charlotte*.

CARLISLE, Dec. 14th.

* * * * * “I heard last night from my friends in London, and I shall certainly have the deed this week. I will send it to you directly; but not to lose so much time as you have been reckoning, I will prevent any little delay that might happen by the post, by fixing already next Wednesday for your coming here, and on Thursday the 21st—Oh, my dear Scott, on that day I shall be yours for ever.
C. C.

P. S.—Arrange it so that we shall see none of your family the night of our arrival. I shall be so tired, and such a fright, I should not be seen to advantage.

DUKE SUSSEX AND LADY MURRAY.

THE Duke of Sussex, son of George the Third, and uncle of Queen Victoria, went to Italy in 1793, for the benefit of his health. At Rome he visited the Countess of Dunmore, who was residing there with her two daughters. With the eldest—Lady Augusta Murray, the duke fell desperately in love, and his love being returned, he at length prevailed upon an English clergyman named Gunn, resident in Rome, to marry them. The Duke, or, as he was then styled, Prince Augustus, was twenty. The fair lady was some six years older. The wedded lovers proceeded soon after to England, and were again married by banns at St. George's, the fashionable church in Hanover Square, London. They had a son and daughter. Upon the death of the Duke, in 1843, the son put in a claim for his father's titles, but failed to obtain them, in consequence of the Duke's marriage having taken place in violation of the Royal Marriage Act. At the trial the following letters were read:

L

LADY AUGUSTA TO PRINCE AUGUSTUS.

MARCH, 1793.

THEN, my treasure, you say you will talk of honor to him. There is honor in the case; if there is, I will not marry

you. I love you, and I have reason to hope and believe you love me: but honor, in the sense you take, is out of the question. I cannot bear to owe my happiness to anything but affection; and all promises, though sacred in our eyes and in those of Heaven, shall not oblige you to do anything towards me that can in the least prejudice your future interests. As for honor, with the meaning Mr. Gunn will annex to it, I am ashamed to fancy it;—he will imagine I have been your mistress, and that humanity, commonly termed honor, now induces you to pity me, and so veil my follies by an honorable marriage. My own beloved Prince, forgive me if I am warm upon this subject. I wish you to feel you owe me nothing; and whatever I owe you, I wish to owe to your love, and to your good opinion, but to no other principle. Tell Mr. Gunn, my own Augustus, that you love me—that you are resolved to marry me—that you have pledged your sacred word; tell him, if you please, that upon the Bible you have sworn it—that I have done the same, and nothing shall divide us; but don't let him imagine that I have been vile. Do this my only love; but pray take care of the character of your wife, of your Augusta.

II.

PRINCE AUGUSTUS TO LADY AUGUSTA.

26th MARCH, 1793

Do, my dearest Augusta, trust me; I will never abuse the confidence you put in me, and more and more will endeavor to deserve it. I only wait for your orders to speak to Mr. Gunn. Say only that you wish me to do it, and I will hasten to get a positive answer. See, my soul, it only depends upon *you* to speak; *thy* Augustus, *thou* wilt find ready at all times to serve *you*. He thinks, he dreams of nothing but to make thee happy. Can he not succeed in this, all his hopes are gone; life will be noth-

ing to him: he will pass the days in one constant melancholy, wishing them soon to conclude, and finding every one longer than the other. Indeed, my Augusta, that cannot be the case; my solemn oath is given, and that can never be recalled. I am yours, my soul ever yours.

III.

4th APRIL, 1793.

WILL you allow me to come this evening? It is my only hope. Oh, let me come, and we will send for Mr. Gunn. Everything but this is hateful to me. More than forty-eight hours have I passed without the smallest nourishment. Oh, let me not live so. Death is certainly better than this; which, if in forty-eight hours it has not taken place, must follow; for, by all that is holy, till when I am married, I will eat nothing; and if I am not to be married the promise shall die with me! I am resolute. Nothing in the world shall alter my determination. If Gunn will not marry me I will die. * * * I will be conducted in everything by you; but I must be married, or die. I would rather see none of my family than be deprived of you. You alone can make me; you alone shall this evening. I will sooner drop than give you up. Good God! how I feel! and my love to be doubted sincere and warm. The Lord knows the truth of it; and as I say, if in forty-eight hours I am not married, I am no more. Oh, Augusta, my soul, let us try; let me come; I am capable of everything; I fear nothing, and Mr. Gunn, seeing our resolution, will agree. I am half dead. Good God! what will become of me? I shall go mad, most undoubtedly.

IV.

LADY AUGUSTA TO PRINCE AUGUSTUS.

My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you? and yet dare I to trust the happiness your letter promised me? You shall come if you wish it; you shall do as you like; my whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. I will send to ——; but I fear the badness of the night will prevent his coming. My mother has ordered her carriage at past seven, and will not, I fear, be out before the half-hour after. To be yours to-night, seems a dream that I cannot make out; the whole day have I been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I doubt its success; but do as you will; I am what you will; your will must be mine; and no will can ever be dearer to me, more mine, than that of my Augustus, my lover, my all.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE effect of a present of a watch sent by Edward Moxon, the London publisher, to his betrothed, is thus amusingly described by dear Charles Lamb in a letter to his friend. This most lovable of men was born in London, in 1775, and was for thirty-three years a clerk in the India House. From the days of his schoolboy friendship with Coleridge, he always continued to associate with men of letters, and perhaps no man of his time was more admired and beloved by his friends than Charles Lamb. He died in 1834, a few months after his friend Coleridge. "However much of him has departed," said Hood, "there is still more of him that cannot die; for as long as humanity endures, and man holds fellowship with man, his spirit will be extant." His grave is at Edmonton near London, and on his tombstone are inscribed the following lines:

Farewell, dear friend! that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow—
Better than words—no more assuage our woe.
That hand outstretch'd from small but well-earned store,
Yields succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost: through many an age,
With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth: and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

There were two events in the life of "gentle Elia," neither of which were known while he lived except to his dearest friends—the insanity of his sister Mary, and the terrible tragedy which it produced; and his disappointment in love, both of which must have been keenly felt by his sensitive nature. Of the latter event little is known except that in his early verses she is commemorated as "the fair haired maid," and that he suppressed his love, like the brave, good man that he was, that he might devote his life to the care of his unfortunate sister whose malady proved fatal to Mrs. Lamb. How many in the beadroll of fame have been immortalized as heroes and saints for less virtuous and heroic acts? The sweetness of Lamb's character breathed through his writings, and was felt even by strangers, but its noble and heroic aspect was unguessed even by many of his friends till the publication of letters after the green grass was growing over his grave, and the grave of his sister, revealed an example of self-sacrifice, than which nothing more lovely in human action and endurance can be exhibited.

CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON.

JULY 24th, 1833.

FOR God's sake give Emma* no more watches; *one* has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, "Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?" and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see "what the time is." I overheard her whispering, "Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday;" I think St. George's goes too

* Miss Emma Isola, a friend of Charles and Mary Lamb.

slow! This little present of Time!—why—'tis Eternity to her!

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch? She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away "half-past twelve," which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

Well, if "love me, love my watch" answers, she will keep time to you. "It goes right by the Horse Guards."

DEAREST M. : Never mind opposite nonsense.* She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you. I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30th July as long as my poor months last me, as a festival, gloriously.

Yours ever, ELIA.

We have not heard from Cambridge, I will write the moment we do.

Edmonton, 24th July, twenty minutes past three by Emma's watch.

* Written on the opposite page to that in which the previous affectionate and amusing letter appears.

UGO FOSCOLO.

THE following passionate letters by Ugo Foscolo, an Italian patriot, poet, dramatic writer, and literary *savant*, are taken from a work entitled “Lettere di Ortis.” The closing year of Foscolo’s life were spent in England as a political exile, and there is good reason for believing that these letters express the true feelings of the writer under the circumstances described. Who the object of his unhappy passion was, is not known. Foscolo was born in 1776, and died in the year 1827. His last resting place is by the side of William Hogarth, the celebrated artist, in the picturesque little church at Chiswick, near London.

FOSCOLO TO A FRIEND.

14th MAY, 11 o’clock.

Yes, Lorenzo! hear it. My lips are yet moist from a kiss of Teresa; and my cheeks have been inundated by her tears. She loves me, yes . . . she loves me! Leave me, Lorenzo, leave me in all the ecstasy of this blissful moment.

14th MAY, Evening.

Oh! how frequently have I resumed my pen, without power to continue. . . . I feel my mind somewhat calm, and return to my letter-writing. Teresa reposed under the mulberry-tree . . . I recited to her the Odes of Sappho, but how can I describe to you that blessed moment? She loves me, yes . . . she loves me. At these

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14th MAY, Evening.

Oh! how frequently have I resumed my pen, without power to continue. . . . I feel my mind somewhat calm, and return to my letter-writing. Teresa reposed under the mulberry-tree . . . I recited to her the Odes of Sappho, but how can I describe to you that blessed moment? She loves me, yes . . . she loves me. At these

Blessed were the ancients, who believed themselves worthy the kisses of the immortal goddesses of heaven; who sacrificed to Beauty and the Graces; who diffused the splendors of divinity over the imperfections of man, and who found BEAUTY and TRUTH in caressing the idols of their fancy! *Illusions!* but I, nevertheless, without them, should feel life only in pain; or (which I dread even more), in stern and wearisome insensibility, for when my heart shall be unwilling to feel, I will tear it from my breast with my own hands; and throw it from me, like an unfaithful servant.

II.

21st MAY.

AH me! what long nights, what nights of anguish! The fear of not seeing her again awakens me. Devoured by a sensation, profound, ardent, and raging, I leap from bed to the balcony, and grant no repose to my uncovered shivering limbs, until I have discerned a ray of dawn from the east. I run breathless to her side, and idiot that I am! I stifle both my words and my sighs; I neither understand nor hear; time flies, and night tears me from that abode of paradise. Alas! like a flash of lightning, thou breakest through the darkness; thou glitterest, passest away, and increasest the terror and the gloom.

III.

27th MAY.

I SAY within myself—"And is it indeed true, that this angel of heaven exists here, in this nether world—among us?" For I suspect that I have become enamored of the creature of my own fancy.

But who would not have desired to love her, even though unhappily? and where is the happy man with whom I would deign to exchange my present deplorable state?but how can I, on the other hand, be so much my own enemy as to torment myself, Heaven knows! without any hope whatever? A certain pride, perhaps, of this girl, both in her own beauty and my misfortunes. . . . she does not love me; her pity may hatch a treachery. But that celestial kiss of hers, which is ever on my lips, and which governs all my thoughts, and those tears! Alas! ever since that moment she avoids me; nor dare she any longer look me in the face. A seducer!—I? Oh when I hear that tremendous sentence thunder in my soul, “I never shall be yours!” I pass from rage to madness, and meditate crimes of bloodNot thou, heavenly girl! I, I alone, have attempted treachery.

Oh! one other kiss of thine, and abandon me afterwards to my dreams, and sweet delirium. I shall die at thy feet; but wholly thine—wholly. Thou, if thou canst not be my wife, shalt be, at least, my companion in the grave. Ah no! let the punishment of this fatal love be poured upon me alone. Let me mourn to all eternity; but may heaven never, oh Teresa! make thee through me unhappy. But I, in the mean time, have lost thee, and thou thyself fliest from me. Ah! didst thou love me as I love thee. . . .

Nevertheless, oh Lorenzo! amidst doubts so cruel, amidst so many torments, every time that I ask counsel from reason, she comforts me by saying—*Thou art not immortal*. Away! let me suffer, then; and even to the utmost. I shall go forth from the hell of life; and I alone suffice. With this idea I laugh to scorn both fortune and man.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"I SHOULD belie my own conscience, if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire, and I think I shall go to my grave without finding or expecting to find such another companion." Thus wrote Charles Lamb, in 1823, of William Hazlitt, the well-known English essayist. He was a son of the clergyman who founded the first Unitarian church in Boston, Massachusetts, and was born in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, England, on the 10th of April, 1778. In early life Hazlitt was an artist, but not satisfied with his attainments in this profession, he went to London and commenced the career of an author in 1803, from which time till his death, in 1830, he was constantly before the public as a journalist and miscellaneous writer. His largest work is the "Life of Napoleon," in four volumes; but he is most esteemed for the philosophical spirit of his criticisms. In 1867 his grandson published his memoirs, with portions of his correspondence, among which we find the following unique love-letter, addressed to Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterwards became Mrs. Hazlitt. It was written in January, 1808, and on the first of May the ceremony was solemnized in London, with Charles Lamb for best man, and his sister, Mary Lamb, for bridesmaid. "Gentle Elia," in a letter to Southey,

thus alludes to his having been present: "I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh."

WILLIAM HAZLITT TO MISS STODDART.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

MY DEAR LOVE: Above a week has passed, and I have received no letter—not one of those letters "in which I live, or have no life at all." What is become of you? Are you married, hearing that I was dead (for so it has been reported)? Or are you gone into a nunnery? Or are you fallen in love with some of the amorous heroes of Boccaccio? Which of them is it? Is it with Chynon, who was transformed from a clown into a lover, and learned to spell by the force of beauty? Or with Lorenzo, the lover of Isabella, whom her three brethren hated (as your brother does me,) who was a merchant's clerk? Or with Federigo Alberigi, an honest gentleman, who ran through his fortune, and won his mistress by cooking a fair falcon for her dinner, though it was the only means he had left of getting a dinner for himself? This last is the man; and I am the more persuaded of it, because I think I won your good liking myself by giving you an entertainment—of sausages, when I had no money to buy them with. Nay, now, never deny it! Did not I ask your consent that very night after, and did you not give it? Well, I should be confoundedly jealous of those fine gallants, if I did not know that a living dog is better than a dead lion; though, now I think of it, Boccaccio does not in general make much of his lovers: it is his women who are so delicious. I almost wish I had lived in those times, and had been a little *more amiable*. Now if a woman had written the book, it would not have had this effect upon me: the men would have been heroes and angels, and the women nothing at all. Isn't there some truth in that? Talking of departed loves, I met my old

flame* the other day in the street. I did dream of her one night since, and only one; every other night I have had the same dream I have had for these two months past. Now, if you are at all reasonable, this will satisfy you.

Thursday Morning. The book is come. When I saw it I thought that you had sent it back in a *huff*, tired out by my sauciness, and *coldness*, and delays, and were going to keep an account of dimities and sayes, or to salt pork and chronicle small beer as the dutiful wife of some fresh-looking, rural swain; so that you cannot think how surprised and pleased I was to find them all done. I liked your note as well or better than the extracts; it is just such a note as such a nice rogue as you ought to write after the *provocation* you had received. I would not give a pin for a girl "whose cheeks never tingle," nor for myself if I could not make them tingle sometimes. Now, though I am always writing to you about "lips and noses," and such sort of stuff, yet as I sit by my fireside (which I do generally eight or ten hours a day,) I oftener think of you in a serious, sober light. For, indeed, I never love you so well as when I think of sitting down with you to dinner on a boiled scrag-end of mutton, and hot potatoes. You please my fancy more then than when I think of you in—no, you would never forgive me if I were to finish the sentence. Now I think of it, what do you mean to be dressed in when we are married? But it does not much matter! I wish you would let your hair grow; though perhaps nothing will be better than "the same air and look with which at first my heart was took." But now to business. I mean soon to call upon your brother *in form*, namely, as soon as I get quite well, which I hope to do in about another *fortnight*; and then I hope you will come up by the coach as fast as the horses can carry you, for I long mightily to be in your ladyship's presence—to vindicate my character. I think you had better sell the small house, I mean that at 4., 10, and I will borrow 100%. So that we shall set off merrily, in spite of all the prudence of Edinburgh.

Good-bye, little dear!

W. H.

* Miss Shepherd, daughter of Dr Shepherd, of Gateacre.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AMONG the hills of New Hampshire was born, about the close of the Revolutionary war, a boy destined to shed a bright lustre upon his country and age. He was a child of the wilderness, and but for the New England system of education, which pushed, even then, the means of instruction into remote solitudes, he never would have been able to bring his great faculties to bear in public life. The following letter, written by Webster to Miss Seaton, of Washington, had its origin somewhat as follows: The young lady to whom it was addressed had been spending a social evening at his residence in Washington, and on account of the rain had substituted a borrowed hood for her own beautiful bonnet, and the note in question was delivered with the bonnet at Miss Seaton's house by the illustrious statesman, while driving to his office the following morning. Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of June, 1782, and died at Marshfield, his country seat, on the 24th of October, 1852. The great orator, jurist, and statesman, like so many famous men of bygone days—the Franklins, Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Clays, transmitted to posterity only the shadow of his illustrious name. He was stripped, piece by piece, of the companionship of the “dear kindred blood,” until at length, grey-haired and weary, he wandered, almost alone, to the unknown land. His only surviving son, Fletcher, fell a sacrifice on the altar of that Union

upon whose broken and dishonored fragments the great statesman prayed he might not behold the sun in heaven shining.

WEBSTER TO MISS SEATON.

MONDAY MORNING, March 4, '44.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE: I fear you got a wetting last evening, as it rained fast soon after you left our door; and I avail myself of the return of your *Bonnet*, to express the wish that you are well this morning, and without cold.

I have demanded par lance with your *Bonnet*: have asked it how many tender looks it has noticed to be directed under it; what soft words it has heard, close to its side; in what instances an air of triumph has caused it to be tossed; and whether, ever, and when, it has quivered from trembling emotions, proceeding from below. But it has proved itself a faithful keeper of secrets, and would answer none of my questions. It only remained for me to attempt to surprise it into confession, by pronouncing sundry names, one after another. It seemed quite unmoved by most of these, but at the apparently unexpected mention of one, I thought its ribbands decidedly fluttered!

I gave it my parting good wishes; hoping that it might never cover an aching head, and that the eyes which it protects from the rays of the sun, may know no tears but those of joy and affection.

Yours, dear Josephine, with affectionate regard.

DANL. WEBSTER.

MISS J. SEATON.

JOHN KEATS.

THE author of the "Endymion" was born in London, in the year 1796. Some years of his boyhood were spent in a school at Enfield, and when he was about fifteen years old he was apprenticed to a surgeon in London; but poetry had taken possession of his soul, and the art was enthusiastically practiced.

"He was one
Who could not help it, for it was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April."

In 1817 he published a little volume of poems, and the year following appeared "Endymion, a Poetic Romance," abounding in beautiful imagery, and an exquisite grace of feeling, which make it to poetical minds one of the most seductive of poems. The savage attack made upon it by Gifford, in the *Quarterly Review*, affected the young poet deeply, and is said to have caused or accelerated the consumptive symptoms which soon showed themselves. The last two or three years of the life of Keats were embittered also by a hopeless passion for one who still lives, but whose name is withheld from the world. Not that it was not returned, but that his circumstances at first, and afterwards his fatal illness prevented his thinking seriously of marriage. He met her in the autumn of 1818, soon after his return from a tour in the Highlands

of Scotland. He describes her in a letter to his brother George, in America, as "not a Cleopatra, but is, at least, Charmian : she has a rich Eastern look : she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into a room, she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess." In 1820, the same year that his "Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," "Hyperion," and "Lamia," appeared in a volume, of which Jeffrey said no book could be more fitly placed in the hands of a reader as a test whether he had "a native relish for poetry and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charms," Keats was persuaded to go abroad and try what effect the mild climate of Italy would have upon his failing health. He sailed in September ; in November he wrote the following affecting letter, at Naples, to his friend, Charles Armitage Brown. He reached Rome in a terrible state of exhaustion, worn out in body and mind. He purchased there a copy of Alfieri, but put it down at the second page, being much affected at the lines:

" Misera me ! sollievo a me non resta,
 Altro chi il pianto ed il pianto e delitto !"

On the twenty-third of February, 1821, the approaches of death came on, and he said to the friend who accompanied him from England : "Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come." A few hours later his gentle spirit passed away so peacefully that the devoted friend who watched by his bed-side thought he slept. His remains rest in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, where his monument, it has been remarked, throws a greater chill over the English heart than the ruins which surround it. Shelley went down beneath the waves, but his ashes found their way to the sweet spot he had so loved

when living, and now mingle with those of Keats, who, like himself and so many other sweet young singers, warbled his songs in the spring, destined to know no summer. Of Keats we may say, as was written of himself by that winsome young Scotchman, David Gray,

“ 'Twas not a life,
'Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away.”

KEATS TO A FRIEND.

NAPLES, Nov. 1, 1820.

MY DEAR BROWN: Saturday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short, calm letter—if that may be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it will relieve the load of wretchedness that presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horridly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England: I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time I was a prisoner at Hunt's,* and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now—O that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her: to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her

* Leigh Hunt.

anyhow, to see her name written would be more than I could bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*)—if she is well and happy put a mark thus +: if— * * My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me; I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast: it surprises me that the human heart is capable of bearing and containing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George and his wife, and you, and all!

COLONEL BECHI.

AMONG the many prisoners taken by the Russians in Poland, in 1863, was Colonel Stanislas Bechi, a Florentine in the National Army of Poland. The subjoined exquisitely simple and pathetic letter was written by him to his wife Giulietta immediately before his execution, on the 16th of December. It is translated from *L'Eco d'Italia*, in which it was published a short time after the gallant and unfortunate soldier's death.

COLONEL BECHI TO GIULIETTA BECHI.

MY POOR GIULIETTA : When you receive this letter your unhappy Lao will have ceased to live, for he will have been shot by the Russians. I bless you, together with my beloved children. Death inspires me with no fear; I weep only that I die in a foreign land, far from those I love, and unable to embrace them for the last time. You are now a widow; but I would counsel you not to marry again, unless you should consider it necessary for the interests of our children so to do. And my little ones now are orphans, and by my fault! May God have mercy on my soul! I forgive my enemies with all my heart!

My Giulietta, my Guido, my dear Eliza, I shall never see you again! Adieu! adieu! Embrace for me Fanny, Mamma, Arthur, Massimo, and Fanny's children. Bid farewell to your father and all my friends.

I die for having stood firm at my post, when all, or

nearly all the other leaders had fled to foreign countries. I have given my blood for Poland; may Poland not abandon my family in its misery.

I send you a lock of my hair, damp with the sweat of death.

I hope you will receive my watch, my ring, and the locket with your hair. I bequeath these as an inheritance to my dear Guido, together with my decorations.

I have no more than three hours to live. Courage, my beloved Giulietta, we shall meet again in heaven! Pray for my soul! My last thoughts are upon God, and upon you, whom I bless. May the blessing of one at the point of death bring you happiness!

Farewell! farewell! A thousand last and tender kisses to you, my Giulietta, to my little ones, and to all my other relations.

Wioclaweck, 16 December, 1863,

At a quarter before seven in the morning,

Thy husband on the verge of death,

BECHL.

THE END.

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